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February 26, 1938

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Collier's

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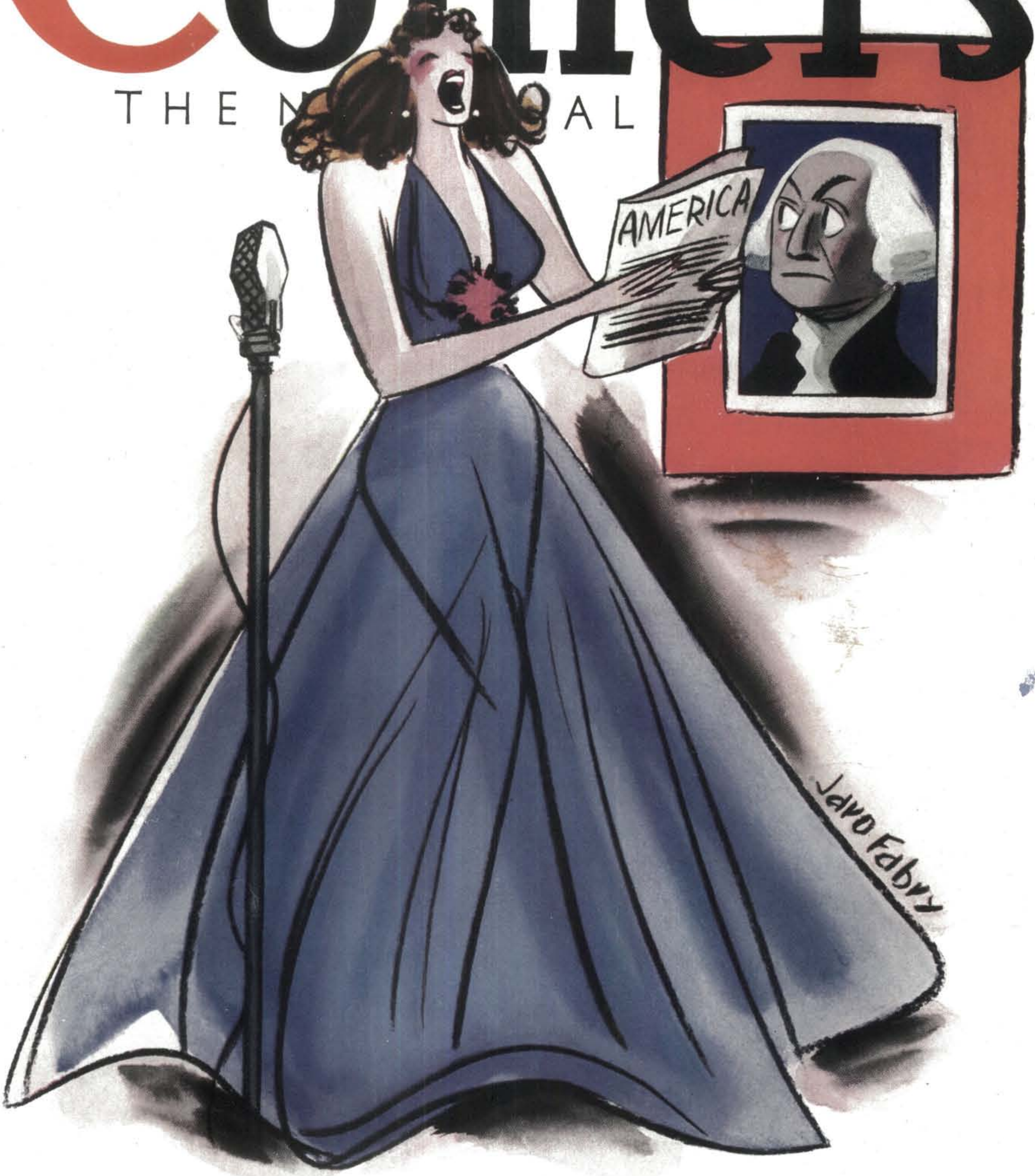

SUNSET VOYAGE A MYSTERY NOVEL BY **LAWRENCE G**

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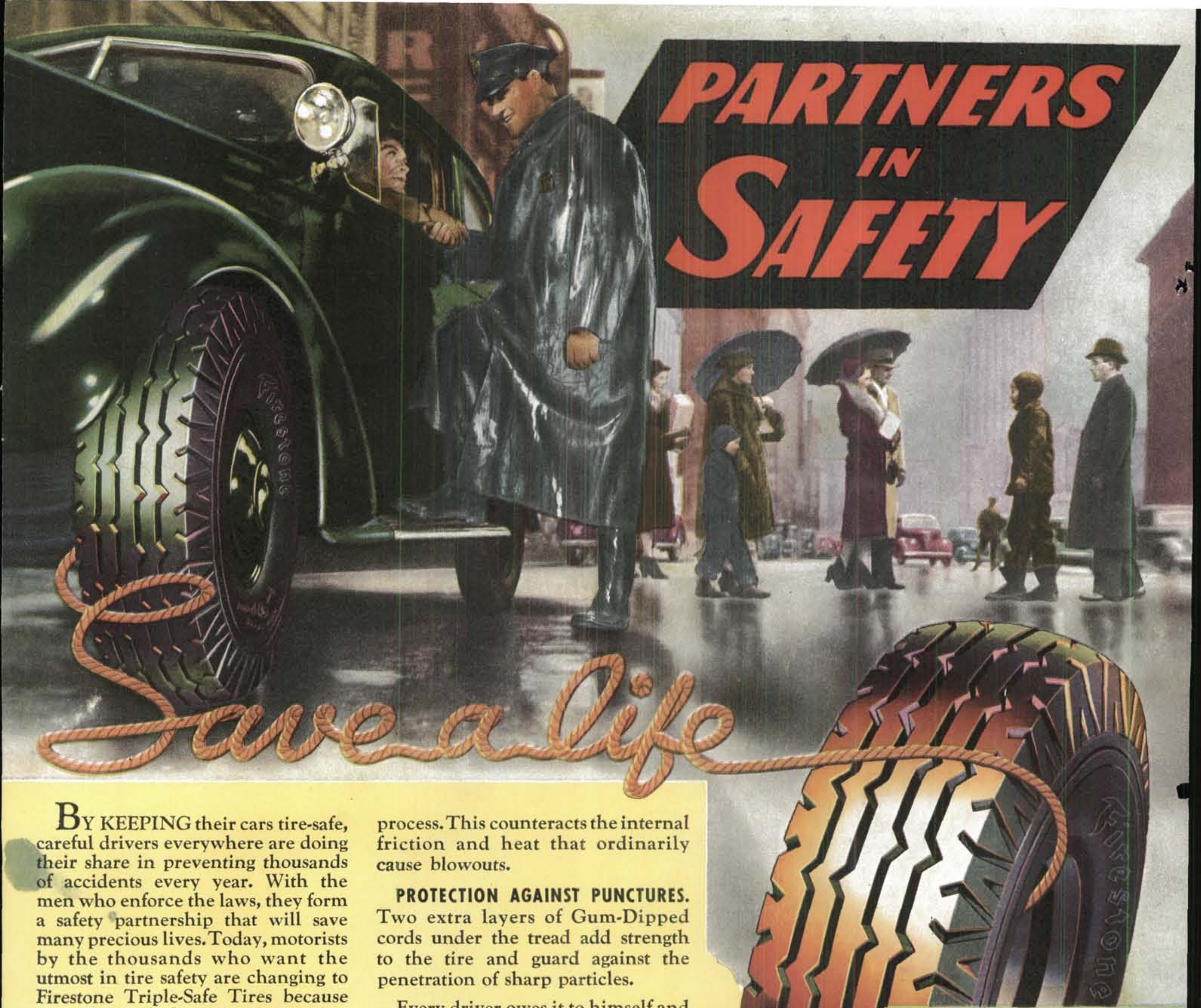

BY KEEPING their cars tire-safe, careful drivers everywhere are doing their share in preventing thousands of accidents every year. With the men who enforce the laws, they form a safety partnership that will save many precious lives. Today, motorists by the thousands who want the utmost in tire safety are changing to Firestone Triple-Safe Tires because they demand three-way protection against tire failure.

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PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

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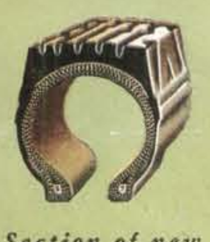
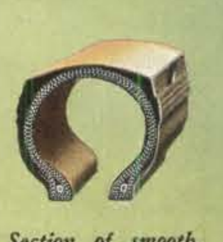


Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts



Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding

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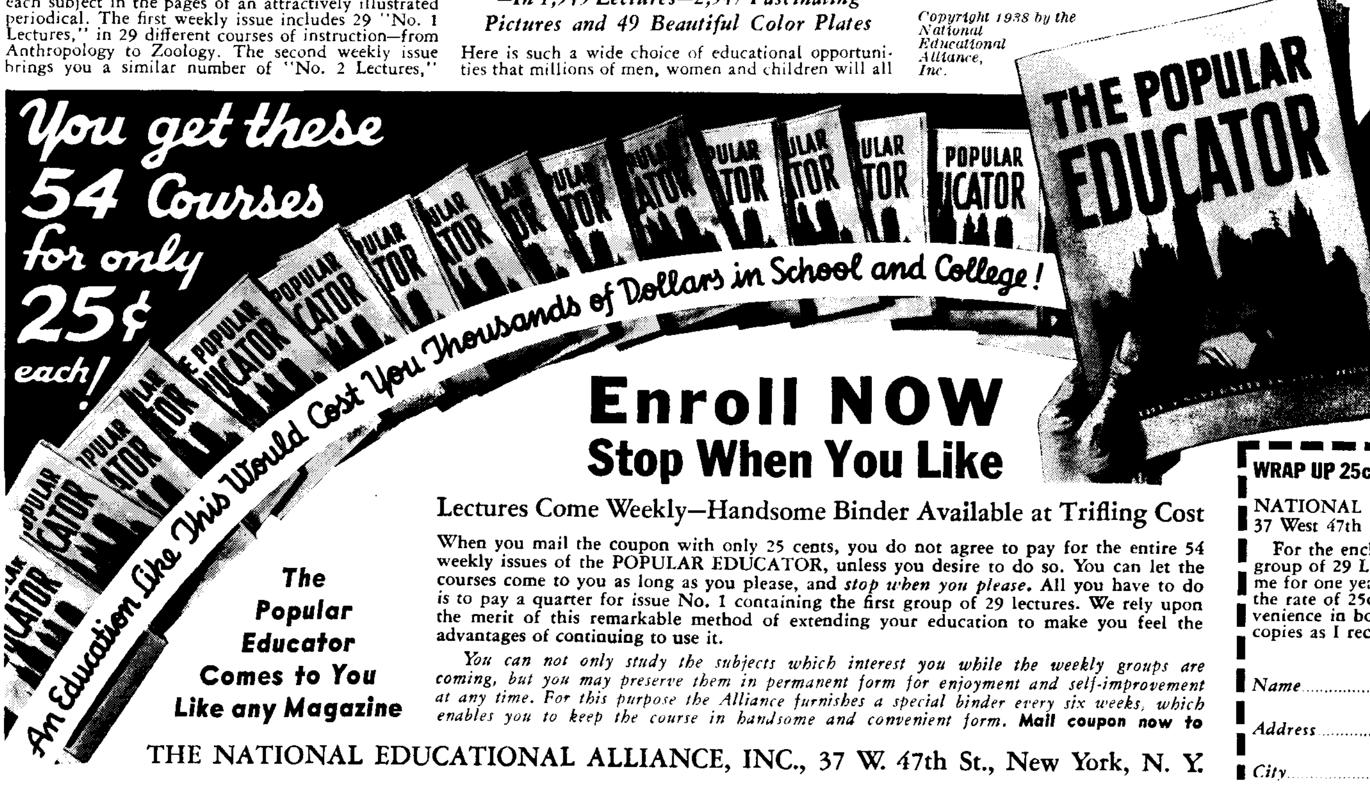
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Collier's

February 26, 1938

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JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

JOSE CONCEPCION FIDELIO DE CUNHA was a pretty smooth article. He hailed from some unspecified crossroad of the South Pacific and he wore his hair in perfumed waves. Altogether not the sort of chap you'd care to see after your girl, especially when you were third mate aboard ship in a Chinese harbor with hell popping all around and about.

It didn't help any when Danny found Marian in José's cabin. That might have been the end of the story, but sailors in wartime have responsibilities that go beyond personal considerations. "A Light for the Flag" is by Michael Foster.

FOR years we have had a strong feeling that it was a mistake to worry. Now we have it on good scientific authority that worry can make your teeth decay. And along comes Mr. Dale Carnegie, the well-known friend and influencer, to strengthen us in our aversion. Worry, says Mr. Carnegie, is what produces business recessions and insomnia. "Grab Your Bootstraps," says Mr. Carnegie.

THE trouble with the strike at Elderville was that "They Knew Each Other." The crew of Dr. Dandy's ham factory was trying to shut the place up before the good doctor ruined himself keeping it open. Julia, the doctor's daughter, was cheering them on. You don't find that sort of thing in the books. It made it pretty tough for the union organizers. They couldn't figure the percentages and they'd have been sunk if it hadn't been for Julia. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells the story.

THERE is only one subject on which connoisseurs of music are entirely agreed, to wit, that Freddie Fisher's Schnickelfritz Band is the corniest outfit that ever massacred a tune. Kyle Crichton introduces them singly and collectively and weighs their importance in the cultural life of the nation.

"THERE ain't but one train goes by our place," said the Limitsville Limited, "but I see it twice." He did it by running over the hill and across the meadow. That gave him a speed for the mile of four twelve. And once he did better than that. He did better than four minutes. Timothy Fuller tells you about it.

LESLIE T. WHITE, Robert McCormick, D. D. Beauchamp, J. P. Marquand, Lawrence G. Blochman, Harris Dickson, Freling Foster and others perform with customary brilliance. Watch for them.

This Week

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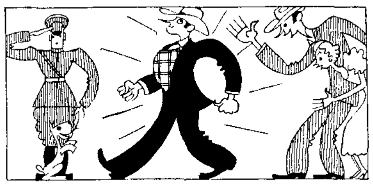
COVER JARO FABRY

Any Week

WE DON'T think we should give you this gentleman's name. After all, he's ours. He invites us, nobody else. Besides we're getting to the point where we're selfishly hoarding our pleasures. Sometimes we suspect we have a pretty mean streak. Anyway this chap thinks he's far more interesting than a lot of people we publicize in these pages. And maybe he's right. Anyway, he writes: "I would like for you to investigate me and my activities. I suppose you haven't heard of me. Ask anywhere in Arkansas, women especially. Ask any bus driver or filling station. My name is on more lips than you think. The Army knows me. I've had dates with majors' and colonels' daughters. I have never been shot or shot at. They know better. Any help I can give you will be all right with me but don't take my word for it."



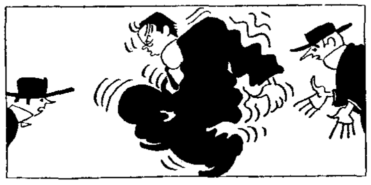
WE HAVE just been visited by Mr. Matt Graves of County Waterford, Ireland. Mr. Graves is for some reason rather interested in the proposed union of the Irish Free State and "The Ulster Country." Mr. Graves is going back to Ireland, he says, "just to take part in the argument, peaceful-like." He adds, however, that "fighting has been known to abound in Ireland and let's hope there'll be no outside interference. 'Twill be," says he, "a great day for the brick manufacturers."

UNLESS they've done something about it in Washington (we find we've not been able to keep up with the swift parade of innovations) spring should be here in a few weeks. And we shall get pretty foolish as usual and think of dancing, camphor and poetry. We get awfully silly for a person of our mature years. But we shan't dance in Missouri, being warned by Mrs. Ruth T. Mason of Warrensburg: "There is a good deal of wickedness in this world but we're not going to stand for it out here. Eight hundred of the better citizens of this state banded together in righteousness to scotch a particularly vicious thrust of Satan. The Prince of Darkness was responsible for a dancing class for high-school students. The class had a teacher and faculty chaperons. The students paid the teacher's fee. But the eight hundred discovered that dancing is immoral. Do come out and see us."

MISS JUNE HELLAND of Vicksburg, Mississippi, read Senator Pat Harrison's "The Wages of Dixie" "with ears well forward and eyes doing a swell job of teamwork." She says: "I liked it fine. All we need now is to get Pat to come on down South sometime when he can afford to take time off from shooting damyankees and see what we Southerners are like. Pat's got the idea all right, having probably been reading the papers. It would be nice now if Pat made a personal experience of it. He'd find that we're right nice people."

WE'VE had a large number of protests about the roulette wheel in Budd Wilson Schulberg's "Love, Action, Laughter." Mr. Schulberg had Larry winning very economic royalist money by placing his chips on Number 43. And practically *everybody in the country has gone* to the trouble of telling us that 36 is a roulette wheel's highest number. We are asked to explain. And we do so with our customary abandon. We grieve that so little imagination is to be found among our readers. This, you must remember, was a Hollywood wheel and imagine Hollywood, the home of the supercolossal, frittering away its time on a small-time affair that can't do better than 36!

AND there's been entirely too much talk, says Mr. George W. Clevenger of Media, Pennsylvania, about lending our moral support to the hard-working gentlemen who govern us. "They are calling upon us to support our Governor Earle, who, as everybody knows, has risen from the ranks to lead his people, the common workers, out of bondage. I just wanted to remind you of what old Senator Jim Watson of Indiana said about Herbert Hoover. Said Jim: 'How the hell can you stand behind a man with St. Vitus dance?' "



AND Mr. Ted Bartholomew of Lincoln, Nebraska, wants to know "why don't you Collier's guys get together?" Says Mr. Bartholomew: "When your editorial is a pip your Any Week column is lousy. When Any Week gets good your editorial is rotten. Why can't you guys have your ups and downs together?"

TOO chummy. W. D.

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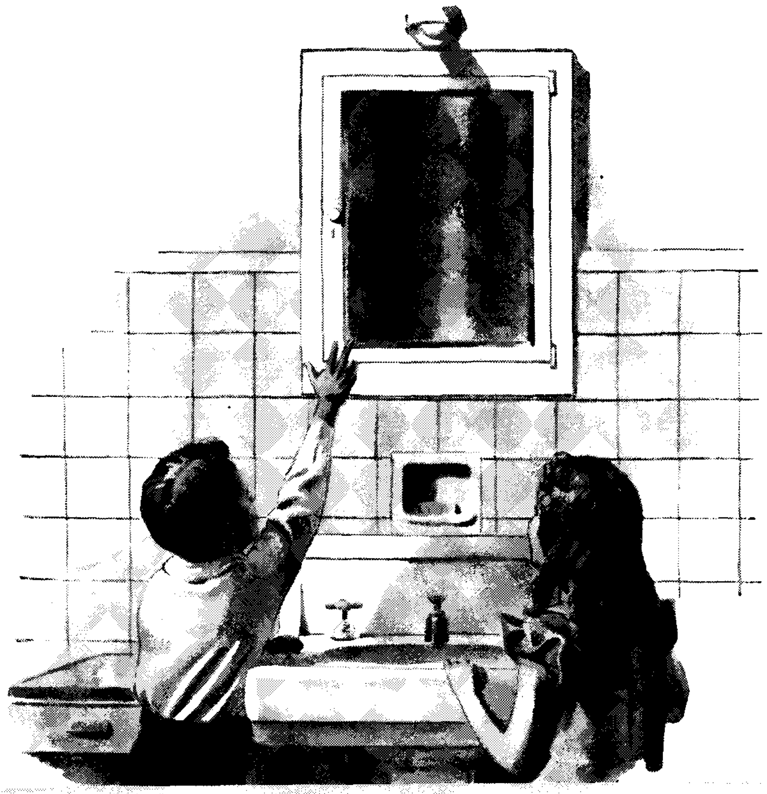
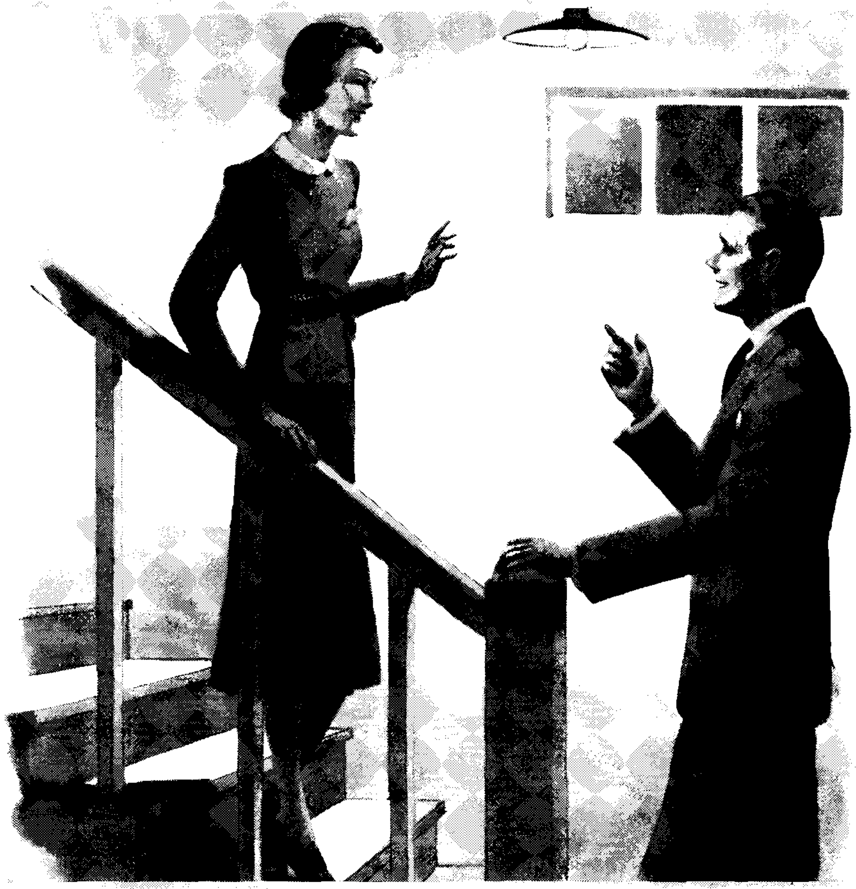
Life Preservers *in your* Home



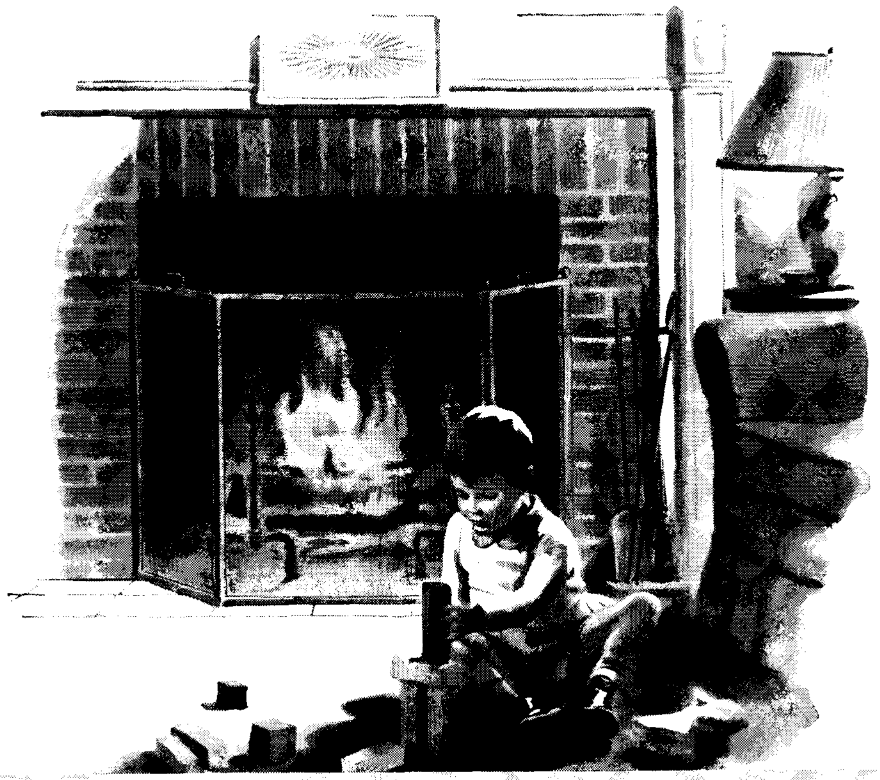
Home should be the safest place on earth for you and your family. Yet each year, on the average, home accidents result in the death of more than 31,000 persons and injuries to about 5,000,000 others.

Of course, nobody intends to leave deathtraps lying around his home, but there is hardly a house in the land that doesn't contain one or more potentially dangerous instruments such as a decrepit ladder, pails left on the cellar stairs, or matches within the reach of young children. The Metropolitan's free booklet "How Safe is Home?" will help you to recognize hazardous conditions and to make your home safer.

Have you a cabinet for poisons and medicines out of reach of the children—preferably locked? Bottles containing poison should be clearly marked.



Have you a handrail on your cellar stairs and a light illuminating them? All stairways should be well lighted to prevent falls. A rubber mat in the bathtub, small rugs securely anchored and well-constructed railings on balconies and porches reduce the danger of falls.



Have you a fire screen to protect small children from burns and your home from flying sparks? Common among the many causes of fires are unclean or defective chimneys, badly worn electric cords, and oily rags not kept in metal containers.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board • LEROY A. LINCOLN, President
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The booklet "How Safe is Home?" illustrates various rooms in the house, showing where many different kinds of accidents occur, how they are caused, and how to avoid them. A copy belongs in your home. Send for it today.

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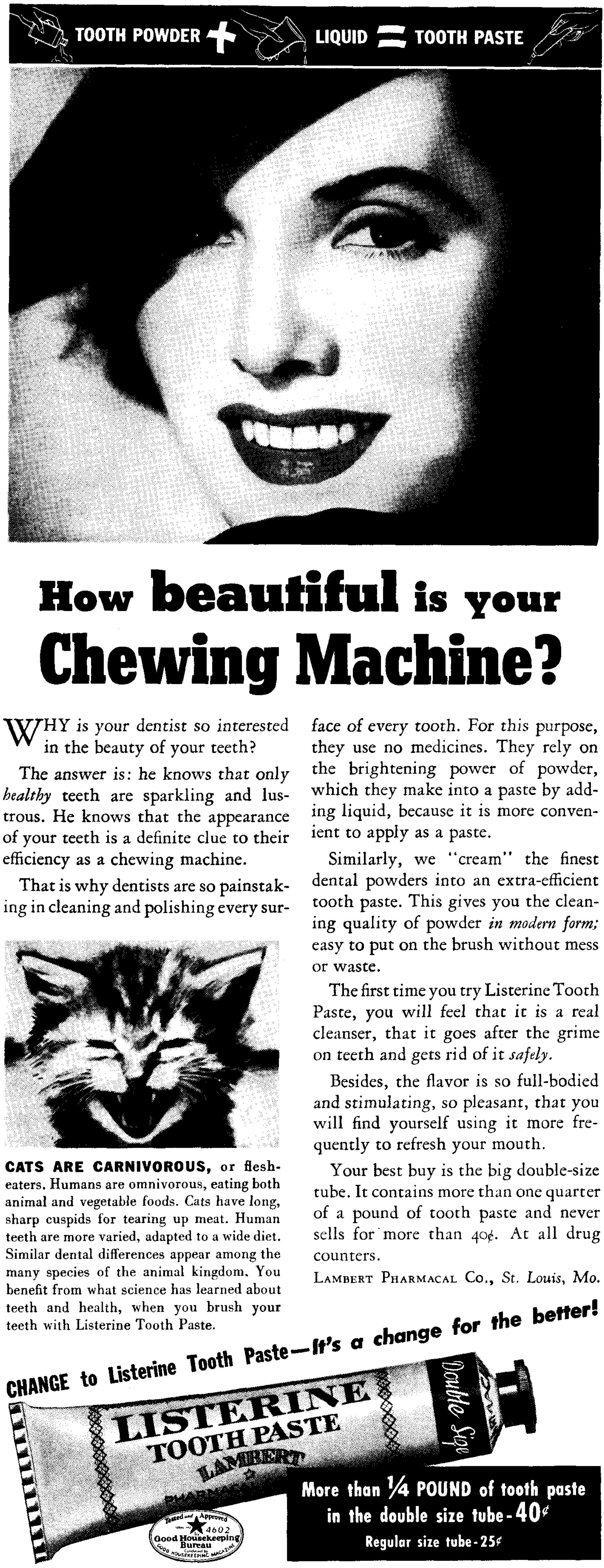
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How beautiful is your Chewing Machine?

WHY is your dentist so interested in the beauty of your teeth?

The answer is: he knows that only *healthy* teeth are sparkling and lustrous. He knows that the appearance of your teeth is a definite clue to their efficiency as a chewing machine.

That is why dentists are so painstaking in cleaning and polishing every surface of every tooth. For this purpose, they use no medicines. They rely on the brightening power of powder, which they make into a paste by adding liquid, because it is more convenient to apply as a paste.

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The first time you try Listerine Tooth Paste, you will feel that it is a real cleanser, that it goes after the grime on teeth and gets rid of it *safely.*

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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube-40¢

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

During the 1937 season, the amount of money bet on important college football games, through professional bookmakers, is believed to have exceeded $18,000,000 each Saturday.—*By John Samuels, New York City.*

When railroads were introduced in Oriental countries where glass was unknown, many car windows were broken and faces cut before the nervous natives remembered to open the windows before thrusting out their heads.—*By Clement Leong, Hong Kong, China.*

Since 1800 approximately 100,000,000 men, women and children have been released from slavery, serfdom and other forms of bondage and involuntary servitude. Of these 48,000,000 were Russian serfs whom Czar Alexander II emancipated in 1861.

Medical history contains no authenticated case in which more than five babies have been produced at one birth, despite hundreds of reports and records to the contrary, including the large tablet on a house in Hameln, Germany, which commemorates the alleged birth of septuplets, or seven infants, within its walls in 1600.

Bow and arrow records reveal that at least one arrow has been shot farther than a bullet can be fired from an ordinary revolver; another has been propelled with such force as to pass through one buffalo to kill another running on the opposite side.

An unusual dog-drawn transportation service operated in Alaska about 1900. At times, a train would consist of 24 eight-foot sledges, tied end to end, pulled by 350 Eskimo dogs, harnessed two abreast. The crew of thirty men worked in two shifts, one sleeping while the other patrolled the line of animals, which was a half-mile long.—*By John S. Kriebel, Atlantic City, New Jersey.*

Irrespective of their nationality, more ocean-going vessels have been christened "Albatross" than any other name.—*By C. D. von der Lippe, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Many orthodox Jews still comply with the Mosaic law that requires a bachelor to marry his deceased brother's widow when she has no heir. If he refuses, she cannot marry anyone else until a "chalitzah" ceremony has been performed, during which she returns the insult, in the presence of judges and witnesses, by removing a shoe from her brother-in-law's foot.—*By Emil Phillips, Camden, New Jersey.*

Physicians' prescriptions are written in Latin in most countries, chiefly to conceal the ingredients and their purposes from patients who are prejudiced against certain medicines or who can determine, from knowledge of a medical recipe, the nature of their illness, which many should not know. Hence to disclose such information is not only contrary to a universal unwritten law but is also a criminal offense in France.—*By John Pech, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

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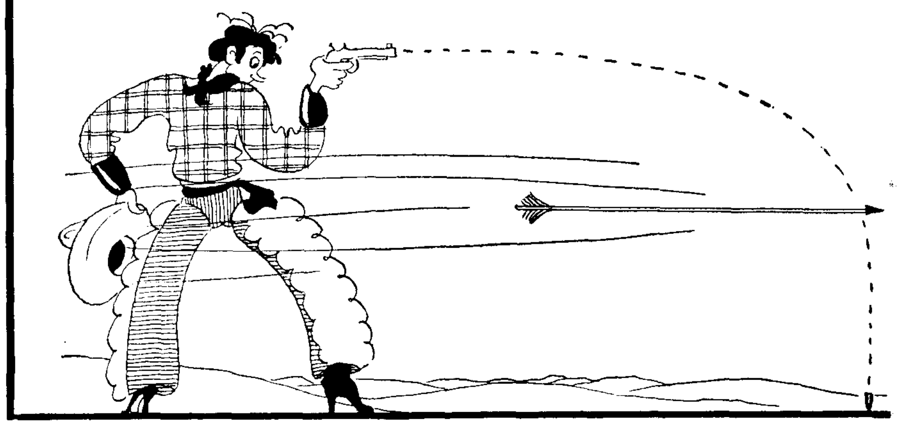

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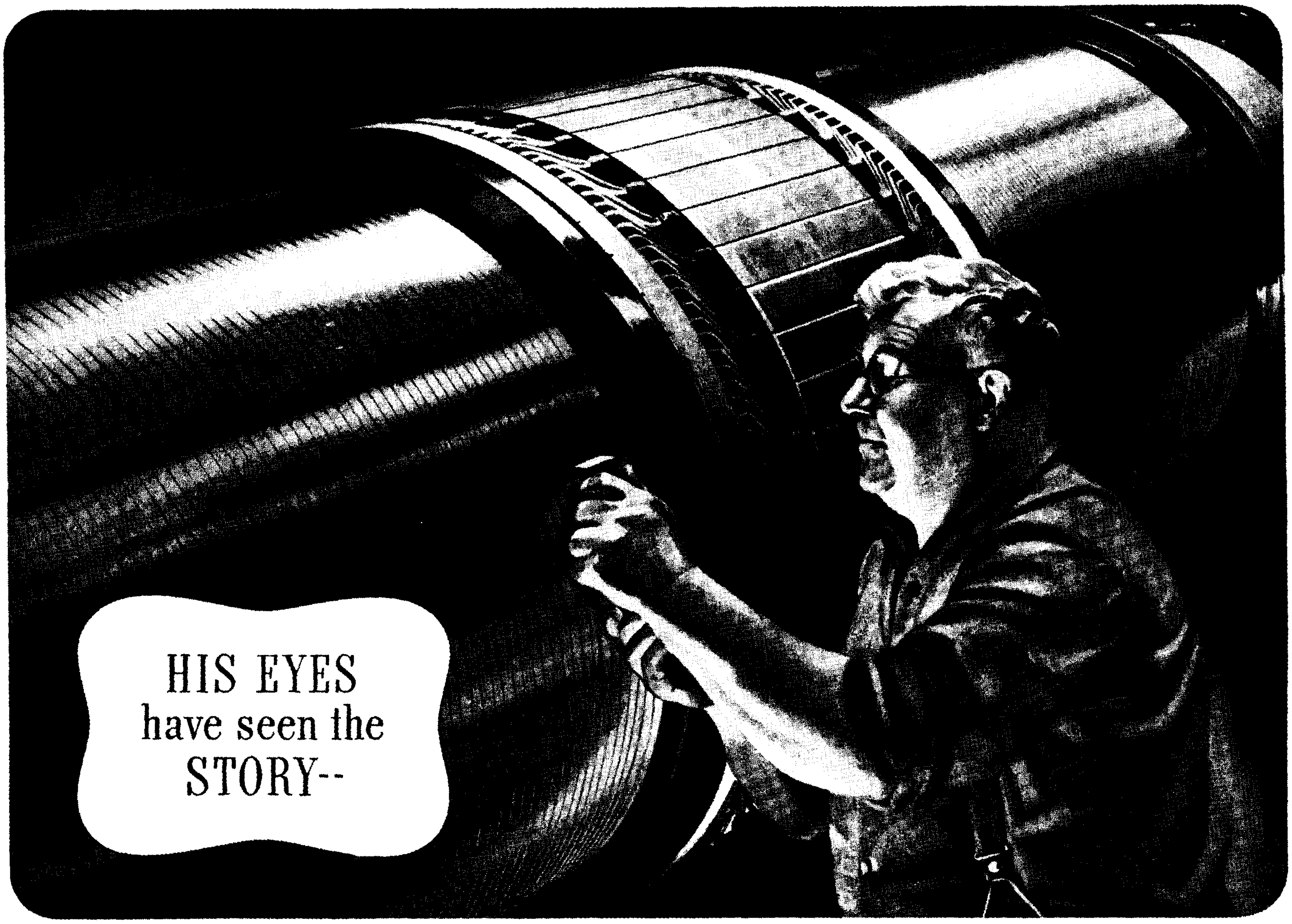


Electricity has come of age within the lifetime of a single man

YOU'LL find a veteran like this at work in the huge main aisle of the East Pittsburgh plant. Another may be bending over a drawing board in East Springfield, or behind a busy desk at Newark. Perhaps another is an inspector at Mansfield or Sharon, or running a machine at the Trenton lamp works.

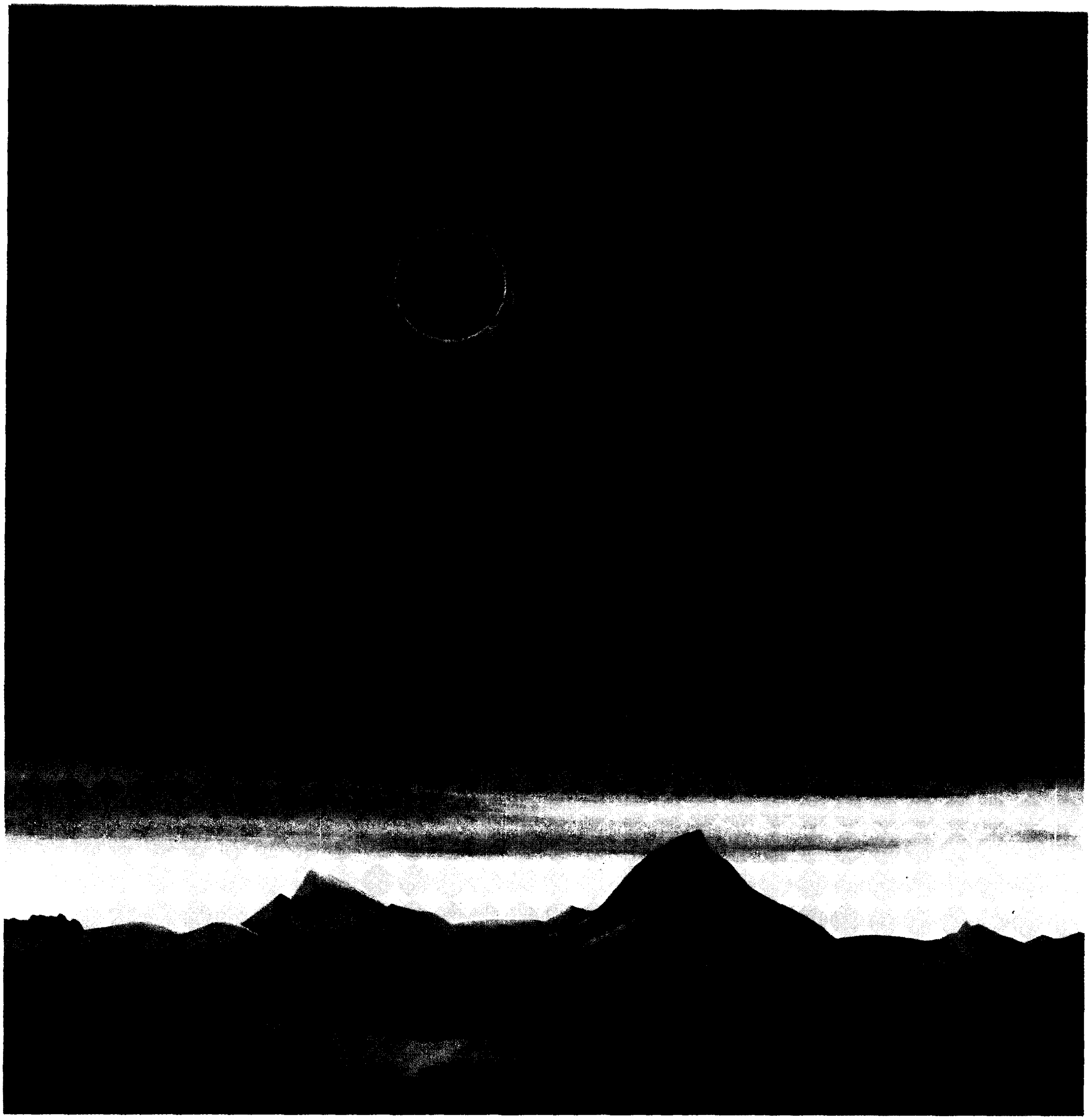
Wherever they are, whatever they are doing, there is something more than honesty and sincerity in the eyes of these old-time Westinghouse workers. Theirs are the eyes of men who have seen and done big things. The entire pageant of modern electrical progress has passed before them. They have known the intimate history of the wonders we accept as commonplace today.

For the history of Westinghouse is the history of modern electricity. These men have helped apply it to every kind of industry — to power plants — to transportation and communications. They have helped to put light, heat, refrigeration and laborsaving devices into millions of homes — to make electricity cost less as it does more.

In short, such men have worked shoulder to shoulder with the world's greatest force in solving the world's great problems. Small wonder that they are proud of their company. Small wonder that their company is proud of them.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity



A Forecast for 2144 A. D.

There will be a total eclipse of the sun visible from this continent on October 26, 2144.

This is not a guess. It is a guarantee. For astronomers can predict the courses of the sun and moon and earth for centuries to come.

Yet science, for all its ability to peer into the future of the solar system, cannot predict the course of your own life for the next 24 hours.

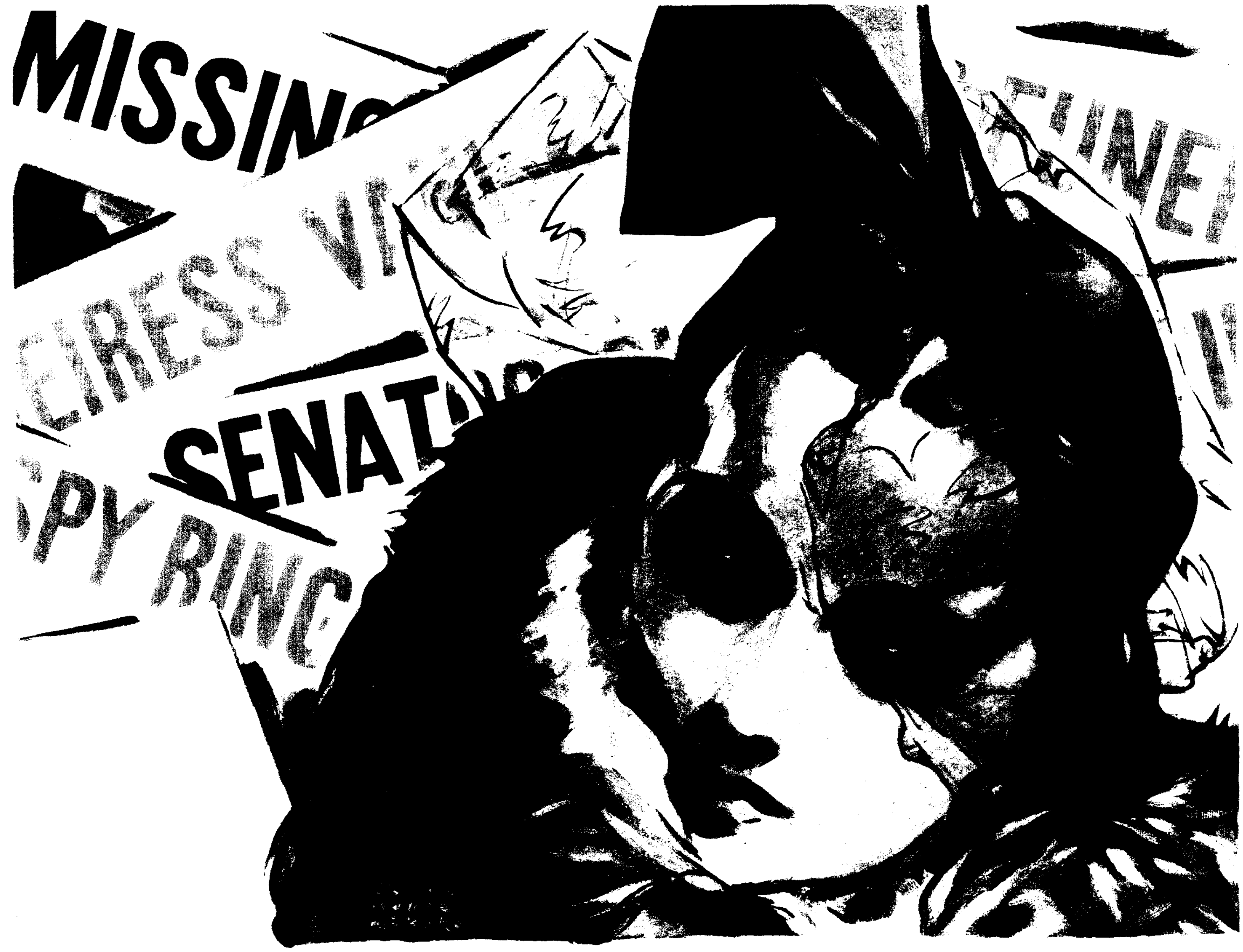
That is why, until the affairs of your daily life become as predictable as the movements of the heavenly bodies, you need protection against unforeseen accidents.

Travelers Accident Insurance supplies that protection. It gives you the comfortable assurance that neither your savings nor your income can be swept away by an accident. It does this by paying your hospital and doctor bills in case of injury, and providing an income until you are able to earn again.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

* * *

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



The fantastic accounts of the futile search for the girl were accompanied by photographs of Dorothy Bonner

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

Beginning a story of fantastic adventure west of the Golden Gate. As timely as your morning paper, and a good deal more exciting

BEASLEY, the bureau manager, finally discovered Glen Larkin comfortably buried in a deep leather chair in the St. Francis bar, squinting through a fresh highball at his long legs stretched out before him.

"Thank heaven I've found you!" The bureau manager ran his thumb like a squeegee across his perspiring brow and blew out a long, audible breath of relief.

"Was I lost?" Larkin looked up quizzically at his superior.

"I've got men looking for you in every bar in San Francisco," said the bureau manager. "Are you sober?"

"Reasonably," Larkin replied. "I'm meeting a lady in exactly half an hour, and I'm absorbing just enough stimulants to make me conversationally brilliant, logically persuasive, and personally irresistible. I find that—"

"Has your new passport come yet?" Beasley broke in.

"This morning. But what's the—?"

"Then come on! Get up to your room and pack. You've got just an hour."

The bureau manager began frantically manipulating Larkin's right arm in an effort to dislodge him from the leather chair. Larkin resisted successfully.

"An hour?" He regarded his superior in mild amazement, then took a swallow of his highball. "Beasley, you'd better see your psychiatrist tomorrow. I've got ten days. I sail next week."

"You're sailing tonight," Beasley insisted. "On the Kumo-maru."

"I'm sailing a week from Friday, on—"

"For Pete's sake, be serious, Larkin!" pleaded Beasley. "I've made reservations for you on the Kumo-maru. You've got to go."

"What's the idea? Is the Kumo-maru scheduled to sink with all hands, or something?"

"Listen." The bureau chief looked about him with the air of a stage villain about to impart a heavy secret. "We've just located Dot Bonner. She's sailing on the Kumo-maru."

"Who's Dot Bonner?" Larkin asked simply.

BEASLEY'S jaw dropped an inch—half an inch in exasperation, half in disbelief.

"Who's—? Say, where have you been the last two weeks? Dorothy Bonner's been looking soulful on page one of every rag in the country, tabloids included, without even crossing her legs."

"I'm on vacation," said Larkin, draining his glass. "I've been on vacation ever since I left Paris, and I'll be on vacation until I take over the Tokyo bureau. It's in my contract. And a newspaperman shouldn't read newspapers while resting, Beasley. It's—"

"All right, all right. Then listen. Dorothy Bonner is the daughter of P. G. Bonner, the silk millionaire, who killed himself after a Senate investigation ten days ago. She disappeared the day of the old man's funeral and hasn't been seen since—until tonight. The girl's a big story because the whole business smells of diplomatic skulduggery. You know—the "Fate of Nations" stuff; chancelleries a-quiver and all that rot. Some senator frankly called Bonner a Japanese agent, and the police aren't even quite sure that he killed himself. Somebody might have pulled a Stavisky suicide on him. Now we want you to get this girl and—"

"Beasley," interrupted Larkin, putting down his glass, "for a man of your position, you show a remarkable lack of enterprise. Since you've located this Bonner girl, why don't you grab her right away and break the story before the ship sails? Then I'd have my ten more days in San Francisco. I like this town. One dines well, one enjoys one's liquor in civilized surroundings, one—"

"Don't be an ass, Larkin!" Beasley expostulated. "We can't lose this perfect setup for an absolutely exclusive yarn. Think of it, boy. No other press service can get to her, once you sail. You'll have her all to yourself, in complete isolation for twenty-six days."

"Twenty-six days! No, have a heart, Beasley. Sixteen days at sea is bad enough for a guy who gets seasick. But twenty-six— Hey, Joe. Another Scotch and soda. Make it a double Scotch, Joe."

"And send it up to his room, Joe," Beasley amended. "You've got just three quarters of an hour, Larkin. You'll have to pack in a hurry. New York's orders."

Larkin expressed many picturesque suggestions as to what New York might do with its orders, but he went upstairs, nevertheless. And Beasley, just to make sure Larkin didn't change his mind, went along. He sat on the edge of the bed while Larkin threw his belongings together with the practiced hand of one who has abandoned tons of laundry all over five continents during precipitous departures for far places.

The Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance, Beasley reflected as he lit a cigar, was lucky to have a man like Larkin taking over the Tokyo bureau with things warming up in the Far East. And they were doubly lucky that Larkin was available to cover this Bonner yarn. Glen Larkin was a good, roughneck newspaperman who had grown up to be a good foreign correspondent. He had grown up enough—he had just turned thirty—to realize that a crease in the trousers was not necessarily a reflection on a man's journalistic ability; that he could wear spats and cane to a Foreign Office press conference and still be breezy—without being loud. He had grown, without growing too introspective. Things that happened around him were still more important than things that happened to him. He could still file an interpretative week-end cable that didn't read like a chapter in an imminent autobiography. He hadn't ceased to be what he had always been: a good reporter.

"Here," said Beasley suddenly, tossing two bulky manila envelopes to Larkin, "you'd better pack these. I dug them out of the files so you'd have the background. They're the clippings on P. G. Bonner and the girl."

Larkin grunted, slipped the envelopes between two dress shirts, and went on packing.

As he watched him bending over a suitcase, a tall man but not a thin one, Beasley remarked to himself that Larkin was a good-looking chap. Well, perhaps not good-looking, exactly; he just missed being handsome. And that slight deficiency was a fortunate one, for it gave his features a rugged stamp of virility: a faint concavity of outline that kept his nose from being classed as Grecian; a fullness of his upper lip that lustily halted the symmetry of his mouth; a prominent chin that made his profile more powerful than classic. His eyes, however, were above all criticism. Steel-gray, smiling perpetually at some private mischief, they were just the sort of eyes that a woman would love—that a good many women, Beasley mused, undoubtedly *had* loved. . . .

"All right, Simon Legree," said Larkin, snapping the locks on his last suitcase. "We're off down the river."

SKIDDING on the fog-wet pavement of the Embarcadero, the taxi swung onto the dock at seven minutes before midnight, purred toward the cluster of lights at the far end of the cavernous gloom of the pier shed, stopped. A few customs and immigration officials were loitering about the foot of the gangway, eying with professional suspicion the half-dozen bon-voyage visitors who, their coat collars turned up forlornly against the night, seemed ardently wishing for the ship to sail. Larkin got out of the taxi, showed his ticket and passport, watched his luggage carried aboard.

"Well, good luck," said Beasley. "Keep in touch by radio. I'll let you know if I want you to file anything from Honolulu."

Larkin shook hands, but his feet did not move. He had a sudden inexplicable reluctance, almost a dread, about walking up that narrow gangplank. Cheerless midnight sailings were no novelty to him. But even the echoing emptiness of a great liner on the leanest, coldest midnight of a gloomy winter could not compare with the dismal aspect of this departure. The lines of the Kumo-maru herself, half revealed by the mist-blurred dock lights, were somber and unfriendly. Lying low in the water, the ship presented a long stretch of main deck, unbroken except for the superstructure and bridge rising amidships like a lone three-story building on a wind-swept plain. The single funnel was far aft, like a tanker's. A dozen derrick ventilators stood in double rows, from stem to stern, as stark as gallows trees.

In vain Larkin scanned the rail for the sight of a European face. There were few faces of any kind. Two brown Oriental sailors had come to the head of the gangplank. The slinking gait of their bare feet, the swing of their long, dangling arms, gave them a strange, simian look. A Japanese officer droned orders in a colorless, unaccented monotone. The sailors were doing something with ropes. . . .

"WELL, goodby," said Larkin at last. "It's just too, too lovely of you, Beasley, to come down and see me off."

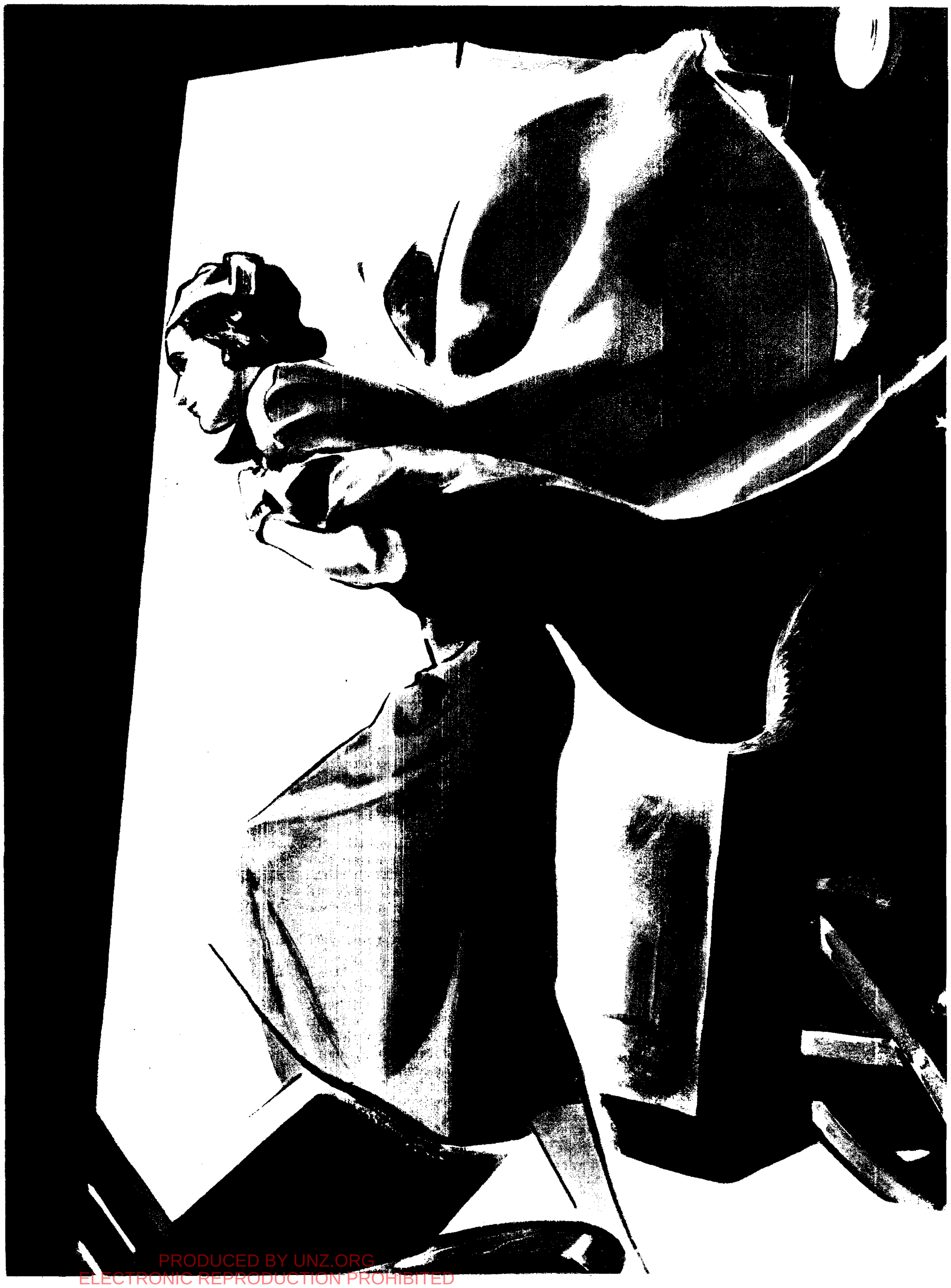
Beasley grinned.

Larkin went aboard. As he stepped on deck, he turned to salute Beasley with thumb and outstretched fingers—but his gesture was stillborn. His hand paused in mid-air and his startled gaze leaped to a long, sleek, black van rolling along the edge of the dock, toward the stern of the ship. A flash of chaste silver lettering on the black flank read:

SHUNG WAH
CHINESE-AMERICAN MORTUARY

A winch rattled. A cable snaked down from the derrick boom that swung over the ship's side near the spot where the hearse had stopped. The back of the hearse opened. Two stevedores dragged out an unpainted oblong box, as long as a man, which they lifted into the slings of the derrick. Again the winch rattled. Larkin's fascinated stare followed the oblong box as it rose, swung inboard, vanished downward into the hold.

On the dock, Beasley, too, was watching. Cupping his hands to his mouth, he shouted: "Pleasant trip!"



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The ship's whistle hissed and sputtered lugubriously, flung down a shower of condensed steam, then gasped out a short, plaintive blast. The engine-room telegraph tinkled. The deck quivered. From somewhere far forward came a faint chorus of "*Sayonara! Sayonara!*" The steamer churned slowly in reverse, slipped from the dock.

SUDDENLY Larkin had a horrible thought. Suppose this Dorothy Bonner were not aboard! After all, he had only Beasley's assurance that she was sailing on the Kumo-maru. Suppose she had changed her mind at the last minute. Larkin shuddered. He had better find out while there was still a chance of coming back with the pilot. . . .

He went forward toward the narrow tower of the superstructure. He supposed the passengers' cabins were there. A single lighted passageway traversed the superstructure fore and aft. As he reached it, a white-coated Japanese boy arose from the shadows.

"Mistah Rah-kin?" he inquired gravely. "I am stewahd. Prease, I show you-ah cabin."

The steward opened the middle door of three on the left side of the passageway. Larkin stepped inside. He frowned at a peculiar odor—not the usual ship's smell of fresh paint, dead steam, and distant, unsavory cooking; rather an insidious, sulphurous odor. He looked around the small cabin, noticed his own bags stacked in one corner. Some luggage under the lower berth he did not recognize. Neither did he recognize the flannel nightgown hanging from a hook.

"Who's my bunkmate?" he asked the steward.

The boy looked at him blankly.

"Who's sleeping in this cabin with me?" Larkin repeated.

"Ah. Generahru of Peru."

"A Peruvian general, eh?" said Larkin, eying the nightgown. "Where is he?"

"Justo now on toppu deck, I sink so."

"And is there a lady aboard named Miss Bonner?"

"Not sureeping in same cabin," said the steward solemnly.

"But she's aboard? Miss Dorothy Bonner?"

"I sink so."

Larkin supposed he would have to be temporarily satisfied with this vague information. He left his cabin and found a companion ladder leading to the upper deck—a sort of covered bridge spanning the beam of the ship. He emerged into a fog-shrouded night alive with mournful noises. Unseen foghorns were wailing ominous bass warnings. Blind ferryboats shrieked and hooted as they groped their way through the mist, creeping toward the dampened clangor of fog bells in their slips. A small, blurred halo of light floated past, high in the fog—the dial of the Ferry Building clock.

Larkin made his way across the little deck. He saw a lone man standing forward, peering ahead at the Alcatraz light. The man's hands were thrust into the pockets of his tight-fitting overcoat. He wore a derby hat and a thin, white silk muffler. Approaching, Larkin planted his elbows on the rail beside him. The man continued to stare ahead.

Larkin lit a cigarette, held his hands so that the flare of the match shone on the hard, angular outlines of the other man's jaw, the thin straight slit of his mouth. Not Larkin's idea of a South American general, exactly. Still . . .

"They have many fogs like this in Peru?" he asked pleasantly.

"I dunno," said the man in the derby, without turning his head. "I never been in Indiana."

LARKIN made several other attempts at conversation, was rewarded with reluctant monosyllables. Finally he turned his back on the fog-laden wind, strolled past the empty rows of drenched steamer chairs weeping moisture in the dark. With something of a start, he realized that one of the chairs was not empty. A man was reclining there, his arms folded, his cap pulled down over his eyes. A white beard gave his face a strangely elongated shape. Larkin turned, paced back. Then he saw Dorothy Bonner.

He had never seen Dorothy Bonner before, yet he recognized her the moment her head and shoulders appeared above the top of the companion ladder. Even in the murky half-light of the deck, he felt the impact of the girl's tragic beauty—tragic, yet not pathetic—like a great, vibrant chord from a Beethoven symphony. He caught only a brief glimpse of her face—a pale, appealing face, the face of a girl running away from something. Then her cape billowed up in a gust of wind, swirled about her head. The girl swept the cape into place with a graceful, effortless gesture, then turned and vanished from the deck.

Larkin's first impulse was to follow, but he checked it. After all, he had twenty-six days ahead of him. He had a warm, comfortable feeling, as he wheeled back into the wind, a wet, gray wind that beaded his eyelashes with fog and spray.

The Kumo-maru had slid under the shadow of the suspension bridge and was nosing out through the Golden Gate, out toward the leering eye of the Farallones, toward the open sea, toward the dark rim of the horizon and the Orient beyond.

Her engines stopped, the Kumo-maru was drifting in the night to allow the pilot schooner to come alongside. Larkin saw the pilot pause at the top of the sea ladder, wave to the bridge, call: "Pleasant voyage, Captain." He also thought he heard someone bellowing his name. A man in oilskins was standing on the plunging deck of the schooner shouting through a megaphone. Larkin cupped his hands and shouted back: "I'm Larkin. What do you want?"

The man on the pilot schooner put down his megaphone, made a throwing motion. A thin line came snaking up over the rail, and something plopped to the deck beside Larkin. He picked up a leather-covered weight around which an envelope had been fastened with rubber bands. He slipped off the envelope and tossed back the weighted line.

THE pilot dropped from the end of the sea ladder. The schooner swooped promptly away, became only a rocking masthead light that receded rapidly into the darkness.

Larkin opened the envelope and extracted a folded sheet of yellow flimsy—a familiar page from a press telegrapher's "book" of carbon copies—on which was a one-paragraph bulletin under a Washington date line:

> "Department of Justice investigators entered the nationwide search for Dorothy Bonner, missing silk heiress, following the announcement tonight by police laboratories that espionage charges against P. G. Bonner, her father, may be substantiated. Laboratory technicians declared that analysis of ashes from the incinerator of the hotel apartments at which Bonner committed suicide revealed charred fragments of blueprints said to be stolen from the Navy Department."

Under the bulletin, Beasley had written in heavy black pencil: "Glen—This came in just after you left. I am shooting it to you via the pilot schooner because the radio is too public. As it is, the gal will probably be taken from the ship at Honolulu and held on conspiracy charges, so do your damnedest with the yarn before you reach port.—B."

Larkin shoved the yellow tissue into his pocket and went below to his cabin. The flannel nightgown swaying sedately from its hook indicated that the Peruvian general had not yet retired. While still alone in his stateroom, Larkin decided to enlighten himself on Dorothy Bonner's history. He took Beasley's manila envelopes from his suitcase, stretched himself upon his berth, shook out the stack of newspaper clippings. The first one read:

SILK MILLIONAIRE
SHIES AT SENATE
QUIZ ON NAVY LEAK

WASHINGTON.—P. G. "Pongee" Bonner, millionaire silk importer, intimated today that he would refuse to testify before the Senate Committee investigating alleged betrayal of U. S. Navy secrets.

Bonner, who is a friend of many Japanese statesmen, declared that his physician had advised him against the strain of appearing before the committee.

(Continued on page 45)

He caught only a pale glimpse of her face—a pale, appealing face, the face of a girl running away from something. Then the girl turned and vanished from the deck

"Why, that's old man Clipp," Henry says, speaking kind of pale

Pinto York

By Alan LeMay

EVEN in his old age, when they kicked him out of the penitentiary, Pinto York was full of gusto and the love of life, and liked to talk a good deal about past rascalities.

"Like the time Sheriff Conant, of Chinaman Flats, went at it to force the truth out of Henry Lee," Pinto said once. "You see—"

I WAS deputy sheriff then. I had plans for borrowing some horses and things, so I had myself made deputy. In them days we was thorough—it drives me wild the sloppy way illegalness is promoted nowadays. You might say the art of larceny is virtually lost. That is, except in cities.

So I was deputy sheriff, and one day I was riding up Stud Goose Gulch, and I turned up a little trail that led to the Furiation Stope—a hole in the hill that Henry Lee and his partner were digging, in hopes of finding something that it didn't seem like was there.

Henry was all alone. "Henry," I says, "I hate to bring this up. But what is that body doing back there, a little way down this here trail?"

"What body?" Henry Lee says.

I took him down the trail and showed him. There was a dead man in the trail, all right.

"Why, that's old man Clipp, from two mile down the gulch," Henry says, speaking kind of pale.

Well, I questioned him some. It seems his wife was down in Chinaman Flats, visiting her sister—she couldn't've done it. Henry had a mighty pretty wife, name of Prairie Rose—nobody ever knew why she married him. She could've married anybody. Why, I'd even have married her myself, if necessary.

And it seems that Henry's partner, Burro Strahan, had lit out for Chinaman Flats at sunup.

"You're lying," I says. "The old feller hasn't been dead that long. Besides—if Burro didn't shoot him, you must have done it yourself, and that ain't like you, Henry."

"I never even heard a shot," he says.

I had been figuring to arrest Burro Strahan, and have him hung the following evening; never did like Burro Strahan. But Henry was a horse of another feather—as fine a boy as ever there was. I begun to wish I had rode up some other gulch, from the many we had to choose from.

But there was nothing to do now but arrest Henry, which I done, and I took him down and throwed him in the can. Sheriff Conant, he sent the local doc up to perform a autopsy, and set out to work on Henry.

I always did like Henry, so I went deer hunting the rest of the day. When I got back it was dark, and Sheriff Conant was still questioning Henry. But he come outside to talk to me.

"This is the jugheadedest criminal we've had in here yet," Conant says. "He still sticks to his story. I know as well as you do that Burro Strahan done it—Henry ain't got it in him. But doc says the old man wasn't shot until just before you got there, and Henry keeps alibi-ing Burro that Burro left at sunup."

"Well, he's protecting Burro."

"Well, we got to unprotect him. I've been all through my manual of Modern Police Practice, and nothing in it fazes Henry. So I guess I got to use my head. I'll fix him!"

HE WENT back and stirred up Henry again. "We've had posses out after Burro all day," he told Henry. "We didn't catch up to him yet, or Rose, either. But we will."

"Rose?" Henry asked, turning spotted color.

"She run off with Burro Strahan this morning, on the eight-o'clock stage," the sheriff says. And he leaves Henry to think *that* over.

Well, sir, I'd been wondering why Prairie Rose hadn't been clustering around her man, and him in the soup like that.

"You shouldn't've told Henry that," I says. "It will make Henry feel bad, when he thinks it over."

"He'll feel a danged sight worse if we have to hang him."

"You aim to hang Henry if we can't hang Burro?"

"Think I'm going to be made a sucker of by old man Clipp?"

Next morning we went around to see Henry again. "Well, Henry, who shot old man Clipp, most likely?"

Henry kind of pulled himself together. He was looking mighty rocky. "I shot him," he says.

That floored Conant. "I don't believe it!" he hollers.

"I can prove it," Henry says. "I been reading this book you left in here about practicing to be a policeman, and I can prove it by ballistics. I threw the rifle that shot Clipp in the crick. Find it, and I'll prove it's my rifle."

"You'll play hell," Conant told him. "He was shot with a shotgun. Ballistics be damned! Buckshot ain't got no ballistics."

Henry just says, "Oh."

"Henry, please," Conant says, "my arm is wore off, hitting you with that latigo. Before I go nuts, will you please stop lying?"

"Listen," I says. "I believe Henry's first story. I don't think either one of them shot him. I think somebody rode by old man Clipp's place, and shot him, and threw him over his saddle, and took him down and dumped him there on Henry."

"Oh, shut up," Conant says. "Listen, Henry. You realize that lie come near hanging you? Naturally you do. And naturally you realize all the good it could do would be to save this here no-good Burro Strahan, that run off with your wife?"

"I reckon."

"Well, damnation! What in all hell—"

Right there Henry made the prettiest speech I ever heard in my life. I memorized it, hoping to use it myself sometime. Only somehow it hardly ever seems to fit in.

"Listen," he says. "Prairie Rose is the finest girl that ever walked. I don't know why she married me. I wasn't good enough for her. No man that ever lived was good enough for her. Every day I lived with Rose was a little hunk of heaven. If she'd stayed with me, I'd've been happy to work my heart out for her, all of my life. But a man couldn't hardly expect it. And now if she wants my partner, I want her to have him, and anything else she wants, as long as she lives. And I'm ready you should hang me for it if you've a mind to."

That stopped Conant altogether. He gave up. "It ain't in me to hang him," he says. "I'd kill a man who'd hang this feller! Old man Clipp committed suicide!"

"Then what become of the shotgun if he committed suicide?"

"Most likely some skunk in sheep's clothing stole it," Conant says, looking at me very suspicious, and I pulled in my neck.

So pretty soon he went across the street and let Prairie Rose Lee out of where he had her shut up in a different place, and he turned Henry loose; and it was a mighty touching sight, let me tell you, to see the two of them crying in each other's arms—Rose and Henry, I mean, not Henry and the sheriff. You see what Conant had done? That malfeaser in office had faked the whole runaway, just to bust Henry down.

"THAT Prairie Rose Lee," Pinto York's listener commented, "sure must have been a wonderful *woman*, to steam a man up like that."

"Yes, sir," Pinto agreed, "that sure was a mighty pretty girl. Of course, personally, I would've got more kick out of her if she had been white."

"If she had been— Well, of all the— What was she?"

"Choctaw, largely. But of course that didn't affect Henry's innocence none."

"Now wait, Pinto. What makes you so sure Henry *didn't* gun the old man?"

Pinto York studied a while. "I done it myself," he said at last. "The old fool intimated I was dishonest."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Cold Comfort

By J. D. Ratcliff

A sneeze from a sick ferret proved the answer to a researcher's prayer

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGE
DE ZAYAS

A FERRET with sick, tired eyes and misery in his bones looked at a man standing over him. The man wore rubber boots and a smelly, dripping overcoat. The ferret gazed at the man for a while, then sneezed right in his face. That sneeze closed one of the most brilliant circles of research of our day. It gave Dr. H. C. Stuart-Harris, researcher in Britain's National Institute for Medical Research, the tip-off to the biggest question about influenza that remained to be answered.

Two days after he caught that full-face sneeze he came down with influenza. Possibly if such a ferret had sneezed in the face of such a researcher two decades earlier, the 15,000,000 people wiped out by the epidemic of 1918-1919 would have been spared.

Furthermore, similar sneezes—from the mouths of chimpanzees — have helped pile up new facts about flu's twin scourge, the common cold. This disease has never yet killed a human being. But it's paved the road to the graveyard for millions.

When 1933 began, knowledge about influenza was just about nil. Some workers *thought* the disease was caused by a specific bacterium. Others *thought* a virus was responsible. A virus, as you probably know, is a body too small to be seen under any microscope. It is small enough to slip through the meshes of a porcelain filter that will trip up most bacteria; yet potent enough to cause such diseases as infantile paralysis, mumps, measles and yellow fever.

The bacteria school stuck stolidly to a microbe called *Hemophilus influenzae* that had been found in 1889. Bullheadedness more than anything else kept these medical tories yelling about their favorite bug, for they simply did not have experimental evidence to back its claim to infamy.

It was a hopeless-looking tangle. Then Dr. Frederick Playfair Laidlaw, director of experimental pathology at the National Institute for Medical Research in London, called his researchers together to track down the true flu bug. In the group there was Dr. Christopher H. Andrews, a stripling of thirty-seven at the time, who'd had a couple of years' experience at the Rockefeller Institute in New York as well as his experience in England. There was also Dr. Wilson Smith, and Dr. Stuart-Harris, whom we've already mentioned.

The first step was to find an experimental animal that could be infected—a "take" animal. That would bring the disease inside the laboratory where it could be experimented with.

The researchers next had to find what caused the disease. It was a pretty safe bet, their director added, that whatever was responsible could be found in the throat washings of a man sick with flu. This brought the conversation right back to its starting place. The doctors knew that they would find organisms of catarrh, pneumonia, streptococcic sore throat and a host of other illnesses in such garglings. All these could not be blamed for flu.

So, as a starting point, Laidlaw suggested that they discard the entire lot of these bacteria in one fine swoop. They could do it by putting throat washings through porcelain filters. Whatever slipped through, then, would probably be a virus.

The assignment Laidlaw gave himself and his helpers was an enormous one. But they got systematically to work. They took the bacteria-free filtrate—as clear as spring water—and shot it into all kinds of animals.

Nothing seemed to happen. Guinea pigs went about their eating and sleeping with no change in their usual woebegone expressions. Mice that received the jolts continued to scamper and play as usual. The injections didn't work.

It was discouraging until one of the workers suggested a new tack. People apparently caught flu by sucking in the elusive organism, whatever it was, through their noses. Maybe if you sprayed that colorless fluid in the noses of ferrets something would happen.

It was no sooner said than done. Several strains were tried. We will examine one of them. A worker visited a near-by army hospital and looked around for a soldier with an aching back, hurting head and feverish brow—one sick with flu. Propping him up in bed, the researcher held a carefully sterilized glass dish while the patient spat out the water with which he'd rinsed his throat.

Back in the lab, the washing water was filtered. Then, while one man held a squirming ferret, another dropped a few cubic centimeters of the fluid in the animal's nose with a pipette. After forty-eight hours the ferret refused his food. Then he stretched apathetically out in his cage. His breath came in wheezy gasps, and his temperature rose to 107 degrees.

The younger men were excited. At last they had put flu in the lab. Now they were getting somewhere. Laidlaw, older and more cautious, squelched their enthusiasm. How, for example, did they know the ferret hadn't caught the disease in some other way? Wasn't it possible that some of them had passed him the microbes out of their own respiratory tracts? All had to admit that this was possible.

The flu researchers moved into a new laboratory at Mill Hill, a suburb of London. To keep people from tracking in infective agents from outside, they had to enter through a bath of a coal-tar germicide three inches deep. All who came in had to slosh through this in rubber boots. They also had to wear raincoats and hats and pass under a germicidal shower. The building was a sanctuary of sterility.

On its completion ferrets were moved into cages, each in a separate cubicle. The doctors gave Ferret Number One the nose drops. Right on schedule he keeled over. While he was at the height of his disease—on the third day—he was killed. Lungs, throat and other breathing apparatus were removed, ground into a pulp in a mortar, diluted with salt water, and filtered.

This clear fluid, the workers knew, would—or should—be rich in the virus. They dripped a little into the nostrils of another ferret. He fell ill. Now things were running smoothly. They had the "take" animal they needed.

The next step was to find what happened to the ferrets' blood as the animals recovered. It seemed safe to assume there would be a rise in antibodies—the blood factors the body manufactures to fight off invading microbes; the things that keep you from having a second dose of a disease right on the heels of recovery.

From ferrets that had recovered from the disease, the workers took blood serum—mixed it with their virus-carrying filtrate, and dropped it into a ferret's nose. The animal stayed well. That meant the blood did indeed manufacture protective factors potent enough to neutralize the virus.

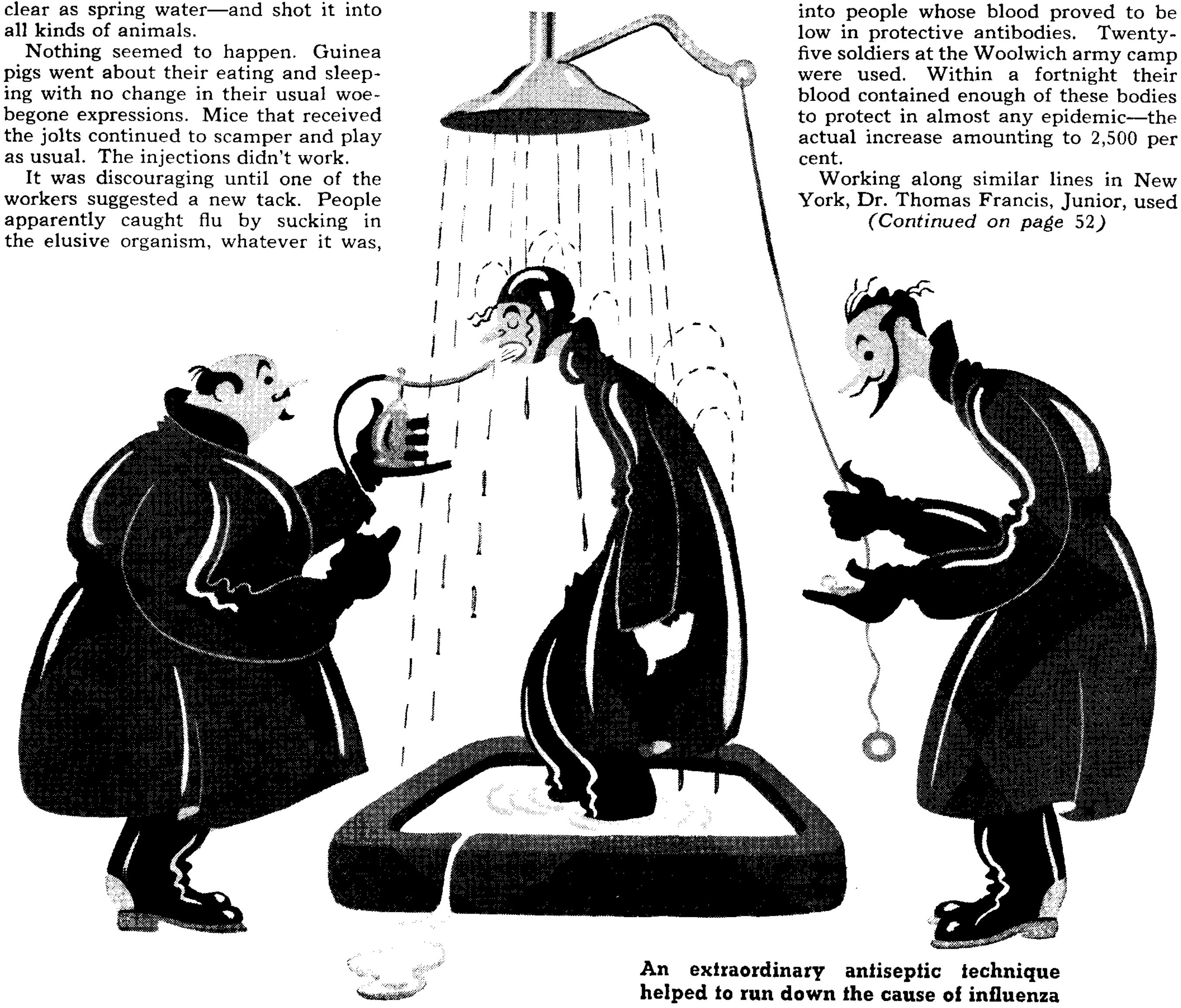
Then another question presented itself: Could the stuff that was making ferrets sick everywhere in the world be handed back to man? He readily admitted that several of the lab workers had mysteriously gotten flu. But there was no proof that it came from the sniffling ferrets.

At this juncture the fine thing happened. A ferret sneezed smack in the face of Dr. Stuart-Harris. Forty-five hours later he began to feel pretty rocky. His nose clogged and his bones ached. It was flu! That sneeze! He smiled happily and forgot his weariness. The circle had been closed.

With this solid foundation of knowledge it was simple enough to devise a protective vaccine. The London workers simply took their virus-bearing filtrate, inactivated it with formalin, and shot it into people whose blood proved to be low in protective antibodies. Twenty-five soldiers at the Woolwich army camp were used. Within a fortnight their blood contained enough of these bodies to protect in almost any epidemic—the actual increase amounting to 2,500 per cent.

Working along similar lines in New York, Dr. Thomas Francis, Junior, used

(Continued on page 52)



An extraordinary antiseptic technique helped to run down the cause of influenza

Love is Elected

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Aspiring young politician with submerged conscience meets lovely girl with ideals

THEY were using an old touring car for the job, a scarred wreck with rust-streaked fenders and torn side curtains. A carefully selected car that no one, least of all a woman, would give a second glance.

George had picked the car, and George had parked it exactly in front of the tailor shop where they could see the square-faced clock, the huge calendar. Gray, solid, George Vane. He was wedged under the wheel now, squinting through the dusty windshield.

"Here she comes," he said softly, and turned. "The woman in the blue coat. And get that calendar on the film, big shot. I had plenty of trouble planting it there."

"Right." Paul Baren lifted the movie camera off his knees. He hadn't missed the scorn in George's voice; hadn't missed the quiet derision in his eyes in the second before they became, again, gray and inscrutable.

Paul Baren waited. He was ready; the camera was ready. Nothing would slip—at least nothing on his end. He watched the woman in the blue coat come swiftly toward the appointment she didn't know she had, and found time to wonder what was bothering George Vane.

Once before he'd worked with George Vane, but that had been a year ago. They'd been watching an apartment house; waiting for a wanted man to try to see his wife. The wanted man had never come, but they'd spent long days together, and he had talked.

Maybe that was it. Maybe he'd talked too much. You can do that on your first job. When you're green, and school and the bar examinations are still close. When you're young.

And Paul Baren had been young. Young and tall and terribly earnest. He had put his hopes, his dreams, into words. He'd said things he'd held behind tight lips since the day—eight years before—when he'd carried two paper suitcases away from the farm.

He had talked about the farm, too, and its barren hillside acres. About the endless work; the mud-smeared clothes; the thick-soled shoes, and about his father's scarred and calloused hands. Hands he'd promised himself he'd never have.

School. Classrooms and lecture halls. The basement machine shop, and the always empty fuel bins. Bitter years that had given him a stubborn mouth, eyes that asked a constant question, and a degree.

GEORGE VANE had listened, gray and silent, and when Paul had finished he'd said: "So you want to be a district attorney? That's a big bite, Paul; D. A.'s aren't made quite that way."

And even that hadn't been enough. He had been so sure, the words had sprung from his lips. "But why not? The people want honesty and . . ."

He'd said that. He, Paul Baren, the man who knew all the answers. George hadn't laughed, though it had been funny enough, and a week later Paul had gone into the office.

George had continued to be friendly, at first, but that had changed. Not that it mattered, for George wasn't important. He was competent. A stocky, quiet operative who did what he was told and did it well; who'd been around for years, and who'd gone as high as he was going.

There would always be men like George Vane around to do the legwork—to hunt cars, and plant calendars. The orders, complete in every detail, had come from higher up. The chief was handling this himself; he'd talked to them just before they'd come here.

"This is too important to be messed up. That's why you two are working together." The chief's hands had trembled on the desk, and his eyes had been a thousand years old. "There'll be a big bonus."

There was an answer for that, too. Pressure. The big ones were putting the pressure on the chief. Election was only a week away, and Special Prosecutor Gordon McCrey was smashing his name across the headlines too often. That's why the chief had the jumps.

The woman in the blue coat was close. Paul Baren twisted his head to see, through the rear window, the heads of the two operatives who waited there. Then O'Hearn, the third operative, stepped out of a doorway and the stage was set.

The woman was beside the car when George Vane touched the brake pedal. The taillight blinked a red signal to the men who waited behind the car, and the thing happened.

There was a muffled curse, a shout, and the dull sound of a fist on flesh. Another second and the two big men were fighting on the walk.

O'HEARN was there, exactly as planned, a mousy little man who touched the woman's arm. The fight swung toward them, and made it easy for O'Hearn to maneuver her across the walk and into the shelter of the tailor shop.

She was inside. O'Hearn stepped out of camera range, and the fight stopped—for its purpose had been to force the woman inside the shop. The camera began to whir in Paul Baren's hands. The calendar, the window sign, the woman—he got them all. She came back to the doorway, then looked up and down the walk. An odd tightness came into Paul Baren's throat. This was perfect evidence to smash McCrey, to assure the chief's re-election as district attorney.

The chief's name wouldn't appear in this—the D. A. was supposed to work with McCrey, not against him. But Zoss, who was fighting McCrey in court now, would use this film to win his case; to wreck McCrey's chance in the election. Paul Baren could almost hear Zoss' heavy voice:

"Mr. McCrey, the prosecutor, has said that he did not attempt to bribe any member of the jury. I agree. Mr. McCrey did not have to. His secretary did."

"The film will show her leaving the tailor shop owned by Abe Goldman, juror number six. Her actions tell the whole story. She was afraid she would be seen and known. She was! The calendar can leave no doubt as to the date, and the window sign . . ."

The woman in the blue coat left the tailor shop. She turned, and Paul Baren saw her face.

She was young, a girl, not a woman; and her eyes were level and brown and held glints of gold.

Then she was gone.

Paul Baren turned to pick up the camera case. "It's plenty good. Zoss can dynamite the trial when he puts it on the screen, and . . ."

"Sure," Vane interrupted, "he'll put McCrey back in the sticks. You learn fast, kid." He brought match flame to his cigarette, and the light made a bright fan across the flinty planes of his face. "The guy who wanted to find out how D. A.'s were made. You're learning—too fast."

Paul Baren sat there, his fingers busy with the straps of the camera case. So even old George Vane knew he was going up. That was the reason he'd turned sour, the reason behind all the cracks he'd made the last two days.

"Sure, you're always right." Hard laughter broke in Paul Baren's throat. "That's why you're still running errands after eighteen years on the staff."

George Vane winced. He leaned forward to prod the motor into noisy life. "Riding with me?"

"Not while there are cabs." Paul Baren opened the door and got out. He was turning—a lean, trim man in well-tailored brown—when Vane's ragged voice stopped him:

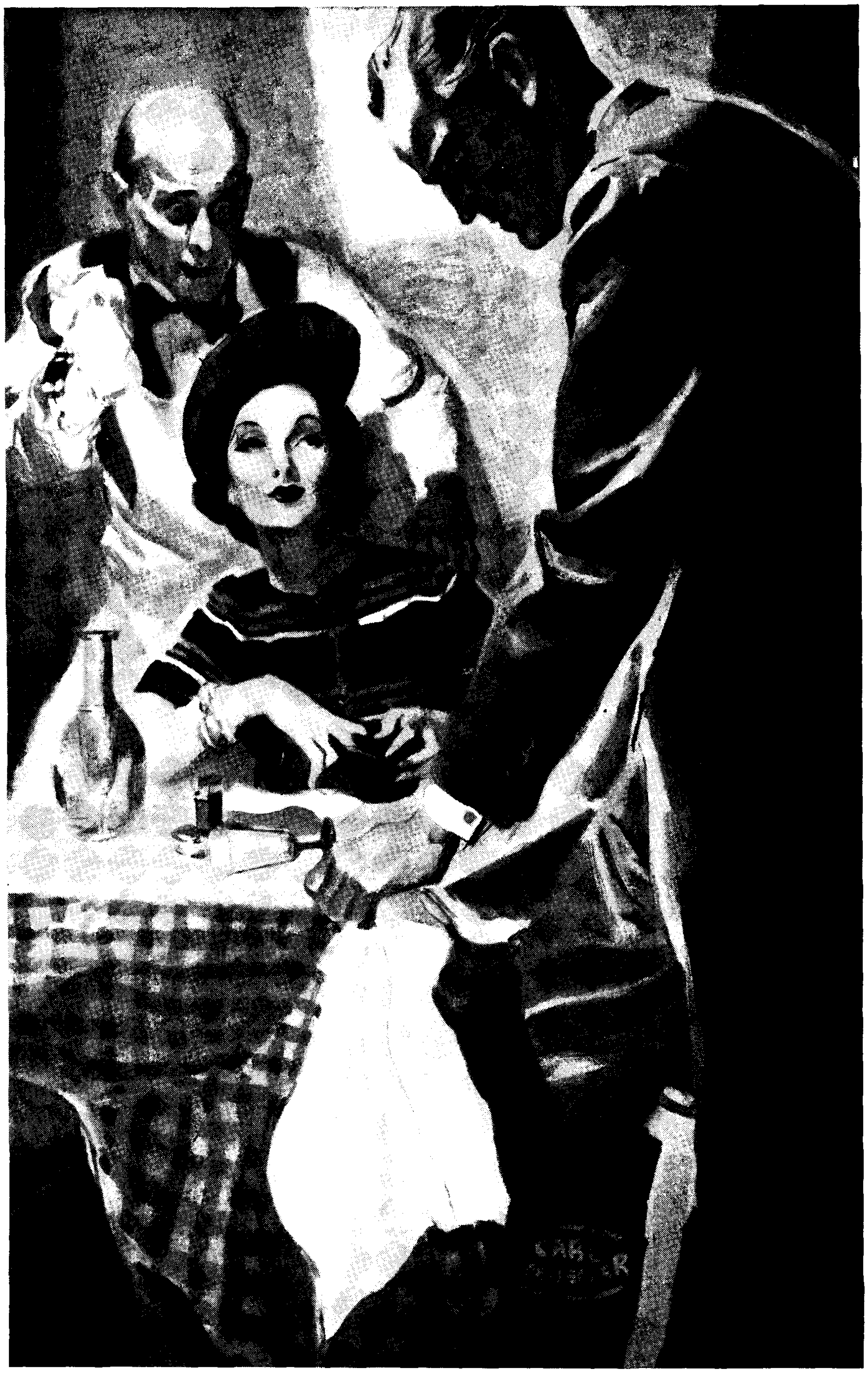
"Forget the whole thing, Paul. Just act like I'd had sense enough to keep my mouth shut."

Their eyes held, brown on flinty gray, and then Paul Baren said: "It won't get back to the chief, if that's what you mean."

George Vane's answer was lost in the slap of the closing door as the touring car jerked away. Paul Baren was still smiling when he hailed a cab. . . .

The chief's office was gray with evening shadows when Paul Baren came in.

"I asked you to stop in, Baren." The chief came



Petro was there, almost too quickly, snapping on the light above the table. Paul Baren flinched in its white glare and fear caught at his throat. The thought came in a wave: "She'll know! That light is too bright"

slowly to his desk. "I wanted to check with you before you went out to Morgan's. You know what to do?"

"Yes, sir. Morgan will introduce me to McCrey's secretary, and I'm to arrange a lunch date with her for tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow—the day after will be too late." The chief switched on the desk light, and its shaded glow struck upward across lean, well-boned features to touch tousled white hair. "And we'll want her in the dining room above the Seafood Palace Sunday night."

"I'll do whatever I can," Paul Baren answered.

The silence was a live thing, bright and heavy between them. The chief looked up, finally, his eyes old and tired. "You've done a good job so far, but the hardest part is all ahead of you. You know how important this is—to all of us."

"I do know, sir." Baren spoke carefully, using, as he'd learned in this past year, only the words he knew would please. "I'll call you just as soon as I have anything definite to report." He left then, crossing the big office swiftly, feeling the chief's eyes on his back long after the heavy door had closed.

There were already a half-dozen cars in the drive when Paul Baren parked his roadster. Smooth music came across the lawn to meet him, and somewhere close a man laughed deeply. Paul Baren moved toward the house, wondering what kind of pressure they'd used to pull David Morgan into this. The result was neat, whatever the method, for this way the girl could never suspect.

A maid took his hat, and then David Morgan was there, his dark face flushed and tight. He said, "Paul Baren?" in a quick husky voice and without offering his hand.

Paul Baren nodded.

"Thank God," Morgan breathed. "It's time you got here; she's about ready to bolt." He caught Baren's arm, and they went into a crowded room behind Morgan's heavy laughter.

He saw her at once, alone on the far side of the room and knew, then, that he'd been looking forward to this. He tightened inwardly, thinking, "You fool, what if she is beautiful? There are plenty of others."

She looked up as they approached, her eyes holding only polite interest. David Morgan said: "Mary, this is Paul Baren; Paul, this is Mary Douglas. You two ought to get along." He turned away. "There's Scotch on the buffet."

Her hand was cool and firm in his. "Mary," he said, "your name matches your eyes."

"You didn't have to say that."

Her voice was just as he'd known it would be—soft, with a husky undertone. She withdrew her hand, and he dropped into a chair beside her.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly, "but it's true, and it seemed like the thing to say. It won't happen again."

THEY talked then, small talk, light talk, while the party went on around them, and the tight inner voice in Paul Baren's mind repeated the things the chief had said: "Gordon McCrey is too smart, but we can work through the girl. The film will show her leaving Goldman's tailor shop—so she bribed Goldman! We can buy one juryman—Carl Lofgren—and Zoss will see that his chief witness is around when we need him. Zoss will front for us, and we'll be very sorry when the story breaks. The girl will be hurt, of course, but she's only one person, and this concerns us all. The end, gentlemen, justifies the means . . ."

The noise around them increased. There was the brassy beat of radio music, and too loud laughter.

"I'd better go," she said. "Eight o'clock comes early. Would you call me a cab, please?"

"I'll do better than that—my car's in the drive."

Paul Baren took the Sky Line Drive. You can see the city from there, a million lights scattered on the carpet of the night.

He drove slowly. She was quiet in her corner of the seat, and didn't look up until he was turning into the parking lot of a roadside restaurant.

"How about scrambled eggs and toast?"

She read the winking sign, and turned with laughter in her eyes. "The world's best view and scrambled eggs. That sounds exciting."

She was smiling when he took her arm. A sleepy waiter seated them on a view porch—a shadowed place where they seemed suspended between earth and sky. She was silent after the waiter had gone, and Paul Baren stared at the lights below them.

"The big town," he said slowly. "Not the biggest, but big enough. There's everything behind those lights, everything a man could want."

Her smile was warm. "You haven't been here long?"

"Only a year. I came from upstate—the last of the Barens. Dad died while I was still in school and left me the farm, complete with mortgages. He wanted me to be a farmer, but I think I'll stick to law."

"The big town eats lawyers—young lawyers."

He laughed. "You sound like Old Henry. He wanted me to come back and take over the practice he's spent twenty years in building. He's got the county sewed up, and it still takes two good years to buy him a suit. Not for me."

The waiter appeared with their food, and they ate in silence. Paul was bringing lighter flame to her cigarette when she said, "I lived

(Continued on page 41)

No Place to Land

By W. B. Courtney

America has failed to balance aviation's tremendous technical progress with suitable landing fields. Lack of a national aviation policy has given us 1926 airports for 1938 planes. Only a few fields are big enough for our new air liners; some of our busiest airports are doomed to revert to pastures. It's an expensive mistake—a $400,000,000 taxpayers' headache

Cleveland's Municipal Airport is considered to be America's finest, capable of handling anything in the air

COURTESY U. S. NAVY

IT WAS only a giant meteor, of course, expiring harmlessly; but how was Johnny Pricer to know? There was Johnny, alone on high, barging south with the mail in an open-cockpit plane. The night was pitchy; and in this stretch there was not much to be seen anyhow. Few lights studded the rug-pile blackness of hill and field; haze veiled the sky. Johnny yawned, and thought of Memphis, his destination.

Then it was as though the earth were an electric bulb, and somebody unexpectedly snapped it on. Light poured into Johnny's eyes like hot wine, stung his brain with a tangible hurt; entranced and blinded him for an incandescent minute. Abruptly the darkness returned, and stranded Johnny in blankness that was like a caught beat of the heart of time.

"Gee!" said Johnny Pricer aloud to himself. "It might be the end of the world. There won't be anything down there. What will I do when my gas runs out? There won't be any place to land!"

That was many years ago, and it was a good joke on Johnny Pricer.

Today, not only Johnny but all his mates on all the scheduled lines of our country's great airways mesh face a dilemma that is as real as his was imaginary: which is a joke on nobody, except you and other taxpayers. The art, the science, of flight and design are threatened with checkreins; the orderly progress of aeronautical engineering meets a barricade. The whole advance guard of modern air transportation now actually confronts what to Johnny Pricer was a brushing fear: *it has no place to land.*

There are more than 2,200 non-military airports in the United States, and the majority are in the same relation to 1938 passenger air liners that dirt roads and thank-you-ma'ams hold to 1938 automobiles. About 200 fields are in daily use by the current types of planes which shuttle mail, express, and passengers over the great domestic network of scheduled air lines. Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, warned the National Conference of Mayors in Washington last November that no more than one in 440—or five at most—of all these airports can be used satisfactorily in their present condition by the latest planes.

Up from the brains of talented young engineers, the hands of skilled American workmen, fine new sky liners will mount to service on the domestic air lines this year. Comely, safe, luxurious, as modern as tomorrow, these planes are substance blown into the dreams of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. They are as far removed from the wire-and-stick-and-gluepot kite of the Wrights as today's streamlined trains are from Stephenson's Rocket; as the Normandie and Rex are from Fulton's Clermont. They are four-motored landplanes, capable of speeds that once again whittle the hours that separate the Atlantic from the Pacific, one type of which weighs more than 40,000 pounds; the other, 60,000, or 30 tons.

Earthbound Giants of the Air

Now, in 1938, the first of these creations of American genius will be ready to carry mail, express and 40 or more of you on each trip—almost half of the company of the Mayflower. The larger plane will make limited flights before you read this, although it will not come into the schedules until a few months later; perhaps not until early next year.

The great planes are here, but the airports are not ready for them.

This is true, also, of the giant newest Army bombers, the so-called "Flying Fortresses" which so proudly you've watched in the newsreels or perhaps over your home town; although General Westover, chief of the Air Corps, often reminds the country of the value of large and numerous commercial fields to national defense. In their own strictly military ports the Air Corps have been more fortunate.

Cleveland is the one major civilian field that all fliers mention first when discussing suitability for 1938's planes. Cleveland's leadership is partly due to wealth of area, and to conditions of terrain and approaches; partly to the vigor of Major Jack Berry, the manager, who imposed his foresight upon industry and municipality alike. It's all on account of an elementary lesson he got. When he was laying out fields years ago for the first transcontinental night-mail flying, pilots used to go to him and say, "Gosh, Jack, this will be risky business—give us *plenty of room!*" Jack has never forgotten; "plenty of room" and "safety" are aviation synonyms with him.

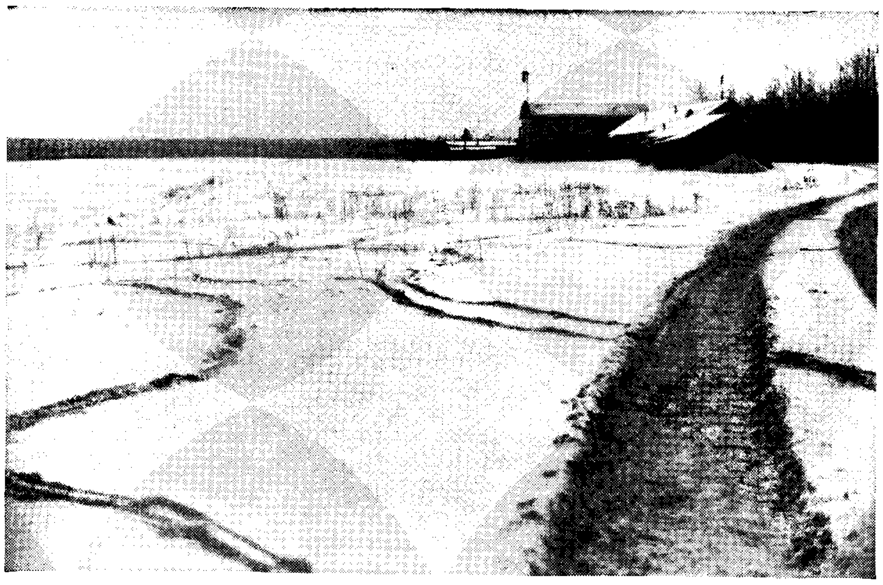
Oakland, New Orleans, Memphis, Wichita, among others, either are ready now or should be when the 40-passenger ships arrive. But even the most forward ports, with one or two exceptions, cannot look beyond this year's planes to those of, say, 1942—the 60- to 80-passenger types—without misgivings. Certain ports have one or more runways each that are usable now, under benign circumstances of weather and wind direction. But "all-way" fields are the need; moreover, not only length of runway is important in rating a port—approaches, obstructions, location are so much a part of the air-terminal problem that many essential fields were only partially adequate, depending upon weather and load factors, for scheduled operations with last year's planes.

Lastly, some of the nation's busiest airports—Kansas City, Newark, Detroit, Chicago, Washington — probably can never in their present sites be expanded to accommodate the superliners that aeronautical engineers plan for airways traffic in the years soon to come. Indeed, it is certain all these fields will not be rated for even the 1938 ships. Here are key cities, with costly airports that no longer fit. Each must find a new location; some quicker than others. Their present fields hardly can be destined for more than auxiliary service in the future; repair depots, local connections.

Europe Shows Us Her Heels

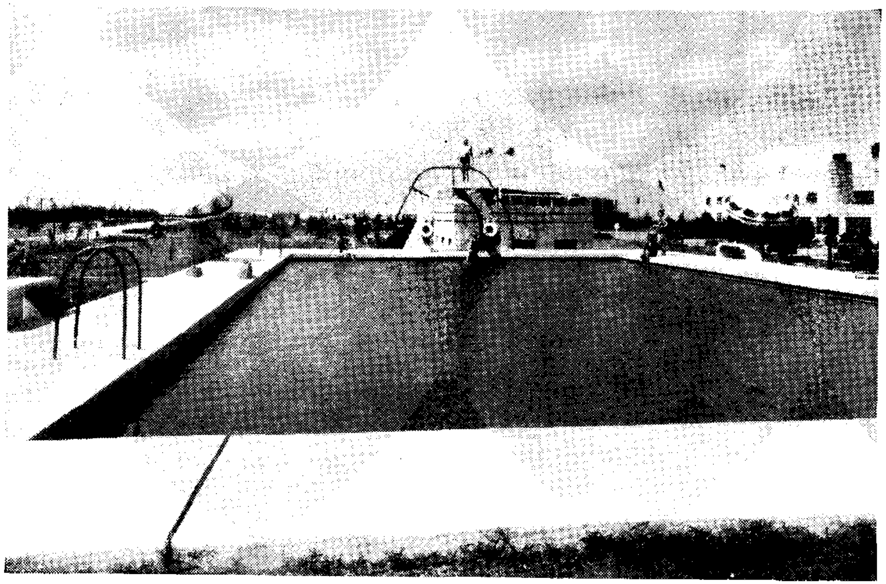
Meanwhile, the United States, birthplace of powered flight, of night operations and lighted airways, of invisible radio paths through the skies, of a dozen innovations and inventions that have made commercial aviation a great modern public utility with a mind-teasing future, has fallen behind Europe in the conception and building of air terminals. Germany and Russia have chains of splendid fields, with fine buildings and provisions for growth to accommodate whatever planes this generation may fetch to their runways. LeBourget, near Paris, has been newly fashioned on a grandiose scale; its concrete runways are more than 8,000 feet long. Tempelhof, a few minutes by subway from central Berlin, has a new passenger station that dwarfs our greatest railroad depots, with covered platforms a fifth of a mile long —so that you board or deplane within the building. Outside are runways in all directions, each two miles long. Sweden, Italy, other countries, have built relatively advanced fields. Washington, our nation's capital, has a passenger airport barely adequate in the best weather for yesterday's planes.

There have been nearly 400 million dollars invested in commercial airports in the United States. Some communities find themselves with elegant and pretentious fields that will never be justified by the relative importance of



IFOR THOMAS

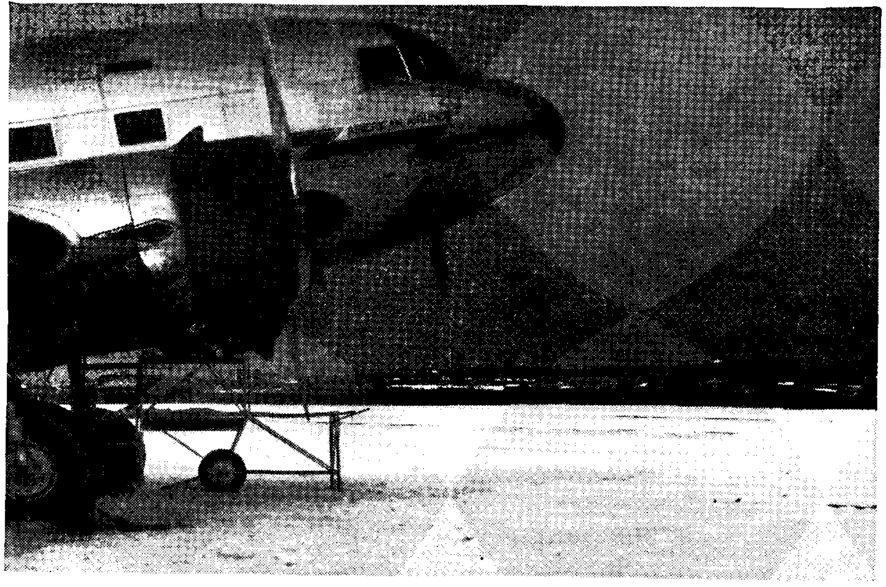
$77,000 of WPA funds went into the construction of a landing field at Driftwood, Pa., with a population of 250. Picture at top of page. Note deer tracks in snow



MC DANIELS

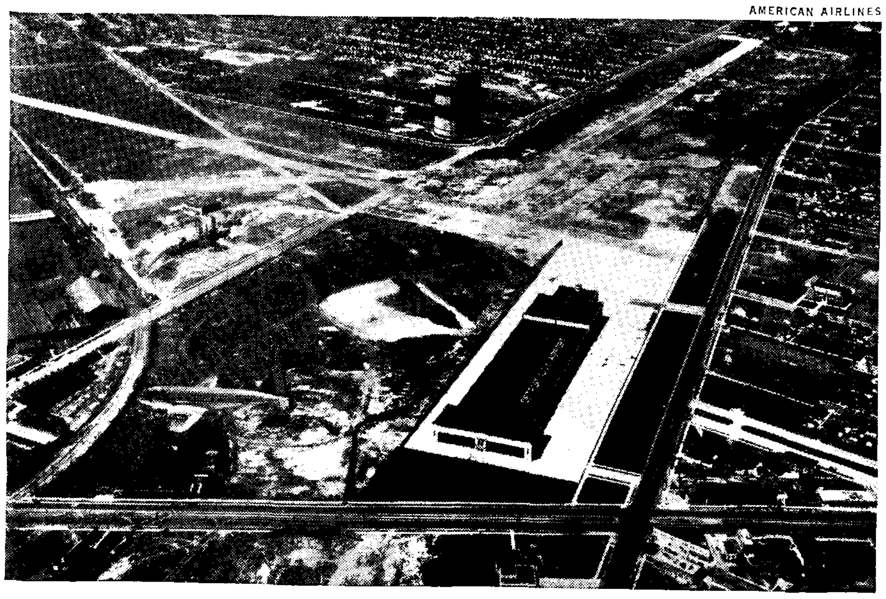
IFOR THOMAS

Shushan Airport at New Orleans ranks with America's best and is excellent proof that landing fields may be made beautiful as well as practical (second photo)



AMERICAN AIRLINES

Newark, busiest of American airports, serves the metropolitan area around New York City. Its situation in an industrial area prevents expansion for tomorrow



Detroit (bottom photo) is an outstanding example of a large city with inadequate airport facilities. Note the large gas tank adjacent to the municipal landing field

the positions they can occupy in national schedules. In other cities taxpayers have found their airports bottomless wells. Many towns, warned by the Air Commerce Bureau they will have to expand their fields or become milk-route stops, are issuing more bonds. Some—for example, La Crosse, Wisconsin—disheartened, have abandoned their ports.

Local headaches with regard to airport facilities are not invariably due to politics; often the people do not immediately catch the air transportation men's visions. The citizens of Seattle, Washington, have a bone now. Influential coast towns, to keep in the modern aviation parade, must provide water as well as land bases, for reasons we shall presently examine.

Seattle Strikes a Snag

In Lake Washington, the city of Seattle has a natural resource that seems providential; only San Francisco, with its great bay, has comparable sheltered water, but Lake Washington has advantages of constant level, scant traffic and no marine debris. Ex-State Senator W. W. Conner, former president of the National Aeronautic Association's Northwest Chapter, vigorous champion of aviation since pioneer days, leads the fight to develop Lake Washington as a marine plane base and thus assure to Seattle Pacific Coast leadership in both home and international air growth. The lake offers a run of *more than fourteen miles* into prevailing winds; ample for as long as you and I will be interested in air timetables. The only change in the water front would be the elimination of a huddle of unsightly and miserable shacks, and the substitution of a beautifully designed terminal building, set down in a landscaped park. Chief objections have come not from authorities but from the residents of a suburb, "Broadmoor," which is about a mile inland at its nearest point from the advocated station; and several miles from the run out in the lake. Their contention is that the noise from the motors would be unendurable. The airmen point out that engine sounds from taxiing ships would be scarcely audible a mile inland, while even less offense to Broadmoor ears should result from the take-off, miles away over water. "It's as sensible," one man told me, "as a kick from Brooklyn because of trains running in and out of Grand Central Station in Manhattan. Moreover, I should think a sightly terminal park would be more advantageous as a neighbor than a water-front slum, in terms of Broadmoor realty values."

The opposite sort of community story prevails in Indianapolis. That progressive city means not to slip from the top rank; and it has zoned the area around its municipal field to provide for whatever expansion the future might warrant.

The WPA, by its latest official reckoning, has spent more than $70,000,000 of federal money on airport improvement. This work has recently been commemorated in a gaudy and expensive booklet, printed and broadcast through all publicity channels at a cost that would have provided one or more needed runways. The practical gain to the nation's airport system was small; for 67.8¢ of each airport dollar went to labor, mostly unskilled shovel workers. The matter, virtually, was a dole; the aviation industry believes that more good would have accrued to the nation's business and defenses if outright contributions had been meted out to the 35,000-odd men involved—and a few steam shovels and tractors applied to key airports. Instead, many towns got airports beyond any commercial, sport or military flying they can reasonably be expected ever to see; maintenance charges will be above local capabilities, and you may expect the tall corn to grow again on many WPA fields. Driftwood, Pennsylvania, for example, with a population of about 250, got $77,000 for a field; while Fairbanks, Alaska, obviously the site for a strategic international airport unless all signs in the skies vanish, got nothing. Pennsylvania, heavy vote state, got more than $12,000,000; of which the only improvement that can have much aptness to 1938 ships is Philadelphia. Alaska, no votes, but smack on a tactical crossroads of intercontinental flight, got nothing.

Hard Cash for Visions

Tennessee offers perhaps the happiest picture of WPA airport work. Here, under the direction of Harry S. Berry, state administrator and former Army officer, work has been done with an intelligence and vision that has brought Tennessee to head row in airport facilities among the states; moreover, such fields as Knoxville, Nashville, and Memphis—the latter an important transcontinental junction—were designed to be expanded at once for the benefit of the "Flying Fortresses" and the 1938 passenger ships; and thereafter in step with plane growth.

American municipal fathers everywhere inquire: "What *is* an airport?"

Both municipal and commercial operators of fields that may now be deemed inadequate for the best in modern air transportation have a definite and justifiable grievance. The post-Lindbergh boom years in aviation loosed a terrific cloud of propaganda. With trustful cheers taxpayers and investors saw Tennyson's dream of great "argosies of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales" translated into home-town prospects—and dug into their pockets. Dozens of communities footed outrageous bills; spent upon visionary airport

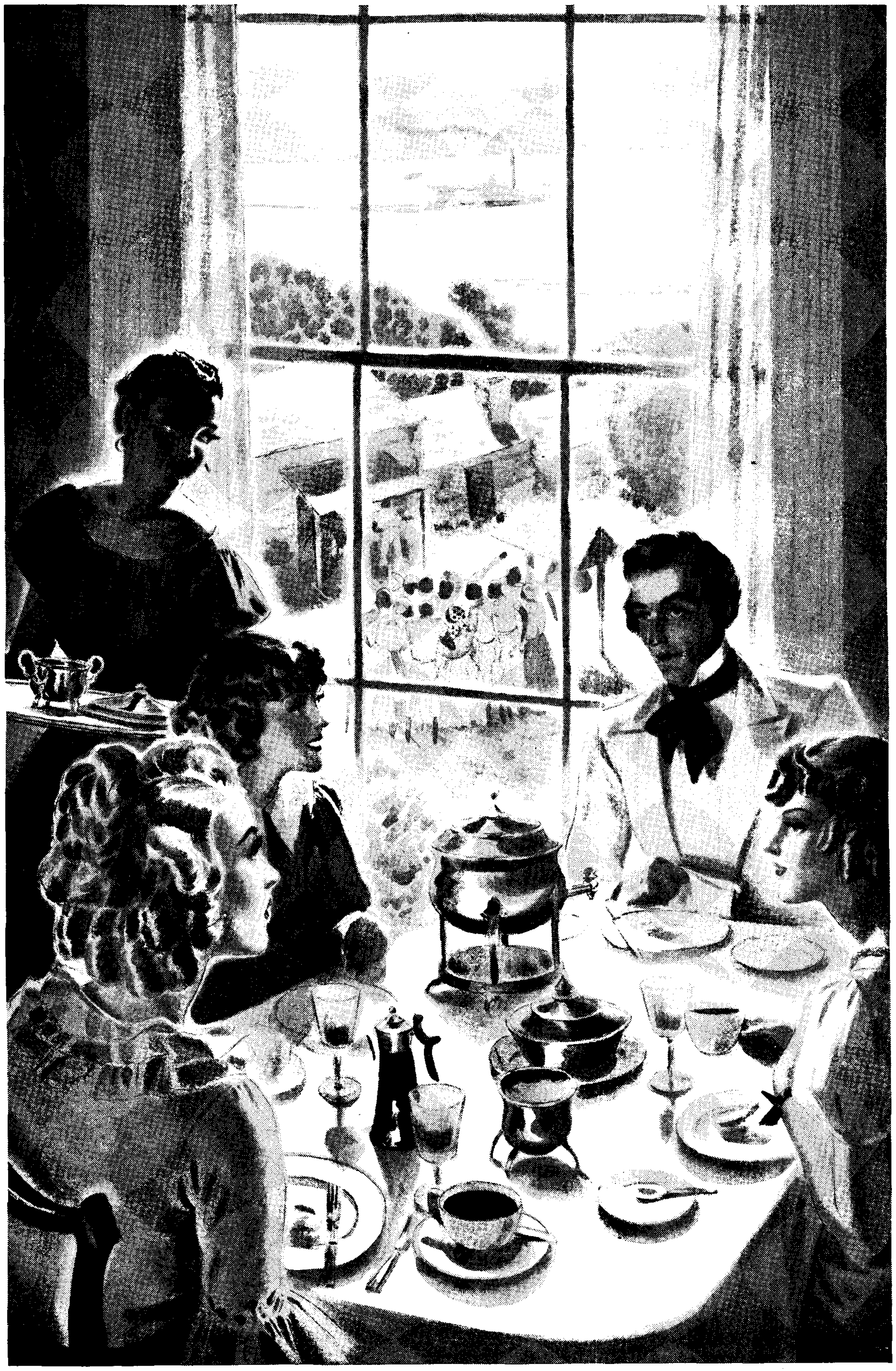
(Continued on page 43)

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

The founding of Hurricane Plantation, home of Joseph Emory Davis on the Mississippi, as Aunt Florida heard about it from her parents, was described in Mr. Dickson's first article. Florida's own experience, extending back over a century, includes the subject of this part—the appearance on Hurricane of Ben Montgomery, destined to become the largest Negro landlord in America

Harris Dickson and Aunt Florida Huelett



MARIO COOPER

At breakfast that morning, Joseph Davis told his sisters: "Jefferson is somewhere in the Northwest, supposed to be holding hostile Indians in check. He is a lieutenant of dragoons"

II. THE BLACK CONSPIRACY

A SENSE of mist and mystery and brooding loneliness hangs perpetually above the Mississippi River. At this time, in 1828, man had not yet sought to exercise dominion over its shores, yet Joe Davis had got his cotton plantation pretty well established in a mighty bend south of Vicksburg.

No matter what tragedy might brew on Hurricane, Grampa Mengo never failed to ring the plantation bell just before daylight. He had no clock and didn't bother about a watch, for Mengo's schedule ran according to the sun. Every morning at precisely the right moment a dim light glowed in his cabin window, the first to appear along the street of Hurricane quarters. Soon Grampa would emerge from his door with a businesslike air of responsibility and proceed to the stable lot. He had now grown old, gray and wise, thrusting his head from the doorway like a crafty possum that peers out from a hollow. Usually the bell ringer acted in a calm, methodical manner, but this morning he was driven by some secret impulse which cannot be explained to white folks, yet every Negro knew that Mengo carried a burden on his mind. He seemed to expect an explosion under his feet as he trod cautiously between the cabins, his pair of shifty eyes batting at everything. Objects that were harmless by day now took on fearsome shapes.

The first point of extreme peril he encountered at the entrance to the graveyard where his old master, Sam Davis, lay buried in a low brick tomb. On either side of the path stood a row of young altheas, shrouded in mist until they looked like ha'nts. Mengo had never been afraid of the living Sam Davis, but suppose the dead master should rise and rush at him waving a pair of skinny arms? So Mengo didn't exactly run, he just galloped past.

"Something Fixin' to Happen Today"

The great bell of Hurricane hung suspended in a sort of cupola, covered by a neat shingle roof. The whole plantation was proud of its deep silver tones that summoned hoe hands and plowmen to work. On this crucial morning, however, although white ears detected no difference, at old Mengo's first jerk of the rope every Negro felt himself tingling with expectancy. Something was about to happen. Instead of calling the hoe gang to its ordinary task, the bell seemed to say, "Get up! Get up! And keep your mouth shut."

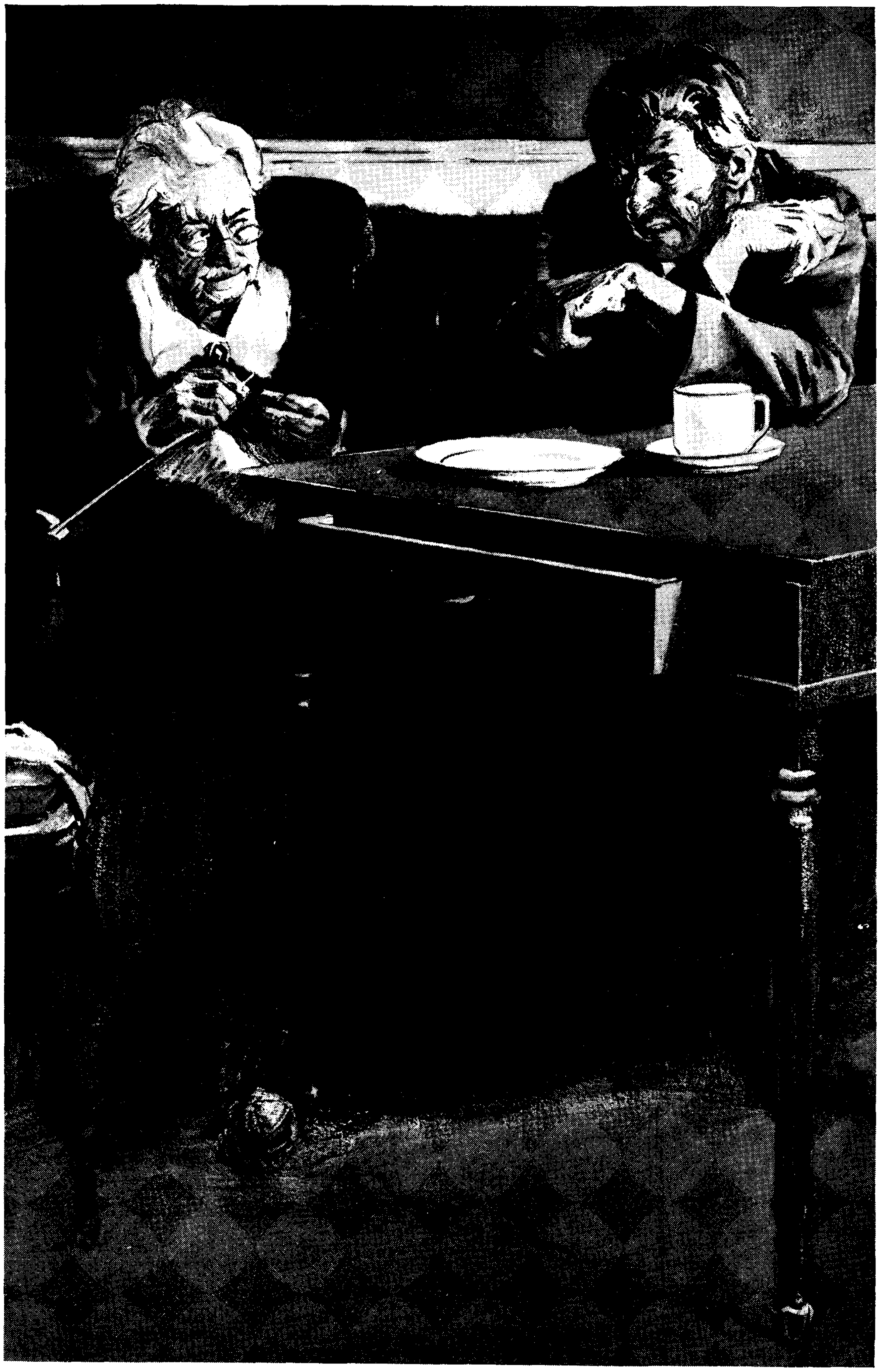
Clang, clang, clang the bell jangled its alarm, "Don't talk around de white folks." The sound, like a physical impulse, forced its way through the fog and clamored at cabin windows. Clang, clang, clang. Vague glimmers began to show where barefooted women lighted their loosely twisted wicks of cotton that floated in pans of grease. Embers were raked together, fires blazed and quick breakfasts were cooked. The hoe hands ate silently or whispered in low tones, for black tongues must be more careful since Master Sam Davis died and Master Joe Davis took charge. Not that the son was harder *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

River Pride

By Will F. Jenkins

The simple heroism of a woman who did her duty as she saw it



"You leave that boat alone!" he said thickly. "Leave't alone, y'hear me?"

GRANDMA AMES had been raised to believe that a person who yielded to panic or to fear thereby brought disgrace upon his family. So she knitted resolutely while the floodwater inched toward the house in the fading light. The house stood on an island which two days before had been three hundred feet long. Now, at dusk, it was hardly more than seventy. It would be dark soon, and the island grew smaller.

The flood flowed by, unbroken by waves save for an occasional stationary undulation where the current heaved upward over some obstruction or swirled together after parting to go around it.

There was almost no noise. It was strangely, almost incredibly silent. The river made only a faint, gurgling murmur; an intent, abstracted sound. But there came a whimpering call from upstairs. Susie. Grandma Ames' lips tightened. She put down her knitting and went into the hall. She toiled up the stairs to the second floor. She came down again and went to the kitchen table, on which was a carefully boiled kettle of water. She took a glass of it and toiled up the stairs again.

She moved about, above. Once there was a feeble, mewing wail. She came down once more, carrying a small, blanket-wrapped bundle. She put it across her lap and made it comfortable, her hands moving with a deft competence. She carried the baby back up to Susie. Her voice sounded. She returned to the kitchen.

She looked at the patch of gray which was the sunset. She made a light and determinedly sat down in the rocker to knit again. There was another whimpering noise above.

"Now, Susie," she said without rising, "you're actin' like a disgrace to the family! You stop frettin' an' get some sleep an' strength—if you think anything of that baby!"

The whimpering ceased. Grandma Ames' lips moved. "Like her pa's people. Whiny." Then she justified Susie. "Every family has somethin'. Look at Cousin Peter's oldest boy. Worthless—an' it relieved everybody when—" She did not finish. She knitted.

Then she heard a new sound. It was rhythmic but very hasty. Out on the water. She listened keenly. She went to the door. Yes. The squeak of oars. She took the lamp out on the porch. Enough of a breeze blew to make the flame flicker wildly. She shielded it with her body, holding the lamp so the glare fell upon her.

The rhythmic beating checked, as if the unseen rower had paused to look along his course. It began again, more hastily than before.

GRANDMA AMES stood quietly, her eyes steadfastly in the direction from which the sound came. She heard a sudden thump. The oar tips had touched bottom. Someone in the boat splashed overside and walked the craft to shore, guided by the beacon Grandma Ames had made of herself.

A voice called shakily:

"Hello! Anybody here?"

"Yes," said Grandma Ames, her voice unsteady from relief. "Two women and a baby. But they should've sent a powerboat to get us. The current's strong."

The man heaved at his boat. He splashed. His voice came to Grandma Ames again:

"Have you got a clothesline? I gotta tie the boat solid!"

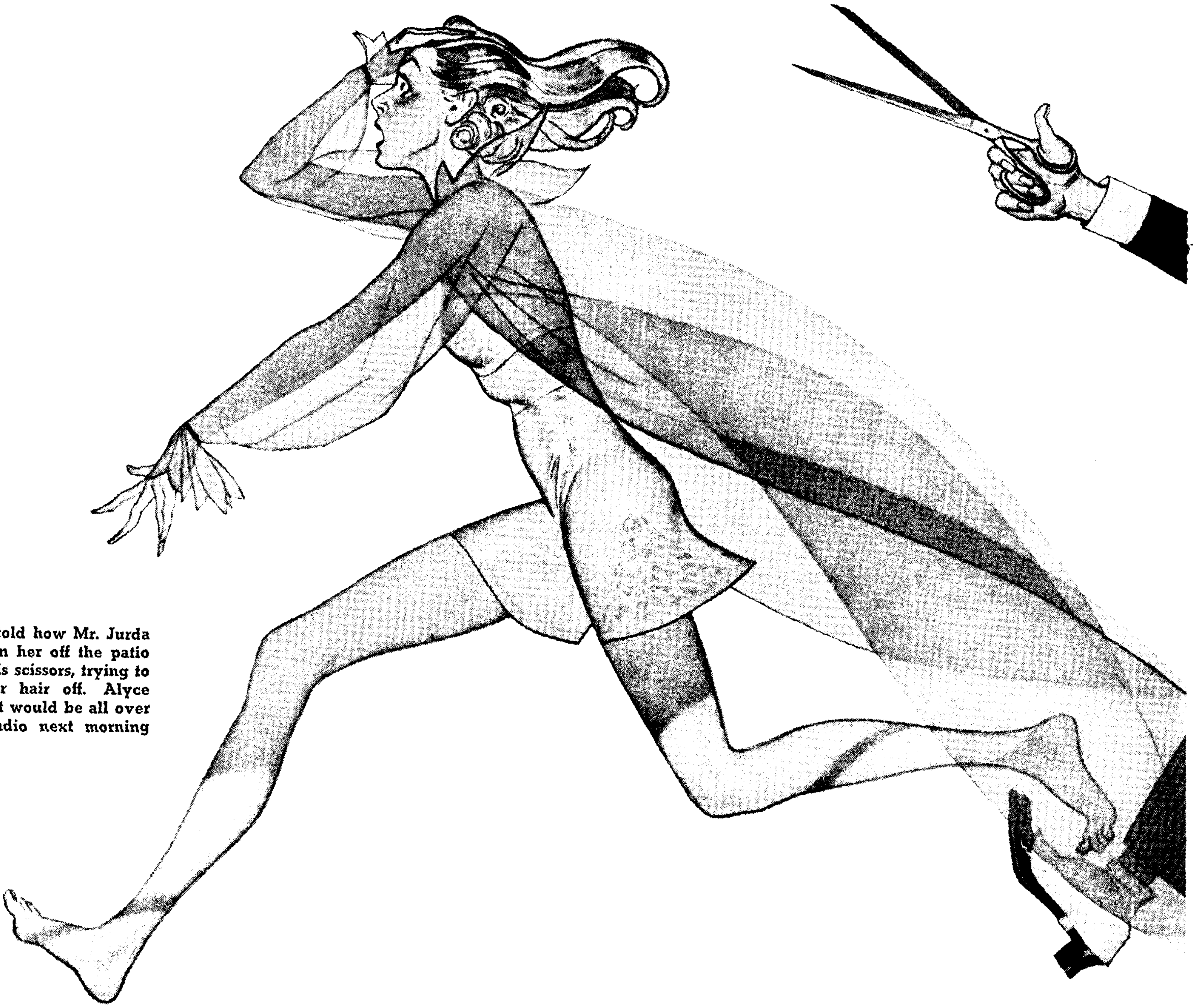
"I'll get one," said Grandma Ames.

She went back into the house and to the closet under the stairs. The bottom was a litter of such things as a man keeps in a closet. Boots. A shotgun in a corner. A tool kit, spilling nails and bolts and rusty screws. A coil of wire such as is used for repairing fences—nearly all used up. A neatly rolled-up line.

Grandma Ames went back to the porch. She set the lamp in the recess of a window. The man came hastily to meet her.

"Here! I'll take the rope!"

He vanished in the darkness. Grandma Ames stood still. She heard him splashing in the water. Then he came back, *(Continued on page 59)*



Linda told how Mr. Jurda had run her off the patio with his scissors, trying to cut her hair off. Alyce knew it would be all over the studio next morning

A GIRL who works in a movie studio commissary, why, she gets to see life in its rawest state. Particularly a girl like Alyce Zandt, that could've been in pictures herself but told a certain casting director where to get off. Being that sort of a girl in Hollywood is truly its own reward, too, because a girl like that stands out in the crowd and pretty soon a fella like Joel Roska comes along.

"I been informed that you was one that wouldn't permit no liberties, kid," Joel said, their very first date.

Joel said it like he did not only half believe it but wished it was so; and Alyce decided she would hafta get *that* straightened out right at the start. So she just called the spade a spade and gave Joel a list of the names and addresses and telephone numbers of every fella she had ever went out with since coming to Hollywood from Edwardsville, Ill., saying calmly: "You can ask any of them."

"Maybe I will," Joel said.

Back in Edwardsville, Alyce would've felt insulted had any fella so much as inkled that he doubted her character, but in Hollywood you could not really blame a fella for being cautious. Sure enough, the next time they had a date he said right out: "I checked with Sam Smith. He said you was a hundred per cent."

"You can ask any of them," Alyce said.

But Joel said, no, Sam was an expert and a square-shooter and would not give him a bum steer. Joel was awful sweet and frankness itself about it. He said a fella like he that held the important position of chauffeur and bodyguard to Mr. Benjamin A. Jurda, the big boss of the studio, had to live a clean life. Mr. Jurda had picked him chiefly because of his athletic training condition that was due to a clean life and not smoking but half a pack of cigarettes in any one day. Joel said he did not intend to be decent and have the girl he maybe might fall in love with and would want to marry turn out not to be strictly *one* hundred per cent.

"That certainly is a fair attitude to take in the subject, Mr. Roska," Alyce said. "Not, of course, that you would ever fall in love with me."

"I might at that, kid," Joel said.

He was a big blond fella of Polish-American extraction and he could look at you square in the eyes without blinking until long after you hadta blink. His eyes were blue and the whites were perfectly white and he had a color in his face that a girl caught herself trying to copy when she made up her face, but couldn't. He had a serious attitude of his mind, Alyce could tell from the first, but she hadta have a lot of dates with him before she could appreciate just how awful serious.

It seemed like why Joel was not merely a chauffeur and a bodyguard. Mr. Jurda, who was such a big genius and had so many millions, depended on Joel and made a personal pal of him and told Joel a whole lot of things about his private business. He even let Joel read scripts and picture stories to get Joel's reactions to them if they were good or not. Alyce could not bring herself to fully believe this until Joel actually showed her the script of a picture the studio was just starting to put in production.

"MY GOODNESS, Joel," Alyce gasped, "didja actually criticize it to Mr. Jurda?"

"Sure."

"What didja tell him?"

"That's confidential."

"Oh . . . yeah, of course."

That was the way Joel acted at first, not wanting to trust her, but pretty soon he got to letting drop little things that was worrying him and depressing his mind. Like, one afternoon—Joel hadta work every night in the week—Joel came out with: "I guess the chief is beginning to crack up. He let Linda come back, last night."

"Who is this Linda?" Alyce inquired.

Joel explained that this Linda person was a girl of low moral values that Mr. Jurda used to go with when he was an assistant director at Republic, three years ago and before he became a genius. Mr. Jurda threw her out when he was made a producer at Universal. But he was always letting her come back. Once, during the time Mr. Jurda was married to Nurma Astrille, that Austrian floperino, this Linda had the nerve to get a job as second maid in their house.

"That certainly is the limit," Alyce said.

"The chief ain't got no discretion," Joel said. "Linda is just as apt to shoot him as not."

"Why don't he pay her off?"

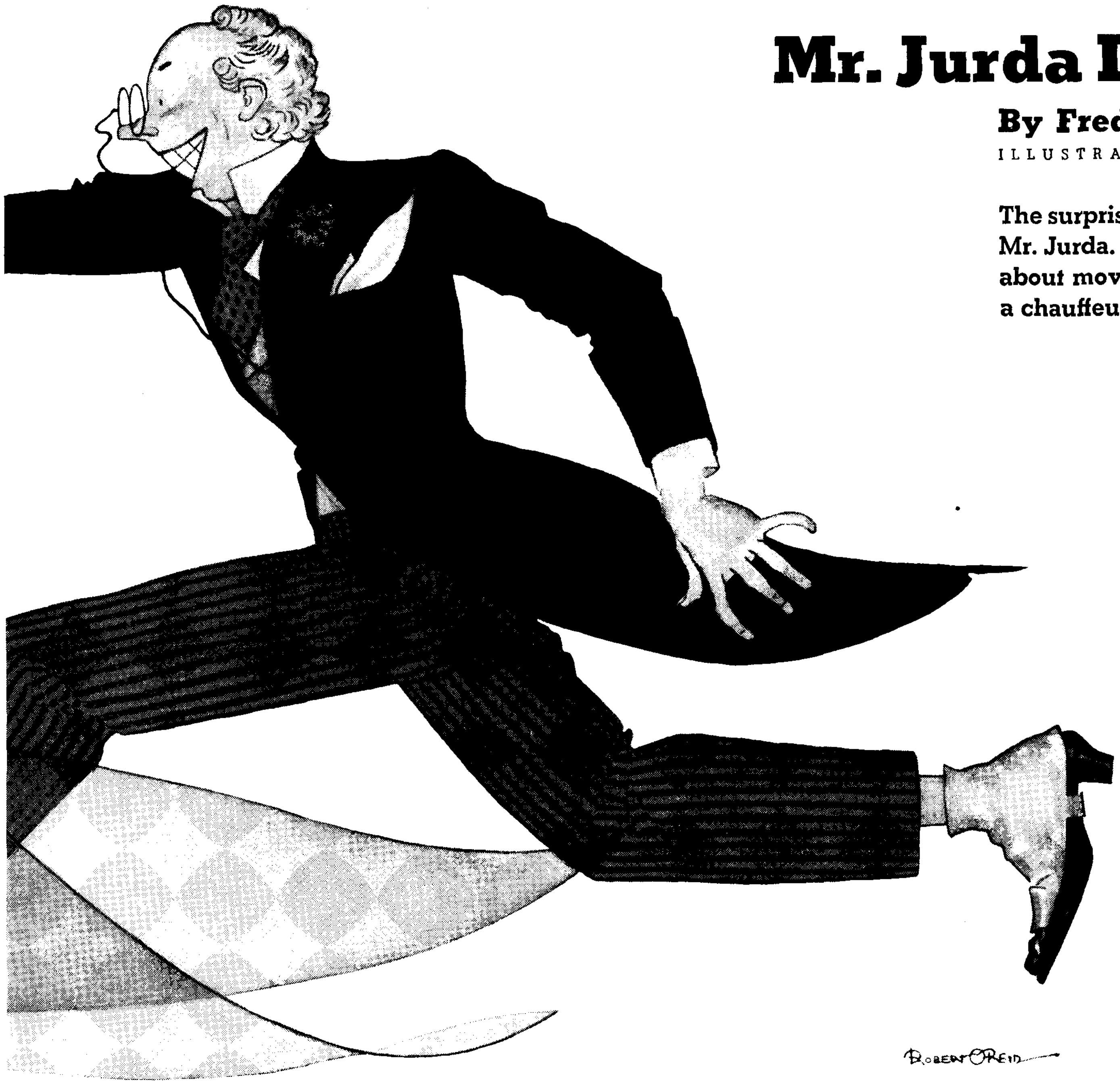
"She won't take it."

"Aw."

"God's aching truth. She loves the chief."

Joel was so worried about Linda and Mr. Jurda that he was gonna sit through the show at the Pantages over again and forgot to invite Alyce to have a soda, afterward. Alyce had not actually realized until that moment that Joel's position was not the soft snap of riding around in Mr. Jurda's car and getting off nearly every afternoon that all the girls in the commissary thought.

"Does Mr. Jurda care anything about



Mr. Jurda Lays an Egg

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The surprising conduct of that great genius, Mr. Jurda. A story which taught a girl a lot about movies and a good deal more about a chauffeur who simply could not tell a lie

her?" Alyce asked, riding back to the studio.

"That's confidential," Joel said.

But pretty soon Joel spilled it that Linda had settled down in Mr. Jurda's house and would not leave and Mr. Jurda was letting her stay because he had a big picture idea on his mind and could not be bothered with petty details.

"GEE, Joel," Alyce said, "what if she does somepin rash? That'll make it a heavy responsibility on you, won't it?"

Poor Joel was worried half sick.

"Yeah," he said, "it's my pants if anything should happen to the chief."

"Why don't you just kind of threaten her and make her leave?"

"I hate to do that."

"I don't mean use violent physical measures, but just get tough."

"I hate to do that."

Well, Alyce could tell that Joel was so kindhearted that he felt half sorry for this Linda person and she was prob'ly playing on his sympathy in a way that those sort of persons do. Personally, Alyce did not for one minute believe that Linda, a girl like she, actually loved Mr. Jurda. My goodness, Alyce could not see how any girl could be in love with Mr. Jurda.

He was a little sawed-off, nervous-as-a-cat fella, with funny light curly brown hair that started 'way back from his forehead and looked like it was a toupee or somepin that would slip off down the back of his neck. Alyce had seen Mr. Jurda up close lots of times as the girls in the commissary took turns carrying lunch into Mr. Jurda's office. Mr. Jurda was alla time walking around the floor in funny shoes that were built up in the heels to make him look taller; and every time Alyce got a good look at him he was holding some long scissors in his right hand and clicking them.

There was always two or three and sometimes five or six writers and directors in there, sitting around and looking scared of Mr. Jurda. Once, Alyce heard Mr. Jurda tell Mr. Kotzos, that was a producer and made maybe four thousand dollars every week, that Mr. Kotzos should ought to be back selling popcorn in carnivals. Mr. Kotzos just took it like a little lamb, too.

"You are too big-hearted, Joel," Alyce said. "A girl like she, one of her type, why, they merely pretend to be in love with a fella."

But Joel just shook his head and turned the car right through the studio gate, which was Mr. Jurda's privilege to have the car on the lot.

"It must be love, kid," he said.

That very evening, Alyce was home in the bungalow court apartment and all the other girls had gone out, when Joel scared her out of a year's growth by turning up at the front door with this Linda.

"You turn me loose, you big Polack!" the creature was saying. "I'll have you arrested for abduction! I'll have Benny fire you!"

Joel held on to her arm and looked at Alyce and said: "Maybe you can get the truth out of her, kid!" And he dragged Linda into the living room and sat her down in a chair.

Well, Alyce was simply flustered, mortified, not having ever talked to a person of that type before. So she let Linda keep on her stage dramatary crying, all for Joel's benefit, while she questioned Joel as to why he would bring Linda to her home of all places.

"You think she don't love the chief," Joel said. "Now prove it. I can't. I been riding her around for two hours!"

BEFORE Alyce could think of a thing to say this Linda person got all hysterical and yelled the most terrible accusations at poor Joel. She claimed like Mr. Jurda, that she called Benny, was going to lose his mind and that Joel was in cahoots with everybody to keep Mr. Jurda working at the studio. She said she knew Mr. Jurda and loved him better than anybody in the world and she could tell he was going insane. That was why she had come back into his life to try and persuade Mr. Jurda to stop making pictures and take a long rest.

Joel did have the good sense to say: "Yeah. Go away with you, I suppose?"

This Linda that was an unnatural blonde and had voluptuous lines but certainly did have good features put on the poor-little-me act all for poor, worried Joel's benefit.

"I don't care who Benny goes away with," she asserted, "just so he goes. He's gotta go. He'll be punchy-nuts inside of a month, I tell you!"

Linda and Joel had a long argument about Mr. Jurda's symptoms of insanity. Linda said his voice had changed to a higher pitch. She said she watched him and he went and washed his hands nine times in one evening between eleven-thirty and two in the morning. She said he played with those scissors alla time and the expression in his eyes was strange to her. She forced Joel to admit his ownself that Mr. Jurda had got awful secretive and timid and thought somebody would steal the plot for his big picture.

"I thought you was his one honest friend in this town," Linda said to Joel.

"God's aching truth, I am," Joel said.

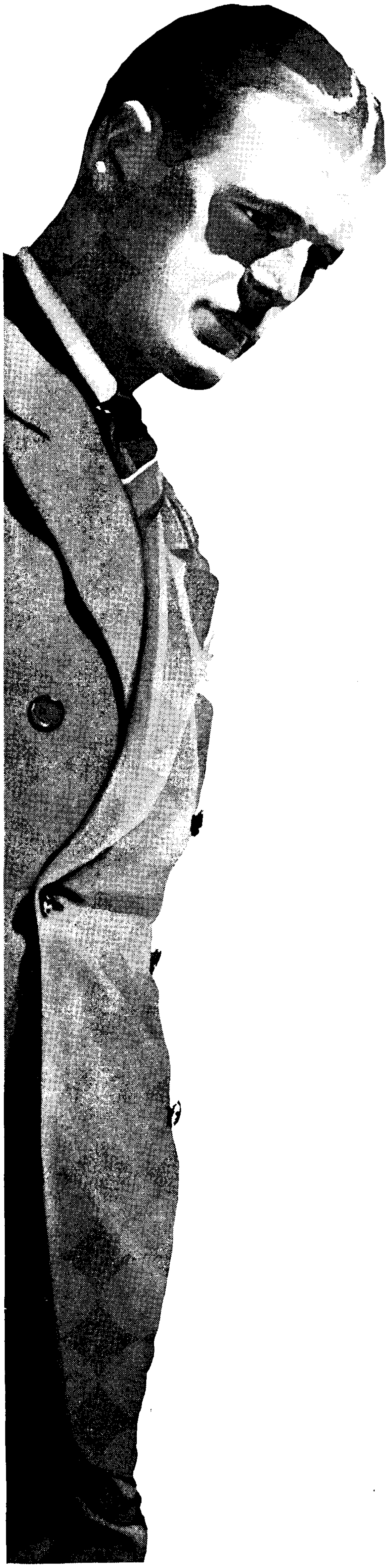
"You ain't acting like it," she said.

(Continued on page 35)

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



The Story Thus Far:

JOHN THORNE, an authority on American antiques, is employed by Godfrey Brindox, a wealthy patron of the arts, and James Greer, noted New York architect, to find an authentic Federalist dining room for a museum in which Mr. Brindox is interested. Having heard that there is such a room that may be bought—in the so-called "palace," built by Lord Robert Budge in the eighteenth century on Smith Island, near the village of Southdown, on Cape Cod—Thorne goes to Southdown.

In the room adjoining his own at J. Guffey's Southdown Tavern, is another New Yorker, "Mr. Jacks." According to Joe Bodger, a garrulous old servant at the tavern, Jacks has been making mysterious nocturnal excursions. Certain that the man has been sent by some antique dealer to inspect, and possibly buy, the contents of the "palace," Thorne pays him an informal call. Jacks seems to know nothing of antiques. Under his arm, Thorne notes, he carries a revolver in an armpit holster. He is obviously nervous, terrified. He announces that the house on Smith Island has just been sold; he warns Thorne, roughly, to stay away from it for at least two days. Then he checks out, leaves the tavern.

Disregarding the man's warning, Thorne goes to Smith Island. He finds it marsh-surrounded, lonely. On the way, he catches a glimpse of a man who, using binoculars, appears to be inspecting the "palace." From Joe Bodger, Thorne has learned that for the past two weeks a young woman has been living, alone, in the house. Now he meets her—in answer to his knock, she comes to the door. She is accompanied by a dog, a mastiff on a heavy leash. Anything but friendly, she orders Thorne to leave the place at once!

When Thorne refuses to go, she orders the dog to attack him. The dog obeys orders. Thorne, however, succeeds in subduing the animal. Whereupon, the girl, in tears, implores Thorne to go away. She says that her name is Doris Brooke, and that she has just bought the place. She is extremely nervous. Thorne explains his mission. As they converse, an automobile roars up, stops.

Several men—smartly garbed in race-track style—leap out. One of them (whom the girl addresses as "Tom") demands to know who Thorne is. The girl tries to tell him. But Tom turns on Thorne, savagely. "Toss 'em up!" he commands. "And don't move sideways, you're on a line." Then: "Go ahead and frisk him, boys."

III

BEFORE John Thorne could answer, one of the boys in the gray felt hats moved forward, stepping toward him with a strange, stiff-legged motion.

"Here," John Thorne began, "wait a minute," and then he stopped and his body grew stiff and tense. With a motion reminiscent of a carefully drilled chorus man, the boy in the gray fedora had produced an automatic pistol.

"Put them hands up," he said, and John Thorne raised his hands. He raised his hands and looked at Miss Brooke.

"I'm sorry to be so slow," he said. He tried to keep his voice steady, but his speech did not sound convincing.

One of the boys had placed the muzzle of a pistol in the pit of his stomach and gave it a playful shove.

"Fresh, ain't you?" he said.

The second boy in the gray hat was slapping John Thorne's thighs and chest.

"He ain't got a rod, boss," he said. "He ain't got nothing."

"He's got a card in his side pocket," Tom said. "Give me the card."

It was the card that John Thorne had written the night before, on one side of which was printed: "Peace to you, Stranger, and Rest at Ease in this Your Inne." Tom took the card delicately and turned it over while everyone remained silent. He studied the writing on the back of the card with the intentness of one who reads slowly.

"Screwy," he murmured softly, "screwy . . . antiquity is sweeping the country. I don't like American silver and I don't like art. . . . I'll crack open Smith Island tomorrow. . . . Have a drink for me. . . . Give my best to Sue. Tell her I'm hanging on." Tom paused and scowled at John Thorne. The scowl made his face almost comical.

"Screwy," he said again, "screwy. What's your angle, bud?"

"Exactly what your friend in the overalls said," John Thorne answered stiffly. "I've come from an art museum. I wrote that letter to my chief. I was trying to be funny, and I forgot to mail it. I'm not the only one who's interested in this house."

"Is that so?" Tom said. "I guess you and I will have a quick talk, bud. Let him go, boys. Step over to that door and open it, bud. You first. Sammy, you come too, and keep a rod on him."

"Tom," Miss Brooke began, "you're not—"

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "Listen, Wonderful," he said, "I've got a lot on my mind today. Don't you give him a thought, Wonderful. He's got a girl named Sue."

John Thorne turned the brass knob of the door and walked into a bare room with two men just behind him. The folding inside shutters had been drawn across the high windows so that everything was gray and dusky, but even in the half-light he could see that the mantel and the moldings and the wainscot were still intact, painted a hideous brown, with a peeling brown paper on the wall. He could see the shapes of some kitchen chairs and a few pieces of sagging Victorian furniture. Yet in spite of the paint and emptiness it was a fine room. There was a beautiful medallion and an eagle above the fireplace.

"Sammy," the man named Tom said, "open one of them blinds so we can see. Take it easy, bud. Maybe you and I can get on fine."

John Thorne drew a deep breath.

"I certainly hope so," he said. "All this is rather new to me."

THE man pushed his hat to the back of his head. "It's phony," he said again. "I've never seen you, bud. So your name's Thorne, is it? Don't you know who I am? Ain't you never seen me? I get around a lot. I make the front page sometimes."

"I'm sorry," John Thorne said, "I've never seen you."

The man in front of him squared his shoulders and cleared his throat.

"You may not recognize me, bud," he said, "but I guess you'll get wise when you hear my name. Everybody who's been around knows me. It's Tom Gaffney. Ever hear of Tom Gaffney?"

"No," John Thorne said, "I haven't."

For the first time in all that conversation Mr. Gaffney looked surprised and almost pained.

"Say," he said, "don't you never read the papers? Ain't you never heard of Tom Gaffney?"

"No," John Thorne answered, "I haven't. I'm sorry."

Mr. Gaffney reached in an inside pocket and pulled out a gold cigarette case and pressed the edge of it with his thumb. The lid flew back and at the same time there was a little spurt of flame that made John Thorne start. Mr. Gaffney laughed.

"It always gets 'em," he exclaimed happily. "It was presented to me by some intimate friends. It lights when I press the button. Kind of cute, isn't it? All gold. Have a cigarette, bud?"

"Thanks," John Thorne said. "It must have cost a lot of money."

"You're right, it cost a lot of money." Mr. Gaffney said. "Now, what the hell were you doing around this joint, bud? Were you trying to make the little lady? Is that how you got scratched?"

"No," John said, "it was the dog. She set the dog on me. And I'd like to know what all this is about. That is, if you don't mind. I don't know what your occupation is, and I don't care, but you look intelligent and you certainly know how to dress."

Mr. Gaffney looked pleased and his lips relaxed.

"Kind of you to say so," Mr. Gaffney said. He patted the lapel of his coat carefully. "You like it? It cost three hundred dollars, but it don't show it, does it? And you're right, I'm intelligent. You got to be intelligent in my line, bud."

"Then you won't mind if I appeal to your good taste," John Thorne said.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Gaffney. "I want to get your angle, bud."

"If you don't mind just looking around this room," John Thorne said, "I think you'll understand my angle, even if it's new to you. Do you see that fireplace? Do you see the carved eagle and that work around the ceiling that we call the molding? This was all made over a hundred years ago, and there isn't much work like it. If you stop to think of it, it's very fine. They don't make anything like it now. There's quite a demand for these mantels and moldings."

Mr. Gaffney exhaled a cloud of cigarette smoke. His yellowish-green eyes examined the mantelpiece, the eagle and the molding.

"It's worth money, is it?" Mr. Gaffney asked. "How much money?"

John Thorne hesitated.

"Come on," said Mr. Gaffney. "How much money, bud?"

"It all depends," John Thorne explained, "on how much anyone wants it. I've known an architect in good times with a good client who would pay a thousand dollars for this room."

Mr. Gaffney looked disappointed.

"Cripes," he said. "Is that all? And how did you know this stuff was in here?" he asked. "How long have you been snooping around here, bud?"

John Thorne smiled. Now that his first shock of astonishment was over, he was interested by Mr. Gaffney's simplicity and directness.

"I have never seen the place before," he explained quietly, "but a good deal has been written about it in books, and I've made sketches of the house and grounds from old descriptions. I've never been here, but I can tell you about the house from cellar to attic."

AN EAGER light appeared in Mr. Gaffney's eyes. "Bud," he inquired, "have you got them sketches?"

"Certainly," John Thorne told him.

"Where?" said Mr. Gaffney.

"Up in my room at the Southdown Tavern."

Mr. Gaffney took out his cigarette case again and smiled almost genially.

"Things are looking up, bud," he said. "Now you want to rip out the inside of one of the rooms, is that it? There won't be any objections. Was that your car we saw over across the marsh?"

John Thorne nodded without bothering to reply.

"That's swell," said Mr. Gaffney genially. "Everything is going swell. Now I tell you what you do. You beat it back with one of the boys and get that car and run down to that inn and fetch them sketches. I want to look at 'em, and then anything you want you can take. How's that? Fair?"

"It's all right with me," John Thorne told him.

Mr. Gaffney's expression grew still more kindly.

"And you'll keep your mouth shut?" he suggested.

John Thorne nodded. "I'm not a fool," he said. "I want to see the house and take a few photographs."

Mr. Gaffney held out his hand.

"Well," he said, "put it there, bud, and no hard feelings. You can lam outside now, Sammy, and bring Dutchy in." And Mr. Gaffney laughed as he shook hands.

"You never can tell what might happen," he continued. "I thought you was someone else."

"Don't let it bother you," John Thorne said.

Mr. Gaffney laughed again.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Thorne, a real pleasure. Hey, Wonderful," Mr. Gaffney opened the hall door and called again, "Hey, Wonderful, bring in a bottle and some glasses, and shake hands with Mr. Thorne. He wants a drink."

Miss Brooke walked into the room smiling. In that suddenly genial atmosphere it seemed to John Thorne that she was entirely different. She seemed almost happy, and there was no doubt that she was greatly relieved by what had happened. Mr. Gaffney patted her gently on the shoulder.

"Shake hands," he said again.

"I'm awfully glad," Miss Brooke said. "Were you telling Mr. Gaffney about the house? I wish you would tell me some more. What do you want, Tom, Scotch or rye?"

"Scotch," said Mr. Gaffney. "Say—" Suddenly his arm shot out and he seized Miss Brooke around the waist. "Watch out. Keep over near the wall."

"Hello," John Thorne said. "What's that?" It was a senseless question because anybody could tell what it was.

Outside there were two pistol shots in quick succession, then two more, then three more, then a moment's silence, and then a buzz of voices. Mr. Gaffney darted out of the door and John could hear him calling in the hall.

"Hey," he was shouting, "what's that?" And then a voice outside answered:

"They got Dutchy, boss. They got him sitting in the car."

"Well," Mr. Gaffney shouted. "Go out and get 'em."

"It's the fog, boss," someone shouted. "You can't see your hand before your face." Then the front door slammed and the house was silent.

JOHN THORNE looked at Miss Brooke. Her face was ashy white and she was leaning against the wall. He crossed the room and stood beside her.

"There seems to be a little trouble," he said, but she did not answer.

"But then," he continued politely, "I don't suppose it's anything unusual. I don't see why you take it so hard, Miss Brooke. It can't be new to you, but it's new to me."

She did not answer.

"Yes," he said, "it's quite a day for me, but I don't suppose it means much to you. I hope it doesn't disturb Mr. Gaffney. He's interesting, isn't he?"

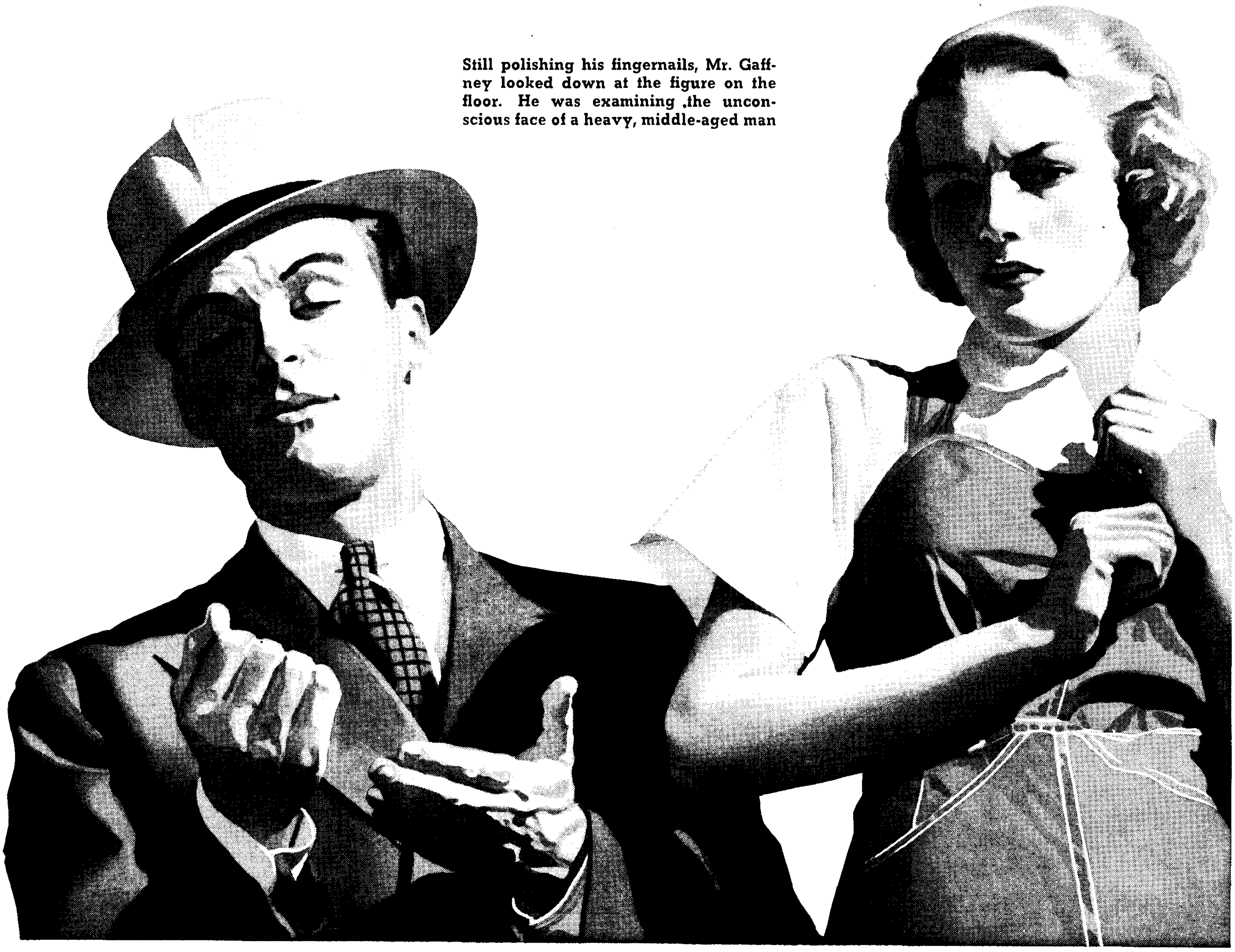
She did not answer.

"Yes," he said, "he must be quite a character. I wish you'd talk to me, Miss Brooke. Can't you put me at my ease? My line is American crudes."

Miss Brooke turned her tawny-colored head toward him.

"I wish you'd be quiet," she said. "Isn't this crude enough for you?" And then

(Continued on page 53)



Still polishing his fingernails, Mr. Gaffney looked down at the figure on the floor. He was examining the unconscious face of a heavy, middle-aged man

The Ogre's Wall

By Edwin Muller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The story of a man who discovered the weapon that always remains—the weapon of courage

NOWADAYS it seems that no climb is absolutely impossible—not even the Eigerwand. But as yet not one of the attempts has come anywhere near succeeding. Of the two parties that climbed highest, every member was killed. But there may come supermountaineers, willing to gamble their lives on a hundred-to-one chance, and they may get up.

The ascent is more dangerous than Everest and almost as long in actual climbing time. A party fights its way all day up the never-relaxing precipice. When darkness stops them they are only a fraction of the way to the top. Halt and bivouac. That doesn't mean lying down, or even sitting comfortably—there's no spot level enough. It means lashing themselves to the rock and clinging there through the freezing night. In the morning on again.

It's hard to say why Grover H. Crocker, American public relations expert, should have interested himself in the Eigerwand but the thing must have appealed to him quite apart from its financial return.

Mr. Crocker was having a grand time that afternoon before the start as he sat on the terrace of the railway hotel at the Scheidegg, pleasantly aware of the crowds of tourists who pressed toward his table. Only the representatives of the press were allowed to come close. For their benefit he conversed with Tito Corsi, who sat beside him.

"You say you'll make it in three days?" prompted Crocker.

Tito swept his eyes around the waiting circle of reporters. He was a fine figure of a man—a truculent expression and broad shoulders that had just the suggestion of a swagger.

"Tomorrow, there"—his arm swung to a point halfway up the wall. "The next day, there"—the arm rose. "Then —the top—" and his hands struck together in that splendid Italian gesture that rounds off a period.

All the eyes, the reporters and the crowds massed behind them, lifted up with one movement.

There were the three giants of the Oberland, springing up from their encircling swirl of glaciers like warriors who have cast off their robes and made ready for battle. The Maiden, the Monk and the Ogre.

The Jungfrau and the Moench got little attention now. Every look was on the Eiger, on its great north wall, the Eigerwand. From where it tore itself loose from the glacier up to the delicate snow pinnacle of the summit was one precipice, a vertical mile from base to crest. Faintly across the valley came the rumble of the avalanches that poured down its face.

CROCKER was busy with the press. The stories were taking shape:

"Most dangerous climb in Europe—now the greatest of the climbers comes to attack it—this superclimber—made his reputation overnight by his magnificent first ascent of the (what was it, Tito?) Diavolezza East Ridge—as a guide his fees are in the thousands of lira—played in the sensational Italian mountain film, The Devil's Caldron—if he succeeds on the Eigerwand—Hollywood."

A new group approached the table. Crocker touched Corsi on the arm.

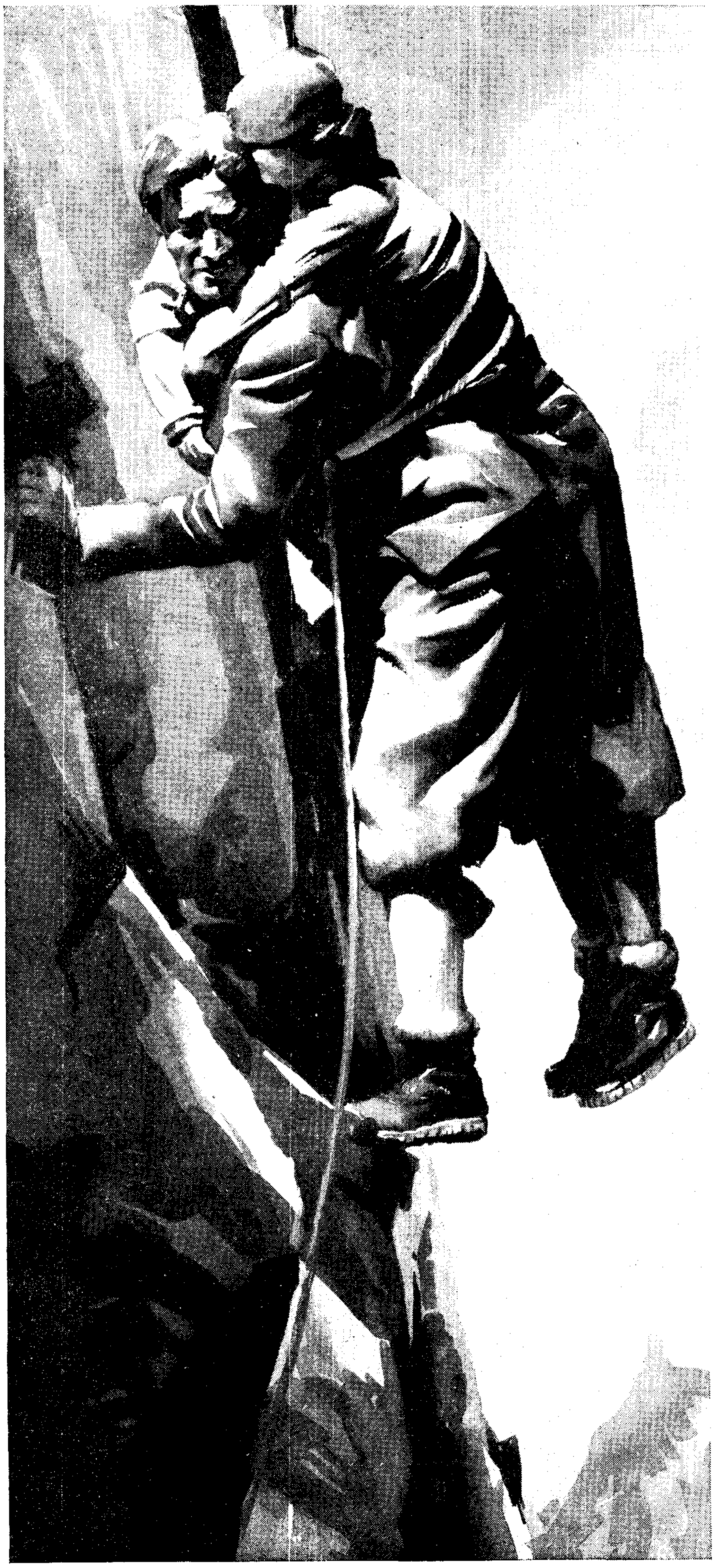
"Here are the newsreel men," he whispered.

Tito drew himself up. Again his arm swung toward the wall. His voice vibrated with emotion:

"The Eigerwand shall be mine"—a dramatic pause—"or there I stay—forever."

The crowd broke into clattering applause.

There was only one discordant note. At the table sat a third man, in the ill-fitting street costume of a Swiss guide. He was big all over, but his elbows, his wrists and his other joints seemed to have come an extra size larger. A craggy face that must have had at least fifty years of weathering. There was a look of bewilderment in his mild blue eyes.



He fastened Corsi on his back. They started down, down to the Rote Fluh

An Alpine Club man had recommended Daniel Zurbriggen to Crocker a few days before.

"You'll find him a first-rate guide," the A. C. man had said. "Not showy. One of the old school. Hardly ever been out of his own valley, the Lauenthal, but he'll be up to anything you want."

In a large and casual mood Crocker had taken him on, at eighteen francs Swiss per day, and also Daniel's son, Joseph, a gangling replica of his father. There'd be odd jobs for them to do, and Daniel might furnish some comic relief for the newsreels. But in that he had been a disappointment. Moreover, he seemed to have developed a certain attitude toward the whole enterprise.

Daniel took advantage of the pause that followed the retirement of the newsreel men.

"You must understand, mein Herr," he began in a gentle, booming voice. "That is not mountaineering." He pointed toward the Eigerwand. "A man climbs—"

"See here, Zurbriggen," Crocker snapped. "You're not hired to climb the Eigerwand. God forbid. Your job will be over tomorrow night when you've carried food for Corsi up to the first bivouac."

The bewilderment in Daniel's eyes deepened. It didn't matter so much that this Herr should fail to comprehend the impropriety of requiring a qualified guide to do porter service to a bivouac. But that the Herr should fail to understand that to send men, any men, on such a climb as that wall above the bivouac—

Daniel turned to Corsi:

"Young man, to climb this wall, it is foolishness. One says that you are a good climber—yes. But a good climber does not go on a mountain where he can come to the top only by luck."

Tito Corsi turned slowly toward Daniel. He looked at the old man's feet and let his eyes travel slowly to the head. There they rested for a moment. Then Corsi turned and spat on the ground. He said not a word.

THE start of the climb was a comparatively tame affair; so the departure from the Scheidegg at 2 A. M. was much like that of any ordinary expedition.

Corsi had chosen only one companion to go with him to the summit. This was Gentinetta, from his native valley, a youth of twenty, with the smooth, rippling muscles of a leopard.

The first part of the march led down into the valley, then diagonally across its floor toward the base of the wall. Corsi took the lead, swinging on with long strides, never looking to see if any followed him. He carried a lantern, so that he walked always in a dim, wavering circle of light. Gentinetta came close behind, then, after an interval, the Zurbriggens. The two of them were twin shadows, their shoulders hunched forward under the bulging rucksacks. They carried nearly all the baggage of the party.

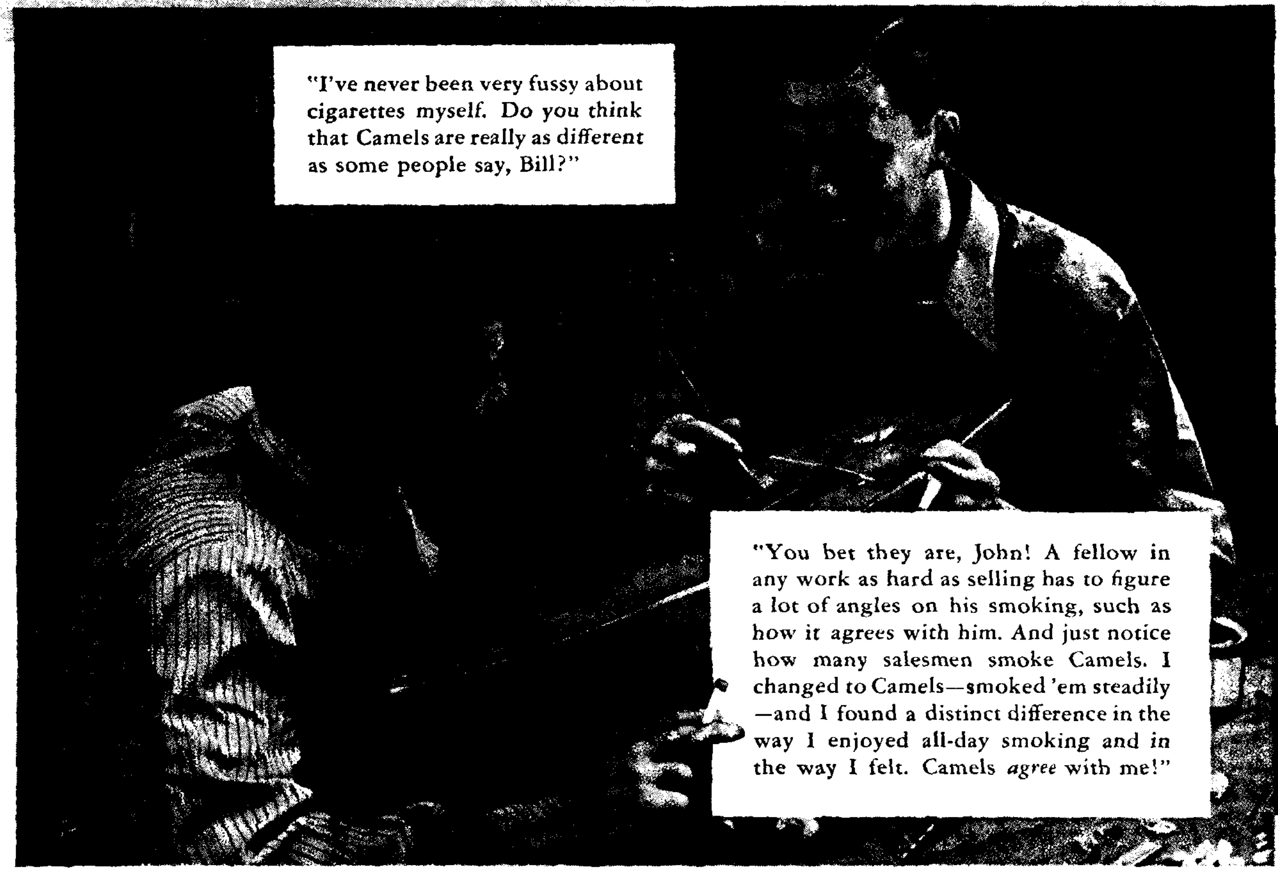
For hour after hour not a word was spoken. The darkness pressed in on them, silky and moist. There was a little tinkle of a stream somewhere below. The Eigerwand was only a greater shadow among the massive shades that crowded around the valley.

They found themselves going uphill. The straps of the rucksacks dragged down heavily on the broad shoulders of Daniel and his son. They never looked up, only watched their feet as they sank in step after step. The dawn was over

(Continued on page 28)

"Are Camels Really different from other Cigarettes?"

A QUESTION OF INTEREST TO EVERY SMOKER



"I've never been very fussy about cigarettes myself. Do you *think* that Camels are really as different as some people say, Bill?"

"You bet they are, John! A fellow in any work as hard as selling has to figure a lot of angles on his smoking, such as how it agrees with him. And just notice how many salesmen smoke Camels. I changed to Camels—smoked 'em steadily—and I found a distinct difference in the way I enjoyed all-day smoking and in the way I felt. Camels *agree* with me!"

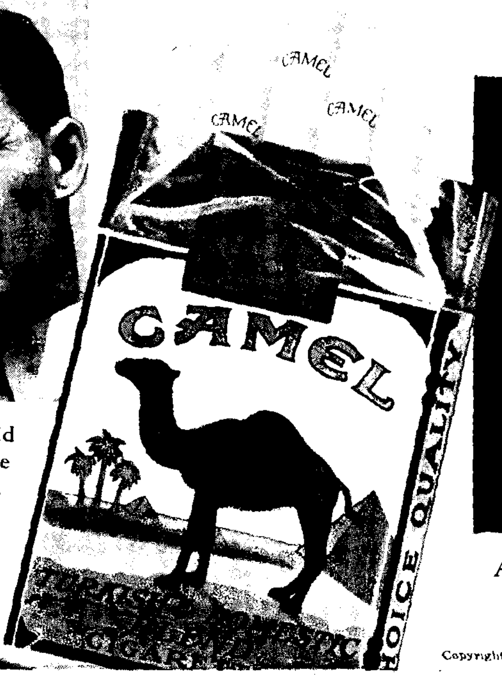
A FRIEND DROPS IN to see Bill's model racing sloop. Daly passes the Camels and answers a question about smoking: "That all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't square with my experience. Steady smoking is the test that shows Camels in a class by themselves. They don't make my nerves 'edgy.'"

...When H. W. DALY, 34, rayon salesman, says "Yes, Camels *are* really different," millions of other steady smokers stand ready to back him up. And that explains why Camels are preferred by the *largest,* as well as the most enthusiastic, body of smokers ever known.

A QUICK KISS FROM MARITA (Mrs. Daly) and Bill is off to catch the 7:55 on which he commutes to his job in the city. The Dalys agree about most things. Among them, Camels. Mrs. Daly smoked them first, soon noticed a difference. "Now we find that Camels agree better with both of us," she says.

MARITA'S PLANNING a grand feed. "We enjoy entertaining," Marita says. "I like to have plenty of Camels at the table. Camels cheer up one's digestion. They even cheered up Bill's disposition. Maybe I should not tell that, but it shows that Camels *are* different!"

ON WEEK-ENDS, Bill's a candid camera fan. On week days he "pounds the streets." "You have to keep the pressure on to get along, selling," he says. "When my energy begins to fail, I get a quick, pleasant 'lift' with a Camel."



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

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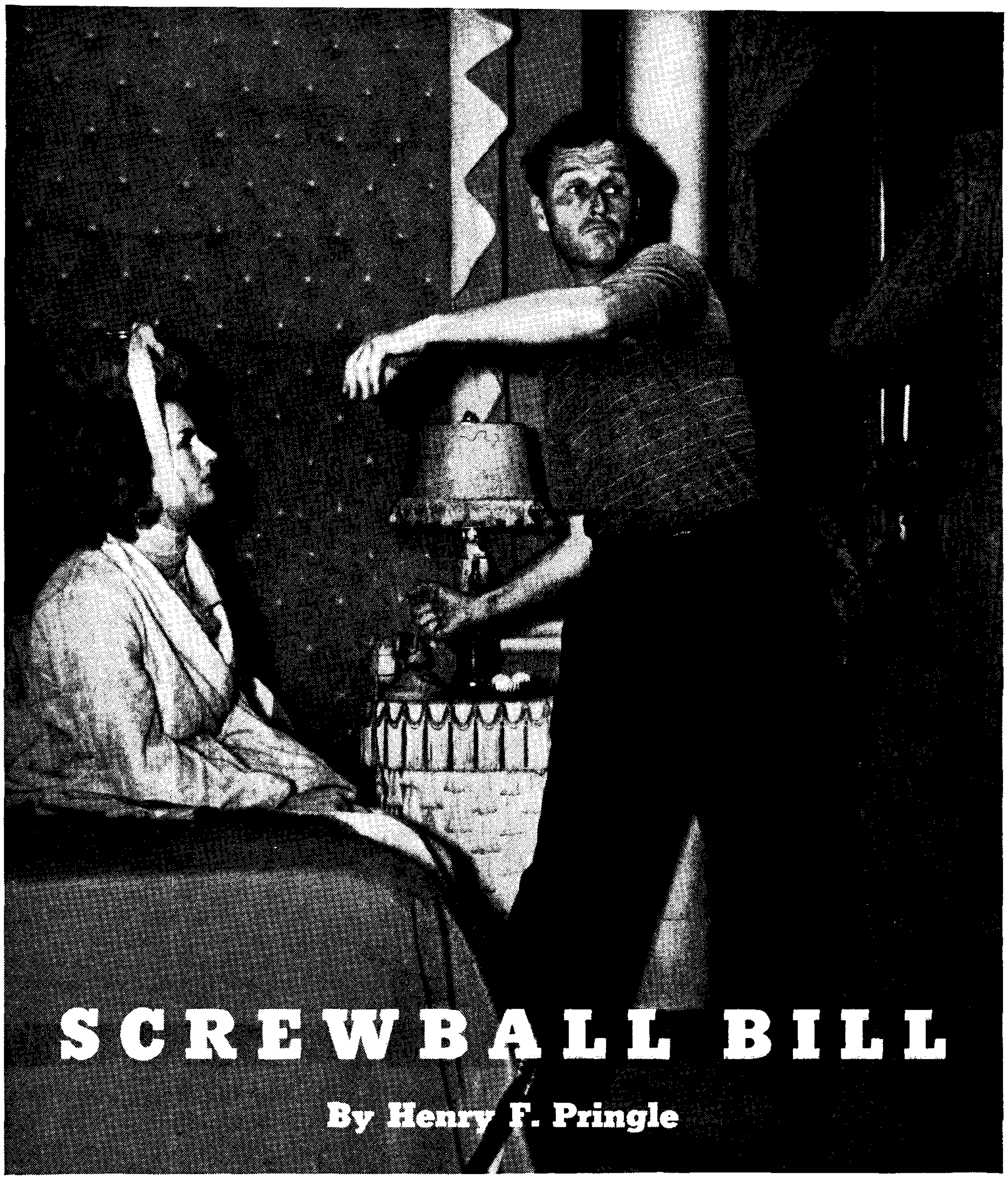
ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.."Camels agree with me"

SCREWBALL BILL

By Henry F. Pringle



WILL CONNELL

IF WILLIAM A. WELLMAN were not one of the very best directors in the business he would be another Hollywood nut. He could make a living, of sorts, by hiring himself out to play practical jokes at the town's more elite dinner parties. He would then invent such little divertisements as having mice jump out of the solid-gold soup tureen.

This will, as it happens, never be necessary. Billy Wellman soared into prominence just ten years ago when he made the aviation picture, Wings. Since then he has directed thirty-five additional pictures, which may account for the wild look in his eye and for certain peculiarities of temperament. One of his pictures, A Star is Born, shattered a lot of records; artistic ones as well as box office. Some of the others were pretty good, too, but Wellman moans and curses when he glances over a list of them.

"Awful! Terrible! Lousy! Oh, I've made some filthy films!" is the way he carries on.

Taking visitors on a Wellman set has long been a gag in gagdom-on-the-Pacific. This is funniest if the visitors are solemn individuals, such as club ladies who are seriously interested in the Art of the Cinema. For a Wellman set is the craziest place in Hollywood, which is no mean achievement. Near the cameras or charging around for no apparent reason is a thinnish man in his early forties. He wears, perhaps, a black shirt and a white tie, flannel slacks and white shoes. He has curly brown hair, a little gray. A mustache adorns his lip and he is talking and yelling incessantly. That would be Wellman.

During the shooting of A Star is Born, for instance, he advanced on Fredric March, who is the hero and who was playing a scene with Adolphe Menjou.

"Will you now attempt to look at that frightful puss in front of you?" he screamed and pointed at Menjou.

The visitor who sits down while Wellman is working does so at his peril, for the chairs are likely to have been wired. The electric shock makes everybody except the victim laugh. Another stunt which delights Wellman—he has been doing it for years and it still delights him—is to warm up the bottom of one of those canvas chairs with a match. The cloth holds the heat for some minutes and the result is very surprising to some dignified star when he sits down. Wellman enjoys, too, deflating the magnificence of the screen's glitter girls. He does this by whacking them where no gentleman would whack a lady.

William Wellman earned a reputation for playing tunes on German bells with a machine gun. That was during the war. In Hollywood he continues to indulge his taste for mischief, pausing occasionally to direct a picture

The uproar goes on continually. "Marvelous! Magnificent! Superb!" Wellman calls out when a take is finished. But the uproar doesn't interfere in the least with the shooting of the film. Wellman is, in fact, one of the fastest directors in Hollywood. He rarely calls for more than two takes of a scene because he knows precisely what he wants the actors to do and tells them in exact detail before he starts. He finished A Star is Born six days ahead of schedule, and this despite the complications of technicolor. Incidentally, it was the first wholly successful technicolor film.

"You have advanced color five years and direction five more," telegraphed Gregory La Cava, a friendly rival, when the picture was released. "Now get out of the way and give us sane directors a chance."

The psychoanalysts could have a lot of fun probing Bill Wellman, assuming that their gadgets would withstand the shock of his explosions. Sometimes during the shooting of a picture he will succumb to black depression. "I'm stuck," those working close to him have heard. "I'm stuck and I can't go on." He will then put on some insane stunt in which cast, electricians, carpenters and even *(Continued on page 58)*

"Do it like this!" is frequently heard on any set where Wild Bill Wellman is directing. Carole Lombard learns how to throw, top, a haymaker; below, a baseball

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"Smart girl, Jane, to use the Double Duty!"

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"IT'S SMART for *anyone* to change to the *Double Duty!* There never was a brush before that cleaned teeth so *clean!* My dentist says that's because the *twist* in the handle makes me "grip" the brush correctly. All *I* know is that it's so much easier now for me to use the rotary motion he advises for thorough cleaning and for effective gum massage. Now my whole mouth feels cleaner, and I know my smile looks more attractive, too!"

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1. Massage effectively **2. Clean scientifically**

OVER 1,000 dentists helped design the *Double Duty* to promote gum massage as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Today, dental science tells us that because modern soft foods deprive our gums of exercise, they need massage—*extra stimulation*—to keep them firm and strong. With the *Double Duty,* gum massage is almost automatic—the "twist" practically compels you to brush with the rotary motion most dentists recommend. Gums get needed stimulation at the same time you clean your teeth!

If *you* want a tooth brush that will really help your smile—try the new *Double Duty* with its "twisted handle" and firm fine quality bristles. Let it help keep *your* teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more attractive! Made by the Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J.

RUBBERSET'S
DOUBLE DUTY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH BRUSH

The Ogre's Wall

Continued from page 24

them before they realized it. Its muddy gray light spilled up across the sky; the details of the bleak slope stood out clear.

They came to a level outcropping of solid rock.

"Halt here," commanded Tito.

He indicated by a gesture that food and wine should be handed to him. He sat with Gentinetta close beside him, speaking occasionally to the boy in an Italian patois. The two Zurbriggens sat apart, a little lower down. They munched stolidly at the hard bread.

Only once Daniel addressed the leader.

"It is understood by the Herr," he said, "that our term of pay is for two days more? The last day to come down from the bivouac."

Tito only looked at him and puffed his cheeks out impatiently. Daniel turned again to his bread and cheese.

When the meal was over they looked up at what was above.

In front of them a steep gable of frozen snow tilted up to join the cliffs. Daniel uncoiled a length of rope, began to tie the four of them together.

But Tito shook his head angrily.

"Two ropes," he commanded.

Daniel obeyed without a change of expression. The Italians climbed on one rope, Daniel and his son on another. Tito, going first, cut the steps. He made a dashing performance of it, using often only a single slash with the ax, with steps so far apart that it was hard to see how he got from one to the other. The space between the two parties widened.

When the Zurbriggens came to the beginning of the cliffs the other two were already high above. Daniel watched them for a moment.

"A good Kletterfritz," he muttered.

THESE lower slopes were steep and difficult but not dangerous for experts. There was little ice and, although the holds were scanty, there was always room for two fingers or a couple of boot-nails. And, most important, there was protection here from stone-fall. Now that the sun was on the great cliffs above, loosening the bindings of the frost, the stones came alive. Thank God that this part of the wall was broken up into ribs and gullies. One climbed on the crests of the ribs, and the stones went by harmlessly in the gullies.

On a three-foot shelf Tito and Gentinetta rested, with their heels hanging over emptiness until the Zurbriggens caught up with them. Now for the first time they could see how high they had risen. The floor of the valley was a ribbon, the horizon had run far out, whole systems of peaks and mountain chains had sprouted on its edge. But that wasn't where Tito's eyes were fixed.

"Look there."

He pointed toward the doll's house that was the Scheidegg Hotel. In front of it was a black mass, like flies swarming on a table. You could almost see the rows of telescopes tilted upward.

Tito Corsi's chest expanded and his chin went up proudly.

"Forward," he commanded.

They climbed all day long. Only one man on each rope moved at a time. He fought and clawed his way up, sometimes astride a razorback of granite, arms and legs flat on the rock, clinging there by friction, sometimes wedging and screwing his body up chimney cracks. When he reached a stance where he felt safe to hold he belayed the rope on some projecting knob or splinter and shepherded his companions up in his tracks.

Late in the afternoon, although some hours of climbing light were still left, Tito called a halt. That was in accordance with the strategy that he had worked out days before. The other parties, Mehringer and Sedlmeyer in 1935 and the German-Austrian four in 1936 had bivouacked much higher on their first night. That, Tito thought, was one of the reasons why no one of them had come back alive. They had no chance of any rest.

He would do it differently. Here he had just reached the beginning of the really dangerous climbing. Thanks to the Zurbriggens' weight-carrying, he and Gentinetta were still comparatively fresh. And here, as his reconnoitering had previously convinced him, was a ledge broad enough for a night's rest.

IT WAS a wild spot. The ledge was, perhaps, four feet wide, not really level but enough to keep from rolling off. A stone dropped from it would hardly have touched the cliffs for hundreds of feet and one or two long bounces would have carried it to the floor of the valley. But it was upward that the eye was drawn. Above them the wall bulged out in a great boss of rock some seven hundred feet high. At best it was a sheer vertical and in places it overhung. And every yard of it that could be seen was plastered with an ugly veneer of ice. That was the famous Rote Fluh that had played such a part in the tragedies of '35 and '36.

Daniel Zurbriggen looked at it long.

"All day it will be swept by stone-fall."

He turned to Corsi. The muscles of his broad face were contorted in an agony of trying to be understood.

"Young man, that is not mountaineering. It is foolishness."

Corsi's eyes flashed.

"Go back, old one," he declaimed. "Go back and collect your francs. Tito Corsi will climb."

It was a long night and bitter cold. Corsi took the one blanket and stretched out on the spot most nearly level. Gentinetta crouched beside him, shivering a little from time to time. Daniel and his son sat side by side, their big, bony knees drawn up to their chins, their backs bowed over. Sometimes Daniel stirred and opened his eyes. Far below, remote as another world, was the pattern of pin-point lights that marked the Scheidegg.

Even after the dawn brought a faint warmth to the rocks it was an hour before any of them could move their stiffened joints. Corsi's head came out from under the blanket with a shuddering groan. But as he looked down at the Scheidegg the fire came back into his eyes. He rose to his feet and put his hand on Gentinetta's shoulder.

"Who follows Tito Corsi today," he said in a resonant voice, "shall reach the summit."

Daniel, his eyes blinking in the cold, moved stiffly, preparing the food and making ready the rucksacks for the two who were to climb. Once, when Gentinetta carelessly placed his foot on a loose stone at the extreme edge of the precipice, Daniel's big paw was on the boy's shoulder. But Gentinetta angrily shook himself free.

When the rope was on and the two were ready to start Tito gave another long look toward the Scheidegg. He could see that, even at this early hour, the terrace was beginning to fill. He squared his shoulders and threw his hand up, the palm extended. Then he turned toward the cliff.

"Forward," he commanded.

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Demand Champions for your car because you can depend on them. Dependable dealers everywhere sell dependable Champions.

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He went at the rocks like a tiger. In a few moments only the soles of his climbing boots could be seen, then he disappeared above a jutting rock. Soon the rope ceased to run out. His sharp order was heard.

"Climb."

Gentinetta sprang to follow him. For a few minutes the scrape of their boot nails could be heard high above. Then silence.

Young Zurbriggen began to collect the gear.

"We go down now?" he asked.

But Daniel shook his head.

"Not yet."

They sat there on the tiny shelf while the sun made half its march across the sky. Daniel looked out over the gulf at the swarming crowds on the Scheidegg terrace. On his face was a puzzled frown. He muttered to himself.

DOWN at the Scheidegg was a mounting crescendo of excitement. Almost before the sun was up Grover H. Crocker marshaled the press to the telescopes. He himself was too excited to look for more than a minute at a time. A shout came from the watchers. The two dots had been picked out, clinging like flies to the bulging wall of the Rote Fluh. Crocker could hardly contain himself. It didn't matter that the Fluh was only the first of a series of obstacles. If Corsi got up that he'd surely win.

On the terrace the tension grew. When the two came to the scene of the 1936 disaster a deep murmur rose from the terrace. The lucky ones at the lenses began to wave their arms. The others pressed in to hear what they said. Yes—they were past it—the Rote Fluh had been conquered. A louder cheer from the crowd.

It was an hour later that the watchers began to look at one another with a question in their eyes.

Above the Rote Fluh was a tiny patch of snow field that sloped at an angle of not more than forty-five degrees. That would give the climbers a chance to relax a little. The two dots showed plainly against the white surface. They moved up steadily. They were halfway across the snow.

Then—they stood still. The lower dot moved up—merged with the other. But, after that, no more movement. Time went on—half an hour—an hour—

DANIEL and his son sat on their ledge as still as if they had been frozen there. At long intervals Daniel raised his head as if he were listening.

The sun began to slip down toward the west. Suddenly Daniel's head jerked up. From the sky came a faint shout. Then another. They came at regular intervals until Daniel had counted six of them. The distress signal of the Alps.

Not a word of questioning passed between Daniel and his son. There was no need. Back in the Lauenthal the code of the mountains was simple and compelling.

They stood up—buckled the rucksacks on their backs—tied on the rope—took up their ice axes—turned to the cliff.

Daniel's attack had none of the style of Tito's. But every movement had its sure purpose, found the one right hold without groping. More often than not the hold was glazed with a coating of ice. That meant clinging by the feet and the freezing fingers of the left hand while the right drove the point of the ax with short, powerful strokes into the glassy surface.

Sometimes there were no holds. Then Daniel was reduced to the last resource of the rock climber. He found a minute crack and drove in the point of a piton, the slender iron spike that makes a hold where the mountain gives none. Then he would snap the rope into the ring at the end of the piton to protect himself as he climbed higher.

Whenever he looked straight down past his heels he saw the upturned face of his son against the floor of the valley so far below. They climbed in a dogged silence. Even when Daniel used his son as a ladder, stepping from his shoulders to his head and thence to the upheld blade of the ax, it was done in silence.

Stones came down. Sometimes Daniel stopped in his tracks, called down to Joseph and the two of them pressed their bodies flat against the rock. They could hear the deep humming of the boulders as they shot past.

The hardest part was near the top of the Fluh. They came to it after hours of straining their muscles to the limit, without a chance of a moment's rest. The rock bulged out overhead in an impossible overhang, the wall at the side seemed too smooth to offer even a crack for a piton. Daniel saw an inch-wide ledge out on the face but above and beyond arm's reach. Joseph was called up to act as ladder. When Daniel stood delicately poised on the upheld ax the tiny ledge was at the level of his eyes, out to the side. He kicked for it once—missed—but the third time a nail caught firm and Daniel thrust himself up with a mighty heave.

He lay panting above the overhang.

"That Italian," he gasped. "He is a fool but a climber."

The sun was below the horizon when they reached the edge of the snow field. Daniel's eye roved over its surface—found what it sought a little way above. His ax swung and the snow chips tinkled down as he cut his way upward.

THE great Tito Corsi lay in a shallow niche hollowed out of the crust. His eyes were closed, one leg lay limp and distorted and the snow beneath it was stained red. The rope bound him to an ice ax driven to its head in the snow. Beside him crouched Gentinetta, wild-eyed.

Daniel bent to examine the leg.

"Stone-fall?"

The boy nodded. All the surface of the snow was grooved and scarred by what had come down from the cliffs above.

Daniel slowly examined the surrounding slope. Then he pointed to an outcrop of rock a hundred feet away, at their level.

"There is our bivouac."

With his son's help Daniel raised Corsi to his broad back and tied him there. Slowly they traversed the slope, Joseph and Gentinetta in front and back, holding the rope taut. At every laboring step Daniel drove the point of his ax deep into the snow above him and gripped it with an iron grasp.

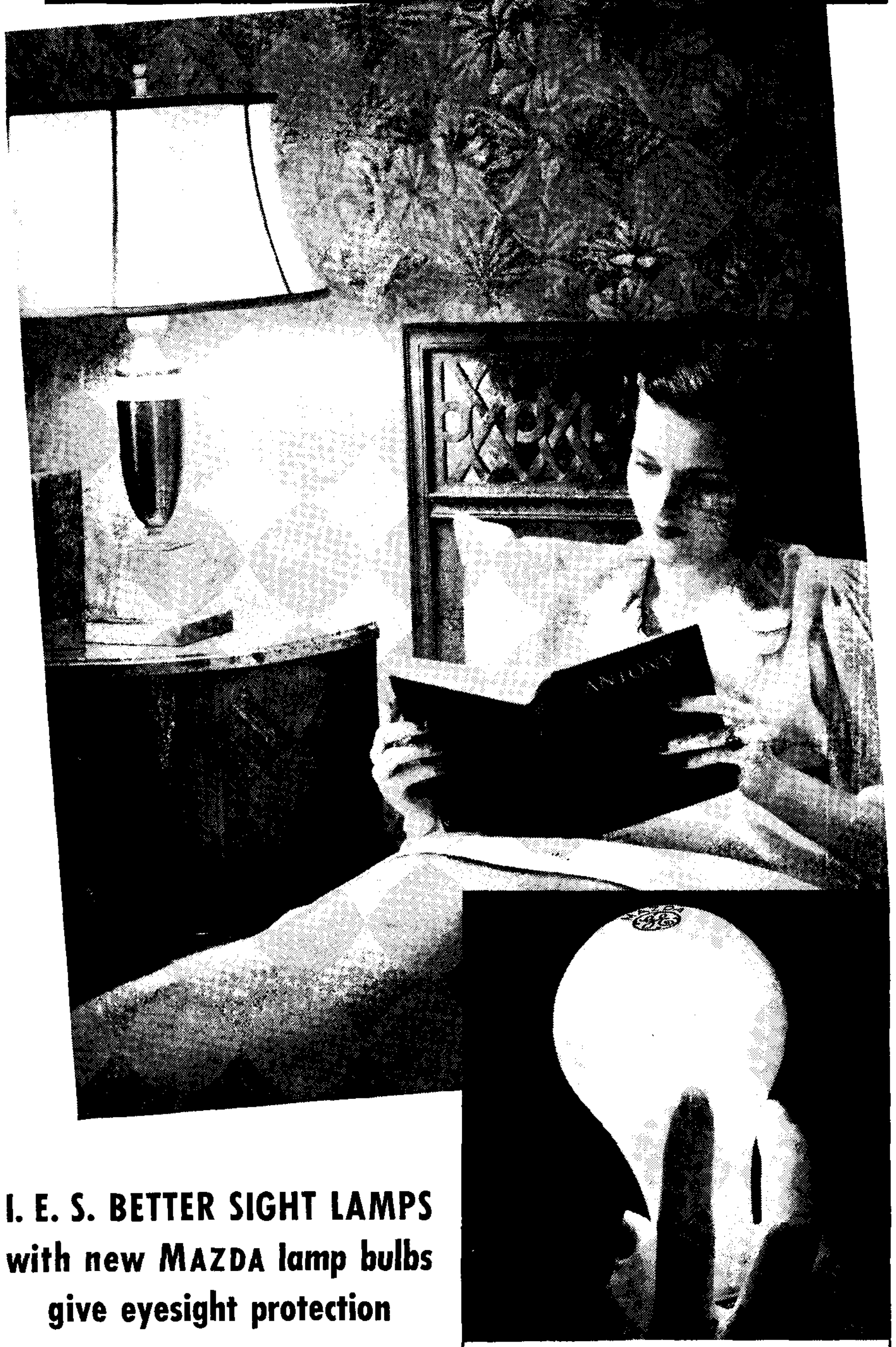
The bivouac was precarious. There was no shelf like that of last night, barely room for them to brace themselves on the downslope. Daniel tied the four of them to the rock in a web of rope. Then he wrapped the injured man in a blanket. He pressed the wine bottle to Tito's lips. The latter groaned, opened his eyes, rolled them frenziedly, closed them.

The night was never-ending. Clouds crept down from above, covering them in an icy blanket, shutting off the lights in the valley. Sometimes Tito moved his head from side to side, shivering. Gentinetta was restless; he chafed against the ropes, choked down the groans that rose to his lips. But Daniel and his son hardly moved a muscle all night long. They bowed their backs and bent their heads like cattle in a storm.

In the leaden dawn the four of them were like frozen corpses. Their faces were drawn and haggard, hair and eyelashes were a mass of frost. They stared at each other out of bloodshot eyes.

Dawn brought them no help at first;

EASY ON THE EYES
and easy to look at!



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FROM JULY 1935 TO DECEMBER 1937
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MORE PEOPLE BOUGHT SEAGRAM'S 5 AND 7 CROWN

THAN ALL OTHER BLENDED WHISKIES IN
THEIR PRICE CLASS COMBINED

*Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to $1.50 per pint.

Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.
Ninety Proof
Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.
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THINK
before you drink
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

They're Finer – They Taste Better

BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.
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Copr. 1938, Seagram Distillers Corp., N.Y.

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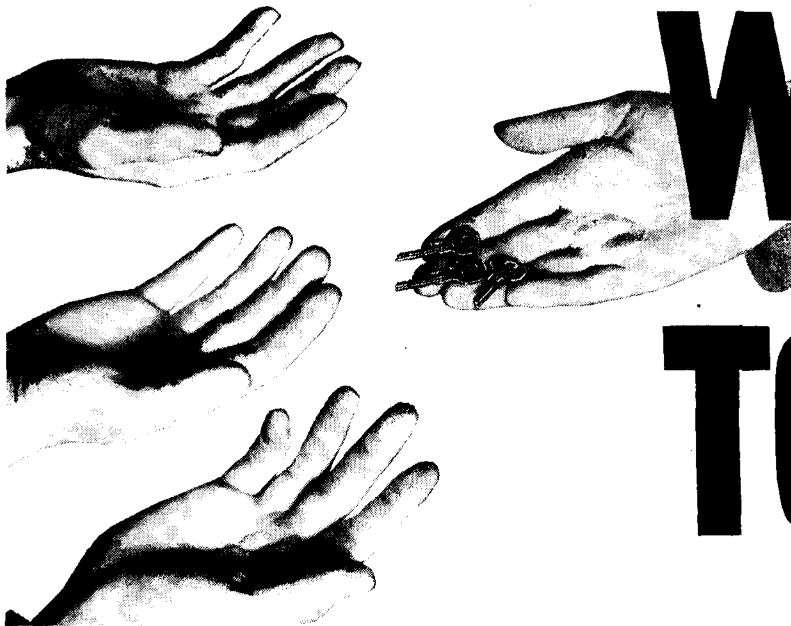
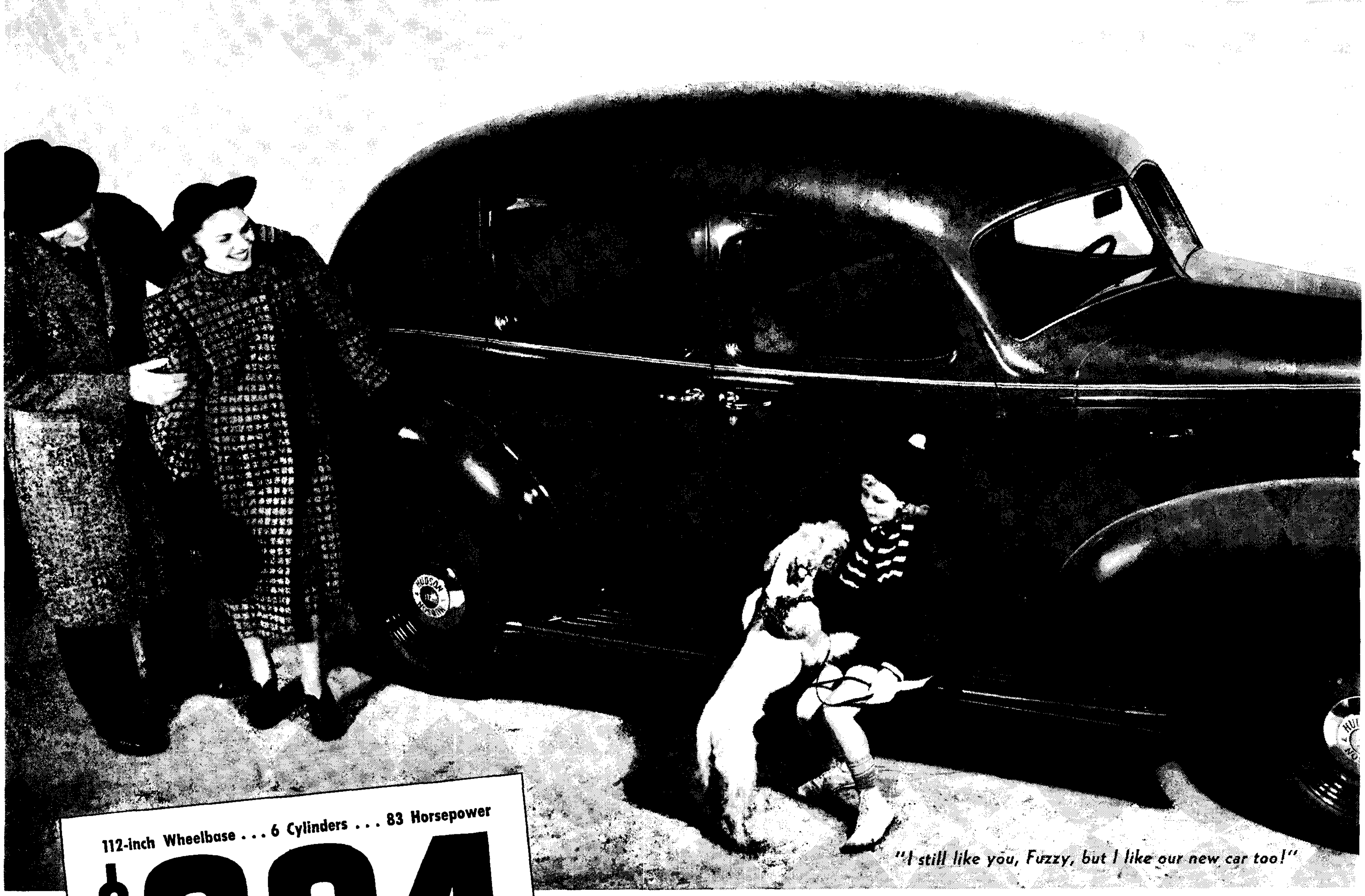
TO OWNERS O



Hudson 112 Six-Passenger Sedan, $755—fully equipped, ready to drive. Federal taxes paid—transportation and local taxes, if any, extra.



"I still like you, Fuzzy, but I like our new car too!"

112-inch Wheelbase . . . 6 Cylinders . . . 83 Horsepower

$694

for 3-passenger Coupe; $724 for 6-passenger Brougham; $740 for 4-passenger Victoria Coupe, the only 4-passenger coupe in the lowest price field with all passengers riding inside; $755 for Sedan —fully equipped, ready to drive, Federal taxes paid—transportation costs and local taxes, if any, extra. Ask about the new low-cost Hudson-C.I.T. Time Payment Plan . . . terms to suit your income.

TOP VALUE IN EVERY POPULA

NEW HUDSON 112 • HUDSON *Terraplane*

112 TO 129-INCH WHEELBASES . . . 83

THE NEW "LOWEST PRICED

S NEW HUDSON 112

THE "OTHER THREE!"

'NOW THERE ARE FOUR"

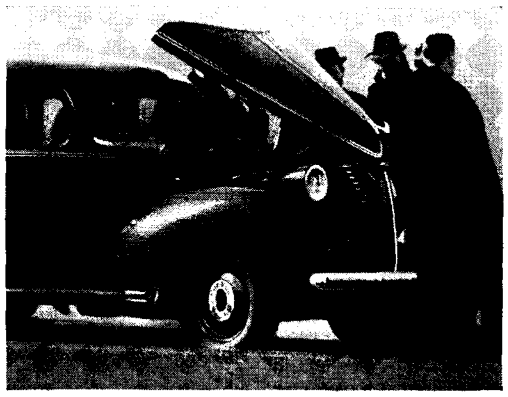
ay owners of the "other three"
leading lowest priced cars

WEEKS before the new Hudson 112 was announced, Hudson decided to put it to a most amazing test.

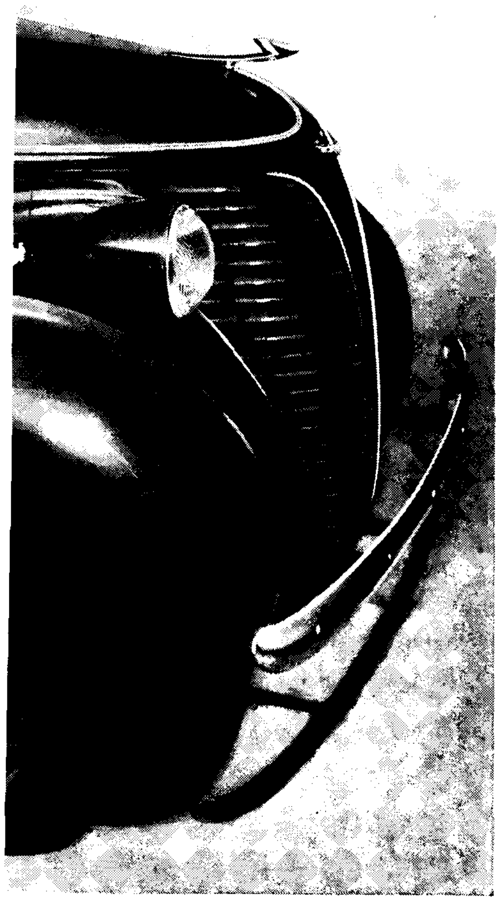
We didn't go to our friends. We didn't go to Hudson owners, or automobile men, or engineers. Instead, we went to the most exacting buyers in the world . . . *owners of the "other three" leading lowest priced cars,* whose names were furnished us by an impartial outside source.

We turned over to them *two* cars . . . the latest model of the car they already owned, and a new Hudson 112.

"Compare them," we said, "from roof to tire tread. Size, style, room, comfort, convenience, completeness, performance, safety, economy. We want *facts.* Just give us your honest opinions."



One of many safety features of the new Hudson 112 that owners of the "other three" particularly appreciated. The hood is hinged at the front . . . can't fly up and block the driver's vision if for any reason it should be left unlatched.



They Measured . . . Drove . . . Tested and Compared

AND THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID: *(Names on request)*

"I never saw such brakes! They work easily and give you a quick, level stop, sure! But what really caught my eye was that separate reserve set of mechanical brakes that operates from the same foot pedal. I saw a test when the hydraulics were disconnected and yet, when the driver pushed down on the brake pedal, the car stopped! From now on, that's the kind of brakes *I* want!"

"I bought my present car because I thought it would save me money. I was satisfied until I gave it an economy test alongside the new Hudson 112, and saw mine come off second best. If ever a car can pay its own way on gasoline saving, it's this new Hudson. That motor made a hit with me. It's not only smoother and quieter than mine, but it even seems to have more pep. Boy, that's a *car!*"

"With a family to look out for, I want a car that's safe, first of all. And I'll have to hand it to the new Hudson 112—it's the safest car I ever drove. I like the steel body, of course. The vision is much wider than in my present car. It seems to handle and ride more steadily. But best of all—those brakes! I've never seen any to compare with them."

"All I can say after driving this new Hudson 112 is that it's marvelous. I noticed right away how much easier it was to steer and handle than my car. And how much wider the vision is—as though you were in a box seat. You know there's always a sort of strangeness when you drive a car for the first time, but not in this 112. I felt right at home. Its beautiful streamlining will appeal to every woman's eye."

"I have been driving cars for ten years, some of them much bigger and more expensive than the Hudson 112, but none of them rode more comfortably or seemed to have any more room. I like the appearance of the hood and the modern design of the front end. I tried the brakes in heavy traffic, and they stop the car on a dime. All of my driving was in heavy traffic and the car handled perfectly."

"I thought I had all the room I was entitled to in my car, even for my 232 pounds, but that new Hudson 112 opened my eyes. It's wider, longer—bigger every way. That goes even for the baggage space in back and the parcel compartment up front. I thought my car was the best looking of the bunch, too. But now I'll have to agree that the new Hudson 112 beats it."

PRICE CLASS

HUDSON *Six* and *Eight*
122 HORSEPOWER

"NEW HUDSON 112 BIGGEST AND BEST!" is their verdict

CAR HUDSON 112

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the sun had been on the wall for nearly an hour before they could make their joints bend.

"Come," said Daniel at last.

Again he fastened Corsi on his back, then tied himself midway in the rope between the young men. They started down, down to the Rote Fluh. Gentinetta kept close to Daniel where he could, giving him a shoulder, using a free hand to help bring Corsi down the slabs. Young Zurbriggen, as last man, took every anchorage for the rope, easing Daniel and his burden down the steep pitches. But the back-breaking labor came on Daniel. The muscles of his neck stood out in rigid cords; his eyes bulged. Sometimes as he groped for footholds, blood oozed out from under his gripping fingernails.

Seven hundred feet was the Fluh and every hundred feet cost them an hour. When they came to their first bivouac they collapsed on the rock and lay as still as death.

But soon Daniel roused himself and thrust his ice ax into the ribs of his son and Gentinetta. Their eyes came painfully open and stared at him.

"We stay here tonight?" gasped Gentinetta.

Daniel felt Corsi's pulse, listened to his faint breathing. He shook his head.

"Come," he said.

They went down and down, their motions slower with every hundred feet. They no longer thought or felt, hands and feet moved by instinct.

When they heard the loud hail from below, when they saw the rescue party, the chosen guides from the Scheidegg, they were nearly down to the lower snow slope.

Grover H. Crocker staged the return to the Scheidegg with enthusiasm. After all, it was an even better story than the successful ascent would have been.

IT WAS the morning after the descent. Crocker's scouts had informed him of the approach of Daniel. The old man, they said, was coming up to the Scheidegg alone. When the party had reached the valley the night before, Corsi had been carried straight down to the hospital at Grindelwald. The two Zurbriggens and Gentinetta had slept the night at a shepherd's hut in the valley. The young men were still resting there but Daniel was coming up.

On the terrace Crocker set the stage. Daniel would reach the platform by a flight of steps. At one side Crocker placed the newsreel men, on the other the flashlight cameras. The reporters were in front, the crowds of tourists massed on the rest of the terrace. In the open space at the head of the steps Crocker took up his own position, beaming.

There was a murmur: "He's coming."

A pause. Then Daniel's broad face appeared above the level of the platform—his ungainly shoulders—he stood on the terrace.

Crocker threw his arms wide in a gesture of welcome. The newsreel cameras clicked. The flashlights exploded. The crowd roared.

DANIEL ducked his head. His blue eyes showed intense astonishment, almost fear. He turned as if to retreat. But here was the Herr, his employer, the man he had come to find. Daniel advanced resolutely, ignoring the rest of the terrace.

"Welcome to—" began Crocker.

But Daniel had his words prepared.

"Mein Herr," he broke in, and again his face showed his intense effort to make himself understood. "It is necessary for me to explain to you as to my tariff. It is true that my son and I were engaged to go to the bivouac and return. Two days—seventy-two francs. But it became necessary for us to go higher, to spend an additional day. Therefore there is another thirty-six francs—"

"Forget it," roared Crocker. "Forget it. Thirty-six francs. Why, man, I'll make you rich. I've already cabled Hollywood."

Bewilderment was again in Daniel's eyes.

"Who is it, Hollywood?"

Crocker waved his arms and grew red in the face explaining.

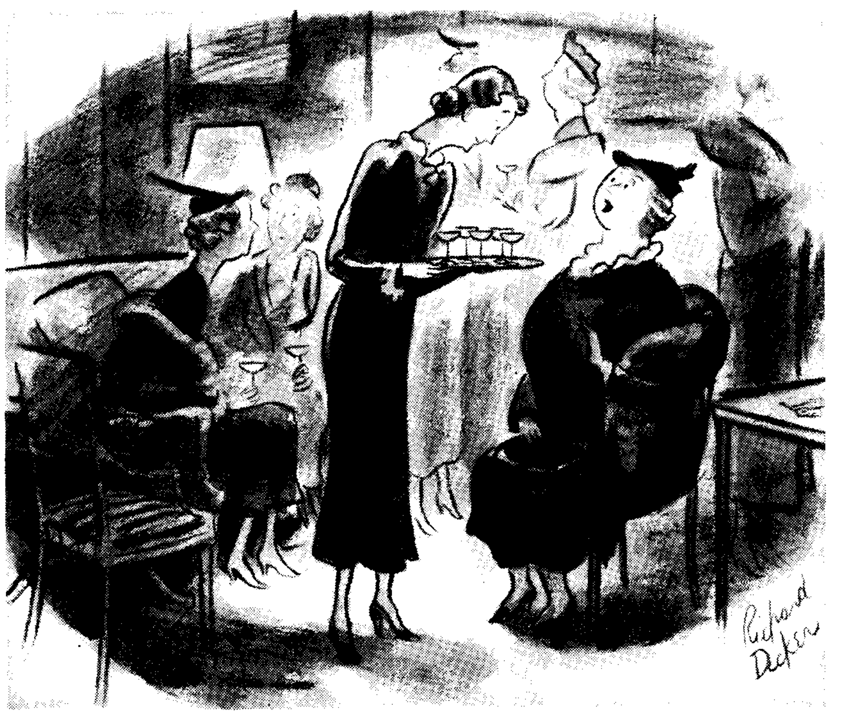
"Hollywood—your face on the screen—millions will see you on the Eigerwand—millions—"

Daniel stared at him. He began to understand. A look of horror came over him. His face swelled.

"God in heaven," he roared. "They would see me in that foolish place—a qualified guide of thirty seasons? Never. I go back today to the Lauenthal."

Then with an effort he calmed himself. He strove to make himself clear:

"But, mein Herr, in the matter of the thirty-six francs—"



"No, thank you. Everything I drink goes right to my stomach"

RICHARD DECKER

When they swarm in from school, hungry and thirsty, hurry with big glasses of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice!

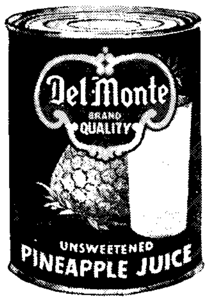
Here's a drink with gusto and gaiety! For it's DEL MONTE'S kind of juice — pure, natural, unsweetened—as if you'd drained a fresh-cut, ripe pineapple right into your glass. A zestful drink for any age—and any occasion!

YOUR TASTE WILL SAY

Del Monte

PINEAPPLE JUICE

The same fine flavor you know in so many other Del Monte Foods



Mr. Jurda Lays an Egg

Continued from page 21

"If the chief's going nuts, you're the one that's doing it," Joel said.

"If I thought that, I'd kill myself," she said.

Joel, just like a man, thought she meant it and let her bluff him out. She got all hysterical again and said she would go out and throw herself in front of the first car that passed.

"Go right ahead, Miss Jerdan," Alyce said, cool as a cucumber, "if that is your extreme desire."

The big bluffer ran out the front door and Joel started after her, but Alyce made Joel stay in the house.

"Do you think Mr. Jurda is going outa his mind?" Alyce asked, to get the gist of it.

Joel said he did not know about Mr. Jurda. He had always been addicted to doing things some people might think were crazy but that was because he was a genius. You cannot judge a genius by what other people might think.

SO THEN Joel said he would hafta go after Linda to keep her from killing herself and hurried out the door. Alyce went with him and there was this Sly Jerdan creature sitting up in the limousine calm as you please, with suicide the farthest from her thoughts. Still, Alyce could not make Joel see that the wool was being pulled over his eyes. When this Linda creature snootily commanded him to drive her straight back to Bel-Air, Joel climbed into the chauffeur's seat.

"I better go with you, hon," Alyce said, "in case she gets crazy again or somepin."

"No," Joel said, "it's confidential."

Alyce's heart just ached for that poor easy-mark fella and all his problems, so she could not sleep and took aspirins all night and called Mr. Jurda's house first thing in the morning to see if Joel was okay. They would not let her get connected on the phone with Joel and Alyce was about to take a taxicab straight out there when Joel came by in a sports car.

"Hop in," Joel said, "we got to take a little ride."

He would not tell her what it was about, only looked awful perplexed and worried, until they were high up on Mulholland Drive where nobody could see. Then Joel pulled a paper out of his pocket and gave it to Alyce. He explained it was the story for Mr. Jurda's big two-million-dollar picture to be called Love in the Typhoon. Mr. Jurda had dictated it and had given Joel a copy to get his reactions if it was good or not.

"Read it," Joel said.

Well, Alyce was pretty thrilled because this was the first time Joel really had committed her to a state of full confidence. But she was soon all mixed up because the author's writings on the paper did not make sense. They were just simply goofy. It might of been, though, Alyce's inexperience in judging an author's work, so she said: "I really better not say, hon."

"It don't sound rational to me," Joel said.

"It don't to me, neither," Alyce said.

A funny thing happened, because Alyce looked at Joel's face, so kind of scared and worried sick, and the hair on her scalp begun to crawl up into little pigtail knots kind of.

"Is—is Mr. Jurda crazy?" she said.

"I dunno," Joel said, "but he never gave me nothing like this before. Maybe, though, it's just a gag."

Alyce saw she would have to exercise her common horse sense, because Joel was so upset and helpless like a big baby. She told Joel that if it was not a gag and Mr. Jurda really was losing his mind the men at the studio would find it out. She told Joel it was not his responsibility to decide an important thing of this kind and just not to say anything but to be diplomatic and to tell Mr. Jurda okay it was a good piece of writing.

"I can't do that, kid," Joel said. "I ain't never lied to the boss. I told him Hearts on Sale was terrible, and it was."

My goodness, what can you do with a fella that takes himself so awful *serious?* Alyce had to come right out in brutal frankness and tell Joel she did not see how his opinion would cut much ice one way or another with a big genius like Mr. Jurda. Supposing he went ahead and made the picture and it turned out a flop? So what?

"God's aching truth, that's all," Joel said; "I always tell it."

"But lookit, Joel, surely you are not going to tell Mr. Jurda you think he has gone nuts?"

"I ain't sure of that yet," Joel said.

Well, Alyce could hardly pay any attention to orders in the commissary that day and was not in any mood to josh with the studio fellas. At twelve-thirty the big-money shift started coming in for lunch and Alyce happened to overhear some talk among Mr. Lowry, the ace director, and Mr. Kotzos, the producer, and Mr. Timmins, the studio manager.

"What do *you* think, Abe?" Mr. Lowry said.

"I think it's a stinker," Mr. Kotzos said.

"Just between us girls, I think the guy is screwy," Mr. Timmins said.

"Shhhhh—" Mr. Lowry said.

Alyce just had a hunch they were talking about Mr. Jurda and Love in the Typhoon. She was sure of it when Joel came to pick her up outside the studio gate that afternoon.

"He's gonna make that picture," Joel said. "He ast me did I like the story and I had to tell him it wasn't any good."

"Oh, hon—did he get sore?"

Joel nodded.

"Yeah. He sure did. The chief ain't hisself."

Joel had got so blue and low that Alyce tried to cheer him up, using her common horse sense. She told Joel what she had overheard those big-money fellas saying and how it stood to reason they would not let Mr. Jurda make Love in the Typhoon because they thought it was terrible, too.

"Maybe they'll talk him out of it," Joel said.

SO PRETTY soon Joel cheered up and took Alyce for a fast ride out Ventura Boulevard and they drove up in the mountains to Lake Malibu and parked at a wide place in the road. Alla time Joel and Alyce had been keeping company he had not once mentioned love. But a girl has ways of knowing when a fella is crazy for her, and things were getting so mixed up about Mr. Jurda that Alyce felt, for Joel's sake, they had ought to get a certain question settled. So she said:

"I got somepin to ask you, Joel."

"Shoot," Joel said.

"Do you love a certain girl, meaning me?"

Joel did not take such a long time to come out with it because he was insincere or anything but merely because it was his character to act thataway.

"God's aching truth—yes!" Joel said.

He carefully explained to Alyce that he had it on the tip of his tongue to tell her on several previous occasions but

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —By Rudolph Dirks

UND VEN I GET DONE SPANKING—
WOW! DER CAPTAIN'S GRUMPY DESE DAYS!
UND ALL VE DID VOS USE UP HIS PILLS FOR BB SHOT
DER BOYS DONE A GOOD CHOB, OLD-DOWN-IN-DER-MOUTH! NOW MIGHT BE YOU EAT DISS NICE CRUNCHY ALL-BRAN UND YOU NEVER MISS DER PILLS!
SAY! IT'S GOOD!
SOMETIME LATER
COME, DARLINKS! MAMMA SAYS SHE GOT SOME ALL-BRAN MUFFINS FOR ALL DER "REGULAR" FELLERS!
DIRKS

When constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran goes straight to the cause. This crunchy, toasted cereal supplies the bulky mass you need to aid elimination. And at the same time it contains vitamin B_1, which helps tone lazy intestines. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars." Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

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We've got a gasoline for you that will start on the coldest day in less than 10 turns of the motor . . .

Here is good news for every motorist with an unheated garage . . . for drivers who park in the cold.

We can promise that our Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline will *always* start in *less* than 10 turns of your engine. No matter how cold. No matter how long your car has been exposed to zero weather.

What makes this promise possible? It is this: Introduced in 1932 as a new emergency-duty type gasoline, Texaco Fire-Chief has been continuously improved. Today laboratory cold-room tests fully prove its extra quick starting . . . its lively, economical winter performance.

So count on quick starts . . . purring "full power" delivered to your engine in 1/100th of a second or less . . . with Fire-Chief. Gasoline like this banishes cold morning uncertainty. Protects you from tow ropes and service cars.

Try a Texaco Dealer next time . . .

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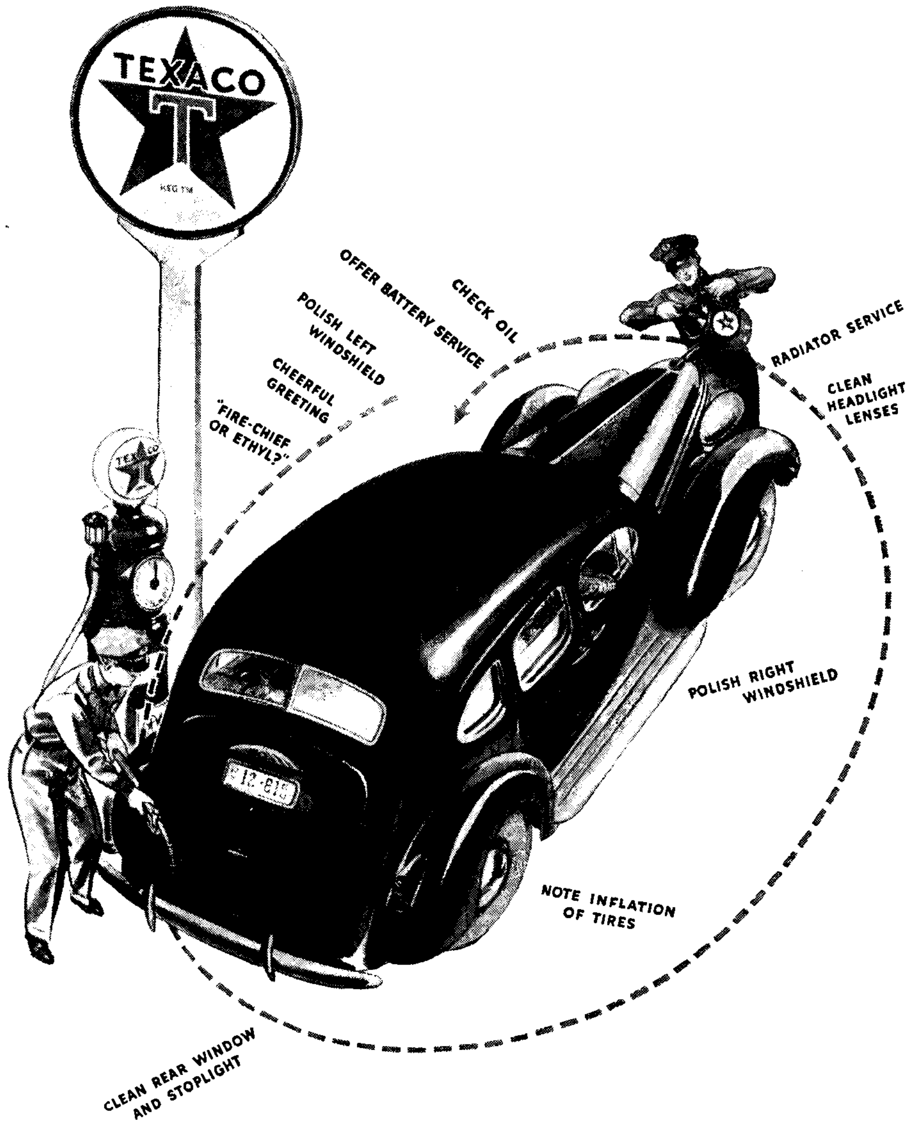
Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in Eddie Cantor in "Texaco Town"

Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—8:30 EST 7:30 CST 9:30 MST 8:30 PST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MAKES ALL FINISHES STAY BEAUTIFUL

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ

had decided to hold off until Mr. Jurda stopped acting so queer. Besides, Joel hadta send money to his mother in Pittsburgh.

So Alyce gladly and cheerfully accepted his apologizings and after that Joel really started to make love to her. It was the acid test and final analysis of the truth of Joel's wholesome life, because he was awful timid and awkward about kissing a girl and was so sweet and gentle in hugging you like you was his goddess or somepin.

"But we can't even discusst marriage," he said, "until I get the chief straightened out and save him from making this picture."

A person might think that this was the old ranygazoo, especially if they lived in Hollywood, but just to prove it that Joel was sincerity himself he drove Alyce right down to a jewelry store on Hollywood Boulevard and bought her a darling nearly half-carat diamond ring set with garnets and emeralds, only the emeralds synthetic. And paid all cash with a check for it, too.

IT WASN'T a week after Alyce had got engaged when Joel came to her looking awful tragic and told her what was happening.

"Nobody will stop him," Joel said.

"Cheer up, hon," Alyce said. "Maybe he'll change his mind."

But Joel said not a chance. He showed the full treatment that he swiped from Mr. Jurda's private brief case to Mr. Ryan, that was an electrician at Goldwyn's, and Mr. Gus Lort, that was a projectionist at Warners', and to Mr. Jelliffe, that was a cutter at Columbia—all close personal friends of Joel's. They all said that Love in the Typhoon smelled like bad cheese.

"But, hon, what actually *is* wrong with it?"

"Too many animals in it, for one thing, especially cats," Joel said.

"*Cats?*"

"Yeah. A whole sequence is full of cats on a mountain. Damnedest idea the chief ever got."

Besides cats, Joel said, the picture was laid in seven different countries and the hero was a heel and the heroine was a so-and-so and everything everybody done was wrong and immoral and worse, but the picture said it was thoroughly okay. To make sure it would be thoroughly screwy, Joel said, Mr. Jurda had hired Mr. Jacques Blournoy, a French genius fella and Mr. Harold Taintville Westholt, an American genius fella, to put it into shooting script.

"Do *they* think it's good?" Alyce asked.

"Blournoy's got a gal named Sara Monette that the chief is gonna use in the picture and Westholt is a guy that would write his own mother into a heavy part for two thousand bucks a week."

"But, Joel—won't the actors balk?"

"Naw—they all think it's supercolossal. Actors always think that, if their parts is long."

Well, it certainly opened Alyce's eyes to big-money people and the way they would act and what all they would stand for just to keep their jobs in Mr. Jurda's studio.

"I've told him what I thought," Joel said, "and I ain't sure yet that he's outa his mind. Though, last night, he stopped the car whilst we was going to a preview in Long Beach and got out and walked through a market on Pacific Avenue and had me pick him up a block farther on."

"Gee . . . why'd he do that?"

"Thought some guy was follering us. Said he looked like Judas Iscariot."

"Gee . . . well . . . it ain't your responsibility."

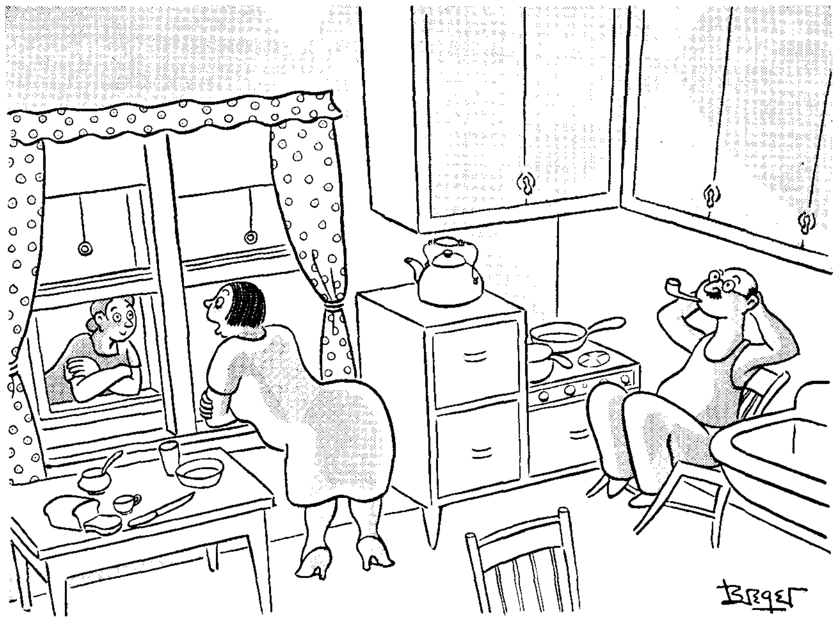
"I dunno. I ain't sure."

But the really, truly sickening thing about this terrible mix-up was that the first person who had the sheer nerve to stand up to Mr. Jurda and tell him he was out of his mind hadta be that Linda creature.

And Linda hadta come running straight to Alyce's place at five-thirty in the morning, though goodness knows why Alyce hadta get stuck with her, but the poor thing was in a truly pitiful condition with only a cheap rabbit-fur coat on over her underwear and her slippers not even matched and her hair all down and her eyes red.

"You got to make Joel go to the studio and tell them!" Linda demanded, in her nervous state of mind. "Benny is gone. He went away from his face right while I was talking to him. His poor face all twisted up and something snapped and it was like a plaster of Paris coating on it and it was not Benny . . . he's gone . . . !"

WELL, all the girls were scandalized when they found out Linda was talking about Mr. Jurda and could not believe their ears, especially when Linda told how Mr. Jurda had run her off the patio with his scissors, trying to cut her hair off. Alyce knew it would be all over the studio next morning and Mr. Jurda would find out Linda had told it to her and would fire poor Joel. And to make matters worse, in walked Joel and stub-



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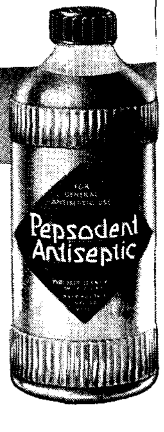

bornly and foolishly took Linda's wild imagination for gospel truth.

"That settles it," Joel said, "he's an insane man, all right."

Alyce and Joel had their only real bad quarrel. Joel said it was God's aching truth and he should oughta tell the studio. Alyce said it was no part of Joel's work to go saying a big genius like Mr. Jurda was nuts, for how could Joel prove it when he did not know anything about the medical profession and if Joel said such a thing Mr. Jurda not alone would fire him but would have him arrested for a criminal type of libel and slander. Besides, poor, easy-mark Joel wanted to give Linda money to rent a room when Alyce knew it would be much sensibler to let Linda stay in her room where she could be watched perfectly well by Mrs. Grogan and would not chase around shooting off her mouth. Alyce finally hadta say that unless Joel acted like a sane human person she would be forced to conclude that he had fell for Linda.

"They already run up a cost of three hundred and sixty thousand on Typhoon and every day they're spending forty-two grand more," Joel said, just like a man to dodge the real gist of it.

"It ain't your money," Alyce said.

"That's so, but—"

"Very well, Mr. Roska, I hand you your ring in front of these witnesses—"

"Now wait a minute. Give me three days to think about this, Alyce."

So to end the scene, Alyce agreed not to break the engagement but to let Joel think what to do for three days.

It did not last three days and a good thing it didn't, as Alyce could not never have survived what with Linda wandering away from Mrs. Grogan to stand outside the studio gate to see Mr. Jurda and Alyce not hearing one word from Joel and the awful way things were whispered all around the Criterion lot but nobody *doing* anything. And alla time them shooting and shooting on Love in the Typhoon and running the cost up to nine hundred thousand in the Hollywood Reporter.

On the afternoon of the second day, Alyce was walking off of the lot and there was Joel standing in a crowd of tourists at the main gate.

"The chief fired me," Joel said.

"H'mph . . . so you broke your word and went and told him he was crazy?"

Joel shook his head.

"Nothing like that," he said. "I had made up my mind to squawk, but Zeph McNamara beat me to it. There's an honest guy."

WELL, it seemed like Mr. McNamara that was the head cutter looked at the rushes of Love in the Typhoon and knowed they was awful. He not only told Mr. Jurda so to his face but told him in so many words that he was a screwball. So Mr. Jurda got awful mad and called Mr. McNamara names, so Mr. McNamara slapped Mr. Jurda's face and walked off the lot, tearing up his contract. So what did Mr. Jurda do but call in poor Joel and order him to lay for Mr. McNamara and give him a working-over.

"I said I wouldn't do it," poor Joel related, so hurt inside and heartbreaking, "and he said he was giving orders on this lot. So I had to speak God's aching truth and tell him McNamara done exactly right."

So then Joel grabbed Alyce by the shoulders and looked her in the eyes and asked her if he done right or wrong. And this time Alyce could not help but admit that Joel done exactly right.

"I'm glad you done it, hon," Alyce said, "and you are a hundred per cent. Besides, you can get plenty of jobs."

Joel said no, he did not think he would ever get a job in Hollywood again, because Mr. Jurda would put him on the black list.

When Alyce heard that it seemed like, why, the good honest Edwardsville, Ill., German blood in her came to the surface.

"Oh, he will, will he?" Alyce said. "You wait here!"

She did not stop to think, only what Mr. Jurda was trying to do to Joel, and she ran right back in the studio before Joel could stop her and into the waitresses' dressing room and put on her uniform and went straight to Mr. Jurda's office. Miss Levy, his secretary, was not there and the other girls thought she had come to deliver merely the crackers and milk on her tray. So she went right in to give Mr. Jurda a good piece of her mind, crazy or not, and make him take Joel back and then she heard somepin . . . oh . . . somepin awful. . . .

"Don't cut me, Benny."

"Kitty . . . kitty . . . kitty. . . ."

"Please don't cut me, Benny."

"Kitty . . . kitty . . . kitty—"

THEN, well, Alyce guessed she must've let out a scream or somepin . . . and you would've, too. Because Mr. Jurda had Linda down on her knees in that little room where he alla time washed his hands, and he was cutting off Linda's hair with those long sharp scissors and crying and rubbing Linda's hair on his face where it stuck in the tear-wet kind of. . . .

Those big-money fellas on the lot finally hadta admit Mr. Jurda was of a sick mentality, only they all called it a nervous breakdown, and they stopped the cameras on Love in the Typhoon but not before wasting more than one million dollars, including building that mountain for the cats. . . .

That poor Linda creature got off something pretty cute, just before she left with Joel and Mr. Kotzos in the car to take Mr. Jurda to the insane sanitarium. Mr. Jurda was still crying and talking most awfully incoherently about Love in the Typhoon and how this was all a plot to ruin the picture and how he would have everybody shot for it. So brave Mr. Kotzos got up his courage and said: "That picture is a stinker!"

So Linda spoke right up and said: "Yes, it's a stinker, you dirty heel So-and-so, but the stink ain't on poor little Benny. It's smeared all over that studio, all over you, Mr. So-and-so Kotzos, and all over every man that kissed Benny's boots in this town!"

Alyce just had to laugh merrily about it in private with the girls in the commissary, but Joel, poor fella, hadta go and take the whole thing in deadly serious attitude of mind. Without telling Alyce one word of his intentions, Joel got back from the trip to the sanitarium and started out with Linda driving the car to punch all those fellas in their noses. Joel punched Mr. Kotzos and Mr. Timmins and Mr. Blournoy and was hunting for Mr. Westholt, the other writer fella, when the cops caught up with him. They put poor Joel in the police station in Beverly Hills and Alyce was nearly nuts herself thinking what fines Joel would hafta pay and they could never get married.

But there is one good thing about Hollywood: no matter what you do to big-money fellas there are other big-money fellas who think you done exactly right and will come and hire you out of sheer admiration for having did it.

So up popped Mr. Joe Gurney, that is a big shot in another studio, and he hired Joel to be his chauffeur and bodyguard and the wonderful thing about it was that Mr. Joe Gurney is not no genius and does not pretend to be. As Alyce said after the swell wedding ceremony: "A married fella, hon, ain't got no business working in any remote connection with a genius because any genius is apt to turn out to be just plain nuts."

"God's aching truth, kid," Joel said.

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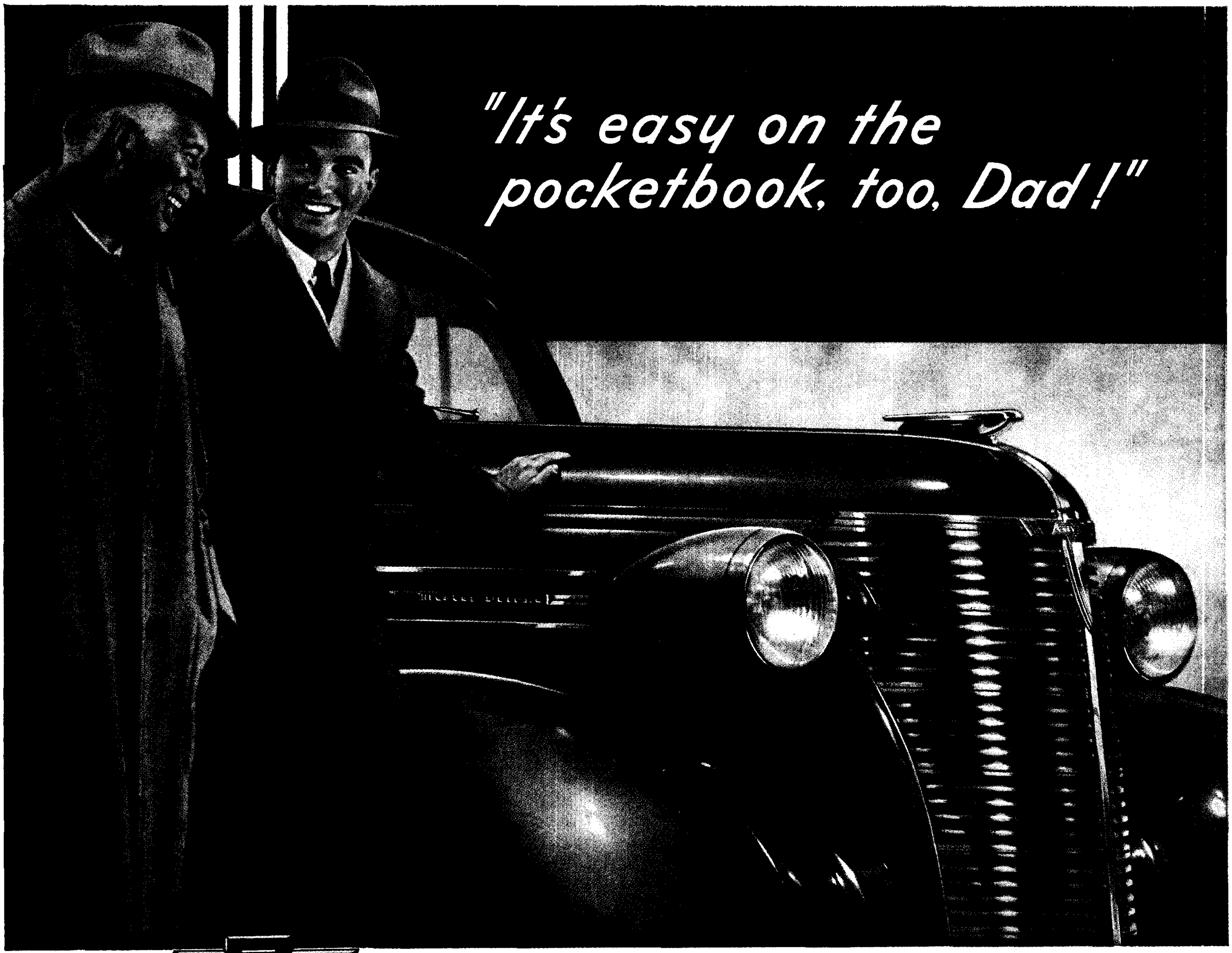

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Love is Elected

Continued from page 15

on a farm when I was a kid, and liked it. Tell me about yours."

He did, and found himself talking about things he'd half forgotten: the day the team bolted with a full load of milk cans; the black-and-tan setter that had known where the big pheasants were found; the orchards, and the trout stream below the south pasture.

"It sounds like a lovely place," she said quietly.

"Lovely?" The old, old ache came into his throat. "No, I wouldn't say that. You put in months on a crop, and the rain ruins it. Money is just something you read about, and the work is never done . . ." He stopped then, remembering the Chief's crisp words: "You're the key man in this. Mess it up and you're all through in this town!"

KEY man! The words were big in his mind as he looked at her. "Let's talk about you."

"You wouldn't be interested. It's just the usual thing—wheat farm, business college, office. I work for Gordon McCrey."

"You do?" He had to put surprise in his voice. "He's running for district attorney, isn't he?"

"He'll get it too, if they—" Her eyes were bright; her chin was not quite firm. "They've tried bribes, and threats. They've used every dirty method they could think of—and they'll keep trying. They know what it means if he gets in. He doesn't want money or power—he gave up a fifty-thousand-a-year job to take this appointment—but he does want a clean city!"

Paul Baren said, "I didn't know. You just got him another vote."

"You'd like him," she said. "He's a grand man, a big man—really big. You'd like his wife too."

"Maybe I would, at that." He had known, of course, that McCrey was married, and still it made an absurd difference when she said it.

The roadster was dropping swiftly toward the city when he asked her for the lunch date. She said: "You'd have to wait till one o'clock."

"With my practice it couldn't matter." He kept his voice level. "One o'clock then, and I know a restaurant where the food is something to write songs about."

He fell silent as the roadster slipped into the late traffic. They passed through dark, freshly washed streets, to a West Side apartment house. Paul Baren switched off the motor and turned toward her.

She was looking up. The warm perfume of her hair was in his nostrils, and he could see the smooth curve of her cheek, her lips. She was saying, "Good night, Paul," when he kissed her.

She was motionless, her dark eyes wide. Paul Baren straightened, and she said: "I know why you did that. You thought I wanted you to."

"Mary, I . . ."

"That's the funny part." One hand went to her lips. "I think I did." She whirled as color touched her cheeks. Her heels tapped hollow echoes from the walk, and her faint words came back, "Till tomorrow . . ."

He made the call from an all-night drugstore. "It's set, Chief. One o'clock tomorrow."

"Good boy, you're earning that bonus." There was strain and weariness in the Chief's voice. "And Sunday night? Is that fixed?"

Paul Baren swallowed. "No, not yet."

"We're depending on you," the Chief said slowly. Then: "You'd better check with George Vane at the restaurant in the morning."

"Right." Paul Baren swore with tight bitterness, but not until he had replaced the receiver.

THERE was a familiar coupé parked in front of Paul Baren's hotel and, as he crossed the walk, gray, stocky George Vane came to meet him.

"I waited," Vane said harshly. "There's no sense in my rigging the cameras if you missed."

Paul Baren's face was stiff. "I didn't miss. She'll be there a little after one."

George Vane tipped his head back, and for a moment the gray shutters lifted from his eyes. "You *are* goin' places, big shot. Judas could take lessons from you."

"I'm doing my job," Paul Baren said thickly, "just the same as you are."

Gordon McCrey's offices were in an old greystone building just off Fifth. Paul Baren was in the lobby a half hour early; waiting quietly.

She came, exactly at one, small and slender in a knitted suit of smoky blue. There was a bright scarf caught around her throat that put strange, lovely lights in her hair.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid Miss Hudson can't be disturbed now"

LEONARD DOVE

"You're late," he said gravely, "two whole seconds."

She laughed up at him. "It won't happen again. Now, do we walk?"

"We do, milady, two long blocks."

Paul Baren was thankful for the crowded walks, thankful for the hurrying, jostling throngs that made talk impossible.

THEY were barely inside the door when Petro appeared. He was a plump little man, white-aproned and sweating, who muttered a hoarse greeting and bowed them to the corner table near the curtain that concealed the camera. His hands shook as he filled their glasses, and he had to come back twice to get their order.

She tucked her gloves inside her purse. "This is an odd place."

"The food makes it worth while." He stopped then, his glance going to the window table and George Vane's quiet figure. The gray man was watching them over the rim of a slender glass, and there was something in his eyes that made Paul Baren look quickly away.

He tried to find easy words to recapture the lightness of the evening before, but he saw, always, the clock above the door and a distant voice in his mind said: "Thirty seconds!"

Lofgren came, as he had been paid to come, behind an outstretched hand and a wide smile. He was heavy-shouldered and dark.

"Paul Baren!" he boomed. "Where've you been? I haven't seen you in months."

Paul Baren got to his feet. This is it, he thought grimly; this is your job. You worked till you could get a degree so that you could frame a girl! His tongue was thick and he had to swallow before he said, "Hello, Carl."

There was the cold pressure of Lofgren's hand on his, and the words of the introduction. Lofgren dropped in a chair, half facing the curtain, and Paul Baren remained standing. Across the room George Vane leaned back to drop a coin in the automatic piano.

The quick, strident beat of the tinny music might have been a cue—was a cue. A second, while sweat started on Paul Baren's face, and he met George Vane's unwinking gaze. A second, and then Paul Baren upset his water glass and the thing was done!

Petro was there, almost too quickly, snapping on the light above the table. Paul Baren said, "I'm a clumsy ape," in a strange, unsteady voice, and found her amused eyes upon his. He stepped back then, back of the faint chalk line on the floor, which marked him out of camera range, and brushed at his soaked coat with a napkin.

THE beat of his heart was loud in his temples. A moment now would be enough. The camera was whirring back of the curtain, its small sound covered by the banging of the piano. Film! Evidence to smash McCrey; evidence to back Zoss' shout: "You can see her talking to Carl Lofgren, a member of this jury! I demand . . ."

Screaming headlines for the papers. A landslide vote against McCrey. Paul Baren felt the hot flush sweep into his face.

He went back to the table slowly. Petro was laying a new cloth, and Lofgren was on his feet saying goodby. Petro switched off the light and left. The waiter came with food.

"Mr. Lofgren"—her voice brought back his fear—"is on the jury that is trying my boss' case."

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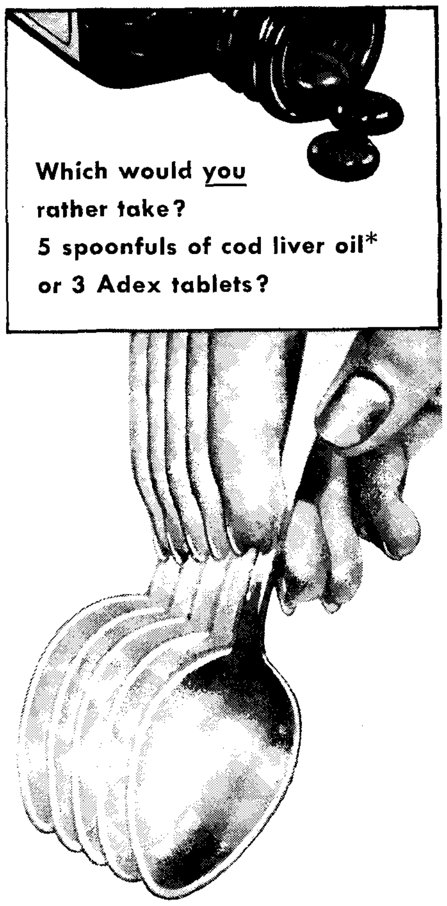
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"That's odd," he said with forced steadiness, "I hadn't seen Carl for months."

Somehow he got through the meal; somehow he found things to talk about. She didn't suspect, for the laughter was still in her eyes, and she laid her hand upon his arm as they walked back to the old greystone building.

"I liked it, Paul," she was smiling. "It was fun."

"I'm glad." This was the opening. The words were waiting, close to his lips, but it was as if someone else were speaking. "Would you go again tomorrow night? I know another place."

Her smile, her soft "I'd like to," brought quick, sharp pain that hurt more than a blow across the mouth.

She was gone then, swallowed up by the elevator, but he stood there remembering the touch of her hand upon his arm for a long time before he walked back to the restaurant.

George Vane was still at the window table.

"How'd it go?" Paul Baren asked.

"All right. O'Hearn said he got plenty of film. How about tomorrow?"

"It's fixed."

Vane nodded soberly. "I knew it would be. You couldn't miss, not when you've got the world by the tail. After tomorrow night you'll be able to write your own ticket at the office. You'll like that."

"Just a minute." Paul Baren put both hands on the table. "How many men will you have there?"

"Two or three." Vane looked up. "Why?"

Paul Baren turned away from that steady gaze. "Can we change the plan? Can you put a man back of the door to push a gun in my back when we come in, and . . ."

"It won't work, kid," Vane said harshly. "That girl isn't dumb; she's just off guard for a minute."

"Maybe she . . ."

"All right, suppose she didn't tumble then. We've got to take her downtown. She'll be booked and held on the bribery charge—but McCrey won't know that until Zoss throws it at him in court. How long do you think it'll take her boss to find out where you work? She'd know anyway, because you'd get in touch with McCrey if you weren't in this up to your neck. No, kid, the play goes through as planned!"

Paul Baren didn't move, didn't speak.

"Don't let it sink you. Nothing's going to happen to her except a couple of days in jail. There's plenty of girls, and you'll be the fair-haired boy. They don't forget guys who help win elections."

"We'll be there," Paul Baren said thickly, "around eight o'clock."

"And we'll be waiting . . ."

THE dashboard clock held its hands stiffly at eight o'clock when Paul Baren parked under the neon sign which read, "Seafood Palace."

"Here we are." He walked around the car to open her door. "There's a dining room upstairs, and it's not so noisy there."

She moved quietly beside him, across the walk and up the wide stairway. She laughed, once, when her heel caught on the worn runner and she stumbled against him. They reached the upper hall then, and his hand was on the door, pushing it wide.

"What a strange . . ." She stopped suddenly, just inside, and her hands went to her face.

There were four men in the room, and one of them was already between them and the door. George Vane moved toward them. He said, "Watch the door, Abe."

The man at the door said, "Right."

Mary turned slowly to Paul, and there was fear and wonder in her wide eyes. "What is . . ." she breathed. Then: "Why, you must have known! You must have done this to . . ."

Paul Baren watched the color leave her face. She stood there for a full moment, her eyes searching his face. There was no warmth, no laughter, in her gaze now, but a dazed unbelief. Her lips pressed into a firm line, and she asked, "What do you want of me?"

Paul Baren looked away.

"Pictures, Miss Douglas." It was George Vane who spoke. "Some simple pictures, nothing that will cause you any real trouble."

"And Mr. Drisco will be in the pictures?" She was looking at the slim, swart man who stood near the camera. "That would have to be what you want. He's the chief defense witness, and I'm the prosecutor's secretary. That will make headlines. Well, what if I refuse?"

George Vane said: "You won't, not if you're smart. We've got all night."

"Paul!" She caught at his arm. "You can't let them do this! You don't know what it means. I don't matter, but Gordon McCrey must . . ." She turned then, her voice low and flat. "I see it now. You took pictures yesterday too. When Lofgren came to our table, when Paul spilled his water."

"That's right." George Vane's expression was unchanged. "But we need these pictures too, and we're going to get them. You won't fight if you're smart, because you can go as soon as we get what we want."

THAT lie was a part of the plan too. Mary knew that Gordon McCrey could beat even these pictures—if he was prepared. She would agree, knowing that she could warn her boss. Then. . . .

"Five men against one woman," she said slowly. "There doesn't seem to be much I can do."

"You will stand here, please." George Vane took a flat packet of bills out of his pocket. "And you will hand these to Mr. Drisco. That's all you have to do."

"Neat," she said dully. "Mr. Drisco will be gone in the morning, and you can make it look like Gordon McCrey used me to bribe the chief defense witness to disappear."

"The money, Miss Douglas." George Vane pressed the bills into her unresisting hand, and stepped back. "Okay, Drisco, come over here. You, O'Hearn, start shooting."

They were alone in the center of the room, Mary and Drisco, two figures bathed in the intense white glare of the huge lamps. Mary pulled herself tightly erect, and looked squarely into the camera.

Paul Baren hadn't moved from his place near the door. There was the small whir of the camera, the ragged sound of his own breathing. One minute, two—it couldn't have been more than that—and yet it was a lifetime. Paul Baren saw his hopes, his dreams, die in that white light.

The lamps blinked out, and there was only the yellow glow of the ceiling lights. Mary turned toward the door and George Vane said: "There's just a chance McCrey could find a way to beat this. We'll have to take you down to the station."

"I might . . . might have known . . ."

Vane's gray eyes went to O'Hearn. "I'll take that camera with me. The rest of you had better wait, and drift out of here one at a time."

Paul Baren moved with them, back through the door, and down the wide stairway to the street level. They were on the walk when George Vane said: "My car's around the corner."

"She goes with me." Paul Baren's gloved hand came up. "I brought her here, and I'll take her to the station.

That camera goes with me too, I'll need it to book her."

The gray man said: "The film has to be developed first."

"I'll take care of that."

Something that might have been a smile shone briefly in George Vane's eyes. "Okay. I've been expecting this since I heard that you had been in the office today." He handed the camera to Paul Baren. "You're writing the ticket."

Then the roadster door was open and Mary moved, flinching away from his touch, to the seat.

Mary spoke only once on the way downtown. "Would you let me make a phone call?"

"I'm sorry." He kept his eyes rigidly ahead. "You know I can't do that."

"You're sorry," she whispered brokenly, "that's funny. You . . ." There was only the murmur of the engine.

HE TURNED west on Fifth, and could feel her eyes upon his face. There was a growing tightness in his throat. He turned west again. A sign that read "Sky Line Drive" showed in the glare of the headlights, and vanished behind them.

Low, husky words: "Paul! You're not going . . ."

"I know where I'm going."

They were climbing now, the road sweeping up around the face of the hill.

Five minutes, ten . . . There was darkness on both sides of the road when Paul Baren stopped and got out of the car.

The camera latch clicked. His fingers found the film, ripped it off the reels. His lighter made a tiny flame. A flame that grew and spread as the film caught. He watched it burn with sober eyes and stripped the paper off a flat package. There was other film under that paper—four reels of it—and that too burned.

"That's it, Mary." He touched her shoulders, and she turned slowly to face him. "There isn't any film at all now. You saw me get the camera, and this afternoon I got the other film from the office. They can't do anything to Gordon McCrey now; they can't do anything to you. The election is McCrey's—hands down."

"But . . ."

"George Vane knew what I was doing. He knew I'd taken the film from the office. He's in the clear though, for they'll blame me."

"But you, Paul? What about you?"

"I'll be all right. I thought I wanted something, Mary, wanted it badly enough to do anything I had to do to get it. I changed my mind, Mary." He paused then, his hands going back to the wheel. "I'll drop you at a hotel in one of the little towns out here; you'd better stay under cover till after the election. That makes it sure."

"Paul." She was smiling mistily. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going back to a small town, back to Old Henry's practice. I'll sue the railroad when a train hits some farmer's cow, and when I have two good years I'll be able to afford a new suit."

Her lips trembled as she asked, "You'll live on the farm?"

"Mary," he said roughly, "why don't you come with me? We can have a garden and—"

Her hand was warm against his cheek. "Oh, Paul . . . I thought you weren't going to ask me."

He said, "Mary!" and she was in his arms. There was pride and joy in her eyes, and the promise that they would be there always.

No Place to Land

Continued from page 17

projects greater sums than were ever paid for more generally useful local railroad depots. There was no standard; no disinterested guide; no official national aviation program or policy to which they might turn; no responsible central authority who could save them from mistakes, or from excessive commitments.

But when they had finished their airports and had their proud day of speechmaking, along came the air lines with new planes too "hot" for their fields and the Department of Commerce with new regulations that made their ports obsolete and required large additional expenditures if they were to be fetched up to date. Now the taxpayers feel deluded, and the average field operator is resentful. Moreover, there have been complaints of arrogance on the part of certain air-line operators. "They're the demandingest people," one exasperated municipal airport manager told me; always saying 'Fix this, do that, cut the rent here, build something there, or we'll pass you by!' That's the favorite threat—bypass. Well, I finally told one crowd to go to the devil and bypass us, we were losing money on them anyway. I'd rather string along with the private fliers around here and the charter operators. With them I can get a chance to break even, perhaps to make a little money for the taxpayers for whom I'm holding the bag."

In the barnstorming and pioneer air-mail days, the lads behind the sticks did not ask for much below. Dean Smith, veteran air-mail man, in his classic report a decade ago to the Postmaster General illuminated the airport situation of the period: "Flying low. Motor quit. Only place available on cow. Killed cow. Wrecked plane. Scared me. Smith."

Earliest passenger-ship pilots worried more about landings than take-offs. Roughly, in a landing glide you figured to move seven or eight feet ahead for each foot you came down. It was simple mathematics; if you came down over thirty-foot obstructions at the field edge, you had to use up at least 250 feet of the landing area before your wheels touched. Moreover, engineers calculated that for approximately every two miles per hour added to top speed of a ship one mile was added to landing speed. You might find splinters from the hangar door in your nose before you rolled to a stop. Pilots, alone, could slip and crab into incredibly small fields in a pinch; and it used to be said that any landing you could walk away from was a good landing. But you could not take fare from a man, and then wrap the plane around his ears in landing—and expect him to be a steady customer. Aerodynamic progress soon took the curse off landings: flaps, which are in a sense "air brakes;" improved landing gears, which enable you to drop heavy ships down fast without shock to the riders; wheel brakes that shorten the landing roll; while a small wheel forward makes it impossible to nose over. Meanwhile, the greater weight and size of the ships required longer take-off runs before "flying speed" was built up.

Sea level is the base on which take-off performance is predicated; thinning air requires longer runs, as you get to higher ground. The six-ton Fords and Fokkers, in general use when air travel began to grow, could take off fully loaded in less than 500 feet at sea level. The Air Commerce Bureau would give

The bedtime story never ends

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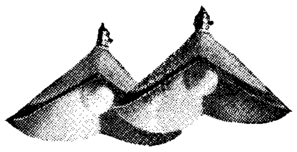

WHEN the day is done, family life is really just beginning. Now's the time for snapshots . . . baby at bedtime, Jane in her first real party dress, the grownups gathered round the radio . . . every one a picture to help you remember that the best part of the day comes at night.

You don't need a costly camera for snapshots at night. Any camera that can be loaded with Kodak "SS" Film does the trick—even the simplest Brownie.

With "SS" Film, use two or three No. 2 Mazda Photoflood lamps, which last for hours, and inexpensive Kodak Handy Reflectors. If your camera has an *f*.6.3 or faster lens, No. 1 Photofloods will do.

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Class 1 rating to airports which had 2,500-foot runways.

The giant 1938 planes will require from 1,000 to 1,500 feet for take-offs, it is believed. The minimum runway at sea level for them will be 5,000 feet. This is why:

For safety, you cannot turn and seek to land on a field from which you have just taken off until you have built up certain altitude and speed. Before that, you must land straight ahead. Modern twin-motor air liners have one advantage over yesterday's passenger ships; they can fly, tanks full and every seat occupied, on one engine. However, to do that, a given speed, which is higher than take-off speed, must be reached. This is known to pilots as "one-engine dead speed." The airport take-off problem of 1938 air liners, therefore, is divided into three sections: A, B and C.

A is the 1,500 feet you run from the edge of the field before your 30 or more ton ship gets its wheels off the ground.

B is the next 1,000 feet in which you fly level, just off the ground, to build up additional momentum until you have reached "one-engine dead speed." From any point in B, if both motors quit, you should land straight ahead and roll to a stop before you reach the end of—

C, which is the next 2,500 feet, during which you begin to climb and to gain still more speed, so that you can maneuver a turn if necessary.

Science may lend a helping hand to the experts. Science may lend a hand to the airport builders, who are so hard-pressed to find room and more room: many experts believe that a catapult, or some other device, may come along to throw planes into safe high speed quickly. A method of doing this, without shock to passengers, is not yet in sight; municipal airport planners cannot bank on it. Tricycle landing gears will help the 1938, and later, planes a little because they have them "tail up," or flying position, from the first instant.

The Airways of Tomorrow

All cities, of course, to enjoy air mail and passenger service will not have to provide ideal airports; any more than Amarillo, Texas, needs a railroad depot as large as the Union Station in Washington. Some air traffic authorities see a development in domestic passenger schedules like this:

1. Huge ships, with a hundred-passenger capacity, in the next few years, and with future growth determined only by operating economies, will fly nonstop at high altitudes from coast to coast. Landport facilities, reasonably near the great cities, probably can never be provided for such planes; certainly not in New York. Therefore, the transcontinental planes in which you will fly tomorrow may be amphibians. Those on the northernmost route may stop at Chicago, using Lake Michigan; in the winter, if ice closed the lake, a great landport would be used. Other ports will be on Long Island Sound, San Francisco Bay, Lake Washington, San Pedro Channel off Long Beach for Los Angeles. No ice worries there.

2. Giant landplanes, for de luxe express service to the big Southern and Middle Western cities, and up and down the coasts. These planes will probably call for all-ways runways of 6,000 to 10,000 feet.

3. Filler and feeder services from important industrial cities into express stops. Cities like Boston, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Houston, Phoenix and San Diego will be on these schedules. Airmen say the refinement of present types of swift medium-size planes for this category is as important and inevitable as growth at the top; in general, refinement of present airports will make them adequate for this bracket.

4. The so-called "milk routes" of today will be continued, augmented. Bakersfield, California; Hartford, Connecticut; Raleigh, North Carolina; Douglas, Arizona; Boise, Idaho; Walla Walla, Washington—all such places must have the modern service of the air just as they must have rail and highway facilities. Their current airport facilities are sufficient for their places on air timetables—in some instances, quite too grand, gaudy and costly.

Recently, the Post Office Department issued Instruction Letter 20, warning air-line operators to give at least six months' notice of intention to put on new and larger equipment that, because of airport inadequacies, might make it necessary to cancel certain stops.

An Eagle with Clipped Wings

"This," the airmen tell you bitterly, "is an attempt to make the planes fit the fields. It's just as though centuries ago a bright Chinese maker of women's shoes figured production would be easier and more profitable if all feet were the one size; and so they began to bind girls' feet. It made a nation of cripples. That's what government regulation will do if it tries to make the planes fit the fields, instead of building the fields to fit the planes. It will cripple aeronautics."

Meanwhile, there is no risk to you because the air lines will not operate 1938 ships from inadequate fields. "The air lines," said Aeronautical Bureau Director Fagg in a recent speech, "have been canceling stops at numerous points where sizable airport expenditures had been made and yet where the facilities provided were deemed unsuitable."

The money factor is the sorest—industry, municipalities and government all know that. The air lines built and contributed many fields to the network. Municipalities have built hundreds. Neither the air lines, nor the average municipality, now pressed to their budget limits, can spend more. "With the low and uneven rates of air-mail pay," say the operators, "and the low passenger tariffs instituted in order to develop patronage and compete with other carriers, the air transport industry cannot be expected to develop, maintain and own airports. We paid ten million dollars for new equipment in 1937—planes, chiefly—and wound up $3,000,000 in the red. We feel the federal government must quickly adopt toward airports the same policy it has for seaports and harbor facilities. The airports, like the harbors, are not only for the air-line operators, but for private individuals and companies, and various governmental and national defense branches. The French Line and the Cunard Line did not have to dredge New York channels and build docks for their Normandie and Queen Mary. The government did the dredging and the city built the docks; the lines pay rent. We are willing to pay sensible rents, but many cities are jacking up rates to keep political airport officials in office, and to try to make ends meet on airports that cost too much to build because they were pork barrels. Many states levy taxes on gasoline—Florida and Tennessee, for example, 7 cents a gallon. The new 60-ton ship will need 2,400 gallons of gas to fly from New York to San Francisco. Other states—Connecticut, for instance—have aviation commissions that duplicate much of the work of the Federal Air Commerce Bureau, double the license expenses of pilots and plane owners, and acomplish little save the creation of political cinch jobs."

Meantime, while the airport buck is passed from municipalities to federal government, and batted around Capitol Hill, the United States has hatched eagles for the world's airways—and provided them with wrens' nests.

Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 11

"Bonner is just as healthy as I am," snorted Senator Henry Chauvin (Republican, California), chairman of the investigation, "and he'll testify—if we have to bring him in on a stretcher."

Larkin, too, snorted. He was always amused by spy scares. What was there that a professional spy could learn that wasn't openly available to an alert naval attaché, a student of Jane's "Fighting Ships," a news photographer, or a Sunday-afternoon visitor aboard a man-o'-war in a friendly harbor? Still, if newspaper readers wanted melodrama. . . .

HE REACHED for the next clipping, which was from a magazine:

> "At the turn of the century, a lean young sergeant of U. S. volunteers who had just finished pacifying the Philippines refused his transportation home, decided to ride the advance wave of American interest in the East. Ex-Sergeant Paul Gorman Bonner drifted northward to Japan, studied the silk business. An apt student, the alert ex-sergeant prospered. At thirty he was a millionaire, known and feared as 'Pongee' Bonner in the silk markets of the world.
>
> "Six times since, Pongee Bonner created a corner in Japanese silk. His shrewd, acquisitive fingers reached out from Yokohama to Shanghai, to Lyons, to New York—to wherever silk was made or traded—but his home and headquarters remained in Japan. In Yokohama he married the daughter of a U. S. Consul, raised his children, buried his wife in the Foreign Cemetery on the bluff.
>
> "Last January Ex-Sergeant Bonner, no longer lean and young but gray and paunchy, returned to the U. S. Last January also the U. S. Navy Department was thrown into consternation by the disappearance of plans for its latest antiaircraft defense: A rapid-fire gun effective at new high angles, embodying a radical principle in breech-block construction claimed to be the greatest modern advance in ordnance design.
>
> "Last week Pongee Bonner was called to explain his Oriental connections to the Senate Committee headed by California's shaggy, publicity-loving Senator Henry Chauvin, who mortally hates and fears the yellow races.
>
> "Senator Chauvin called Pongee Bonner a spy. Pongee Bonner called Senator Chauvin a liar.
>
> "When the hearing adjourned, Paul Gorman Bonner hurried from the Capitol, went to his hotel room, blew out his brains."

Larkin glanced through more clippings. "SILK HEIRESS VANISHES AFTER FATHER'S FUNERAL," screamed one headline. And "DOT FLEES NAVY QUIZ." "MISSING GIRL AIDED SPY RING, SENATOR CHARGES." The score of fantastic accounts of the futile search for the girl, all of them attributing sinister international significance to what may well have been merely a girl's normal effort to nurse her grief somewhere away from the brazen and accusing eyes of publicity, were accompanied by photographs of Dorothy Bonner in a dozen poses. Larkin compared them with the impression of his one brief glimpse.

Even in the blurred smear of halftones on newsprint, the girl was beautiful, although Larkin decided he would stop referring to her beauty as tragic. It wasn't, really, though there was something disturbingly unhappy about the ensemble of her features; perhaps the contrast of the shadows beneath the long, narrow eyes against the pallor of the cheeks or the prominence of the cheekbones which made her face triangular. It was hardly the positive, willful little chin, or the full, slightly sensuous lips.

Those lips, for instance, were far from tragic. They were eager lips, alive, unafraid—lips that might be considered constantly inviting were it not for the contradictory tilt in the angle of her patrician nose. There might be tragedy in the angle of the nose—the tragedy of too much money. Or perhaps merely the comedy of a finishing school which taught the importance of genealogy, a good riding seat, and a wealthy marriage.

Larkin knew the type: The spoiled brat who had been everywhere and done everything; the girl with the irresistible little finger, and a father who was practically self-winding. She and her tribe were fair game for any method he might have to use to get his story. He wouldn't have to use much ingenuity, either. She'd be bored by the trip and the sort of people who travel on slow freighters. She'd be amused and mildly flattered and certainly feel the letdown the tropics bring, so that she'd let him make love to her—in a casual, polite way—and she'd be glad of a chance to talk about herself. It would be easy. . . .

There was a knock on the stateroom door. Larkin got up, opened the door a crack—and instantly pushed the sheaf of clippings under the pillow of his berth. Dorothy Bonner was standing in the passageway.

LARKIN stood gaping at her for a split second. He was taken aback by the thought that the girl might have seen the clippings in his hand, and he was a little dazzled by his first close look at Pongee Bonner's daughter. Moreover, he was pleasantly surprised by something the news photos hadn't caught: a subtle charm, the grace of kinetic personality that was not inherent in her static features. And her expression had changed since the Kumo-maru passed the Golden Gate. She was no longer a girl running away from something. She was a girl who had escaped. Or who thought she had escaped. After all, she probably didn't know about that Washington bulletin the pilot schooner had brought.

"Pardon me," said Dorothy Bonner, not at all abashed by Larkin's stare, "but are you General Rodriguez?"

Larkin bumped back to earth, and landed wisecracking.

"Not exactly," he said. "The general is off reviewing the troops. Could I take a message? Or are you working your way through college and did you want the general to subscribe to a powder magazine?"

The girl laughed. Not precisely a sign of a cultivated and discriminating sense of humor, Larkin reflected, that she should laugh at such a bad pun. Still it was a light, agreeable laugh, not at all supercilious, and it revealed a flash of small white teeth.

"Well, good night," she said. "I won't keep you up. You must be all fagged out after that great mental exertion."

"Don't go," said Larkin. "I'll take you to the general's headquarters. My

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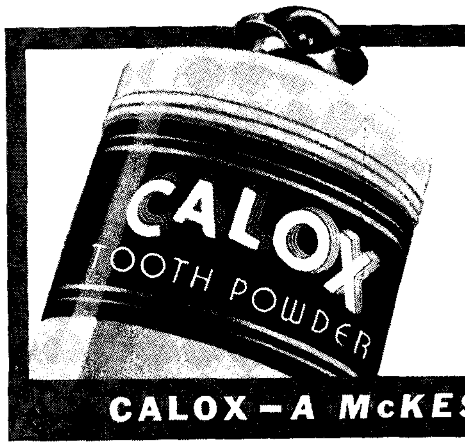

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name's Glen Larkin. We may as well introduce ourselves, since we'll be shipmates for twenty-six days."

"Will we? How do you know I'm not getting off at Honolulu?"

"The Jones Law," Larkin replied, "prohibits foreign ships from carrying passengers between American ports."

"So you're a lawyer, Mr. Larkin?"

"That makes two wrong guesses. I'm not a general or a lawyer. You have one left, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Only one? Then I'll have to think carefully. I'd better sleep on it. Good night, Mr. Larkin."

"Wait, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

But Dorothy Bonner didn't wait. She stepped across the passageway, entered the transverse corridor that opened directly opposite.

Larkin watched her, until he heard a door open and close. Then he closed his own door behind him, walked forward along the shifting deck.

FOR a long time he stood in the bow, staring into the starless night, oblivious of the rhythmic rise and fall of the ship under him, of the cold spray that whipped his cheeks. He was wondering why Dorothy Bonner had called on General Rodriguez at 1:30 A. M. Obviously she had never met the general before, and just as obviously she knew that he, a through passenger from South America to the Orient, was aboard the Kumo-maru. Perhaps that was why she was aboard. Well, that was another question to answer before Honolulu. . . .

On the way back to his stateroom, he noticed a light glowing under a covered companionway. From a distance he could look down the steep stairs into the hold. He saw kimono-clad figures asleep on matting-covered shelves, one above the other. Steerage passengers, apparently. Suddenly he halted. Someone was standing near the head of the stairs.

At first he thought it was Dorothy Bonner. Second glance told him it was a man, but a man who bore a striking resemblance to Dorothy. He was hatless, and his dark, wavy hair might have been Dorothy's if he had let it grow a few inches longer. He had the same elongated eyes, the same prominent cheekbones, the same full lips and turned-up nose. He was even paler than Dorothy. His complexion was unhealthy, almost ghastly—or perhaps it was the dim light from the companionway that made it seem so. Larkin walked toward him.

The man turned, startled, then backed out of the range of light so rapidly that he seemed to dissolve into blackness.

"Good evening," Larkin called.

There was no reply. On the bridge the ship's bell struck four quick bronze notes and one lingering stroke whose vibrations were whisked away by the wind.

Larkin wandered about the darkened foredeck for several minutes, looking for the man who resembled Dorothy Bonner. He was intrigued by the twin-like resemblance and by the completeness with which the man seemed to have vanished. The man had not gone aft, because the passageways were lighted and Larkin would have seen him. He had not gone down into the steerage. Therefore he must be hiding somewhere. Why? Larkin decided to find out. He retired behind a ventilator cowl and took up his vigil.

He had not long to wait. After a few minutes he saw a shadow pass rapidly into the lighted companionway. He started in pursuit. The man who looked like Dorothy Bonner was evidently in a hurry, because when Larkin reached the head of the stairs, the man was already out of sight. Larkin went below after him.

The air between decks was warm and foul with the stagnation of a day in port. The peculiar sulphurous odor which Larkin had noted on coming aboard was stronger here, and it was compounded with the frowzy exudations of crowded, sleeping humanity. Snores and sleep-muted mutterings came from the rack-like lines of three-tiered bunks that stretched away into the dimly lit space.

Still finding no trace of his man, Larkin walked forward. A few Oriental heads were raised to look at him as he passed. One gray-haired hag with blackened teeth said something to him in Japanese. He continued beyond the last row of bunks, stopped at a bulkhead. He tried the watertight door, but it was locked.

He retraced his steps. The door through the after bulkhead was open. He traversed a narrow, dingy corridor, passed several doors marked with Japanese ideographs. Beyond the short corridor he found himself blocked by the close-stacked bags and bales of the cargo. Backtracking again, he tried the first of the doors. It opened. He was startled to feel a breath of cold air upon his face.

He stepped across the threshold. Against the back wall, three empty coffins of unpainted wood were standing with mute, grim patience, the lids leaning beside them. On the deck before them lay an oblong box—the same box, Larkin supposed, that he had seen hoisted aboard from the hearse of the Shung Wah Chinese-American Mortuary.

Suddenly he caught his breath, blinked hard. Had he actually seen the lid of the oblong box closing slowly and silently? Or were his imagination and the dim light playing optical tricks? Quickly he knelt beside the box, tried to lift the lid. It was securely fastened. The gleaming heads of a dozen screws seemed to hold it closed. He must have been dreaming.

He got up, hurried out through the steerage, climbed to the main deck, filled his lungs with cold, clean night air.

When he went to bed, he had the uncomfortable and preposterous feeling that he had seen a ghost.

LARKIN awoke in alarm next morning to a cacophony of unidentifiable sounds. The picture that flashed through his mind while he was struggling back to consciousness was that of a man being strangled to death, gasping and gurgling, while a yardful of cynical geese looked on, honking sardonically. He sat up in his berth and opened his eyes. Then he sank back to jitter in quiet relief. The noise, he observed, was merely the by-product of the Peruvian general's morning toilet. The venerable South American stood in front of the folding washbasin, methodically engaged in clearing his air passages—nasal, bronchial, and laryngeal—for another day's service.

After noting casually that the general's sonorous nose, which was of sufficient proportions to make quite a showing beyond the shaggy growth of white beard, was faintly wine-colored, Larkin closed his eyes for another forty winks. He had retired late. . . .

When he finally arose to dress, it was to experience another shock—more real, this time. Someone had forced the locks of his steamer trunk and two valises!

A casual examination satisfied Larkin that his things had been ransacked and an effort made to put them back in approximately their former order. There were marks of some metal tool on the brass of the locks.

Who the dickens, he asked himself, had been into his bags—and why? He couldn't quite imagine the white-bearded general engaged in petty larceny. Could it be the monosyllabic man in the derby? Certainly it wasn't Dorothy Bonner; the clippings under his pillow had not been disturbed. Probably just the room steward—although stewards usually went in for dress studs, and his were conspicuously present. Strange. . . .

Larkin went on deck. The Kumo-maru was pitching a little more this morning, bucking a raw head wind as she wallowed over the long ground swell. Sea and sky were merged in a dismal gray entity without horizon. Far aft the smoke streaked from the lone funnel, flattening downward to smother the winking whitecaps.

The passage opposite Larkin's cabin led directly into the little dining saloon. There was one long table surrounded by a dozen swivel chairs bolted to the deck. Two other passengers were finishing breakfast when Larkin sat down.

One passenger was the monosyllabic man with the derby. The derby was gone this morning, and there was a gardenia in the lapel of his vivid blue coat. He pushed back his plate, which contained the wreckage of a steak and eggs, nodded almost imperceptibly, and left Larkin to the company of Millicent Greeve.

LARKIN knew her name was Millicent Greeve because she introduced herself in ringing, bell-metal tones—an alto bell in which there had been a slight flaw in the casting.

"It's perfectly ridiculous, I think, to stand on ceremony on such a long trip," said Millicent Greeve. "We'll all die of ennui anyhow, so we may as well perish among friends. Don't you think so, Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Of course," said Larkin, as he told her his name. He remarked to himself that nature had apparently intended Millicent Greeve's well-frizzled hair to be chestnut; that Millicent had intended it to be golden blond; that the actual result was a rather startling shade of orange. He also noticed that Millicent was plump, and had once been plumper, judging from the tiny wrinkles behind and below her ears, which had escaped an otherwise skillfully applied coat of rejuvenating enamel; that the fatigued fullness under the lady's heavy, torpid eyes was peculiar—at least in his own experience—to the woolly-tongued morrow of a large alcoholic evening. As a final observation, he noted that Millicent was breakfasting upon a bottle of very yellow Japanese beer.

"Because," she explained, "the coffee on this ship is vile—perfectly vile. Don't you think so, Mr. Karlin?"

"Larkin," said the journalist, raising his just-filled cup in a festive gesture before he touched it to his lips. "It's not bad. It tastes a little like coffee."

"It tastes like quinine," Millicent contradicted him. "Quinine and sulphur. The whole ship smells like sulphur. But it's my own fault. Poor Mr. Greeve warned me against taking a Japanese line."

"Did he?" Larkin put down his cup, hesitated. He wasn't quite sure what he was expected to reply to the "poor Mr. Greeve" intimation. He coughed into his napkin before he said: "I gather that your husband is no longer with us, Mrs. Greeve."

"He's joining me in Yokohama," said Millicent. "I gather that you got on in San Francisco, too."

"Too? Then you're from San Francisco, Mrs. Greeve?"

"Panama," said the lady with orange-colored hair. "I got on at Panama. This ship stops there, you know. Serves me right, but it does go right through, and I hate to change ships. I'm so helpless traveling, Mr. Larsen. I'm always losing my baggage or something. No, but I mean Mr. Cuttle got on at San Francisco, too."

"Mr. Cuttle?"

"The man with the gardenia. He just left. He doesn't talk very much. And my cabin-mate got on at San Francisco, too. I mean Miss Bonner."

"Dorothy Bonner?"

"Oh, do you know her? She's rather pretty."

"No," said Larkin. "I suppose she's still having her beauty sleep."

"Hardly," was the reply. "She's been up for hours. She's an early bird, all right. But she doesn't talk much, either. I hope you're not tongue-tied, Mr. Carson. It's such a long voyage. Do you play bridge?"

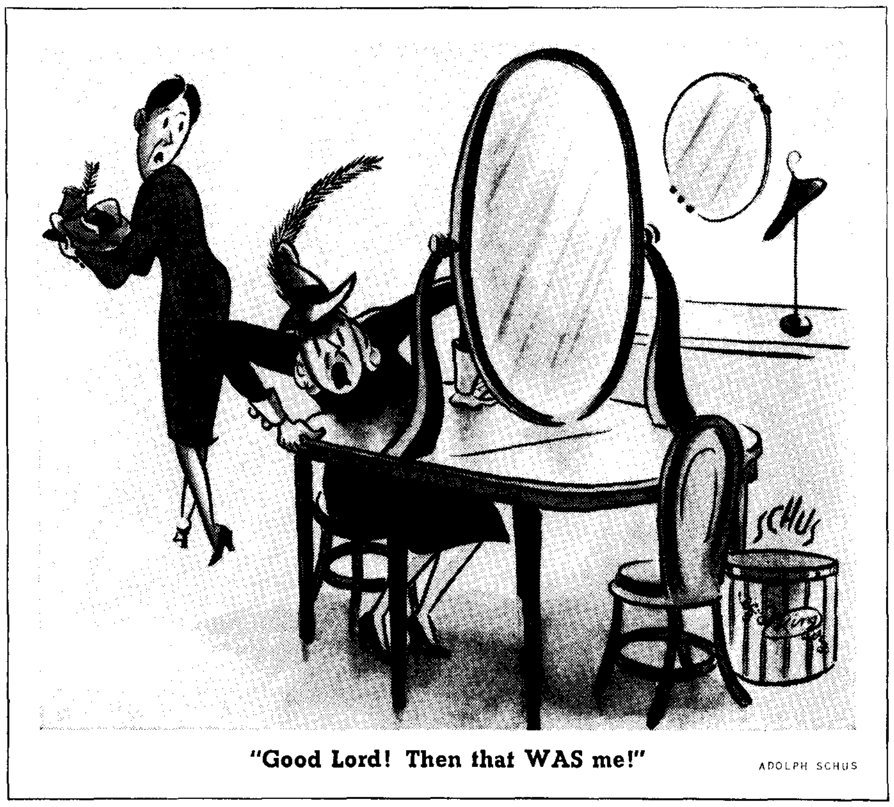
"My best friends say I don't," said Larkin. He finished his coffee at a gulp. "Now if you'll pardon me. I eat a very light breakfast. Continental habit . . ."

"Shall we walk around the deck, Mister— You don't mind if I call you by your first name?"

"Glen," said Larkin. "I'd like to unpack my things first, if you don't mind. . . . Millie."

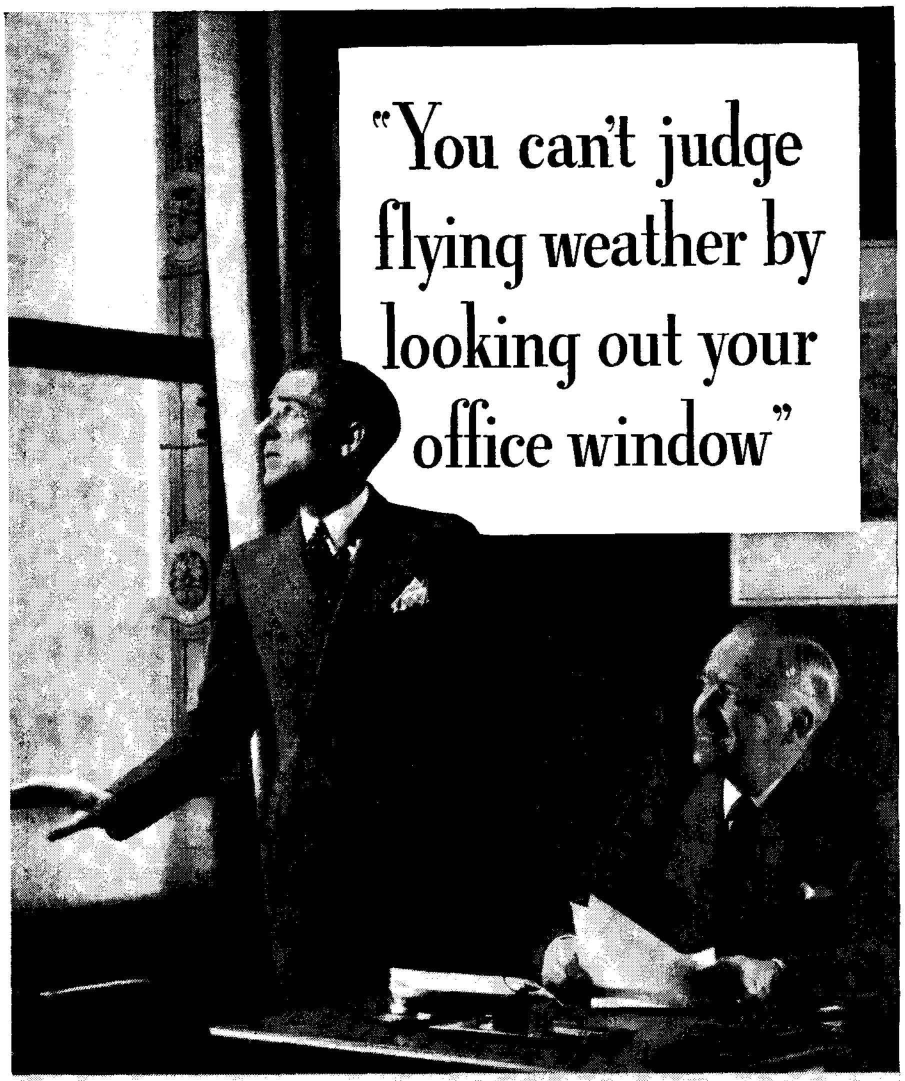
"Later, then." Millicent Greeve smiled hopefully. She drained the last inch of foam from her glass, departed.

Larkin immediately embarked on a little research, concerned largely with the man who looked like Dorothy Bonner's twin. Five doors, he noted, opened



"Good Lord! Then that WAS me!"

ADOLPH SCHUS



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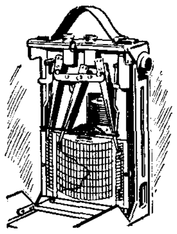

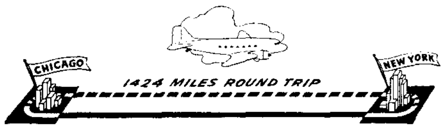

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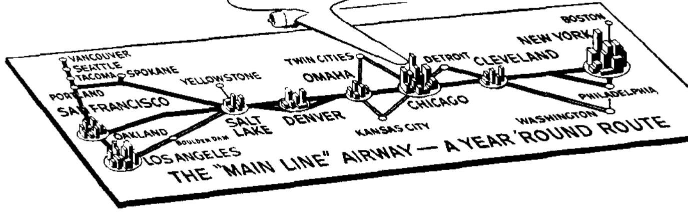

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on the dining saloon. One, the last on the starboard side, was a half-door that led to the galley pantry. The next door bore the enameled sign "Purser." Adjoining was the captain's cabin. On the opposite side there were two doors. One, labeled "E," was obviously a passenger's stateroom. The other was the ship's doctor's. Larkin knocked on the purser's door. A Japanese in dark blue uniform and gold braid opened and flashed a formidable 18-karat grin.

"Good morning," said Larkin. "I wonder if I could get a squint at the passenger list."

The purser considered a moment. Then he crossed the dining saloon and knocked on the door marked "Doctor." A short, fat, grizzled Oriental emerged. The purser addressed him in Japanese.

"I am Doctor Bioki," said the grizzled one. "You are maybe sick?"

"I was asking the purser to see the passenger list," said Larkin, "but the barrier of language seems to divide us. You speak English, of course."

"In Germany," said Doctor Bioki, "when I medicine ge-studied, I also English ge-studied. But I have not very good English ge-learned."

"Nonsense, Doctor," said Larkin. "I'll bet you lived in London for years. You have a clear, classic, Whitechapel accent. Now let's you and I get to work on the purser."

Tediously, through the medium of Dr. Bioki's Germano-Japanesque English, Larkin asked questions. The purser, beaming over Larkin's apparent interest in the ship, insisted upon being lavish with detail.

The cabin passengers, Larkin finally discovered from the purser, were listed as follows:

Stateroom A: Mr. George Willowby, Valparaiso.

Stateroom B: General Juan Rodriguez, Peruvian Army, retired; Lima. Mr. Glen Larkin, Paris and New York.

Stateroom C: Mr. William Cuttle, New York City.

Stateroom D: Mrs. Millicent Greeve, Panama. Miss Dorothy Bonner, San Francisco.

Stateroom E: T. Shima, Callao. Y. Izumo, Guayaquil.

Stateroom F: Mr. Jeremy Hood, San Francisco.

As Larkin handed the list back to the purser, he said: "I suppose Mr. Bonner is traveling in second."

THE purser and the doctor went into executive session. No, there was no Mr. Bonner in second cabin. Only one second-class passenger had come aboard at San Francisco—a Mr. Charles Frayle. No, Mr. Frayle was not dark. Mr. Frayle had yellow hair and blue eyes. No, there was no Mr. Bonner in third class; there were no accommodations for Europeans in third. . . .

"What about the dead Chinese gentleman below decks?" Larkin asked. "Could his name be Bonner?"

The doctor and the purser looked at each other and immediately burst into laughter. Larkin thought that was rather strange, inasmuch as the purser didn't understand English, but he had no opportunity to comment, because Dr. Bioki was holding forth at length. It was quite common, the doctor explained, for the Kumo-maru to take deceased Chinese home for burial. In the days before the present Chinese government had become so stupidly antagonistic to Japan, it was also quite common for the ship to take living Chinese home for burial—elderly or ailing Chinese who sometimes miscalculated their vitality by a week or so. The fourth steward always kept a few empty coffins aboard for such emergencies.

"Well, thanks," Larkin interrupted at last. "It's been very instructive, I'm sure."

He left the dining saloon, but his exit to the deck was blocked by the figure of a youngish man in a trench coat and white cap. The man was almost as tall as Larkin but not as broad. He had straw-colored hair and steely blue eyes.

"Pardon me," said Larkin.

The man did not move. His hands were rammed into the pockets of his trench coat and his extended elbows effectively filled the doorway to the deck. There was a kinetic quality about his stance, a phase of swaggering self-confidence caught by a slow-motion camera.

"You were asking about Charles Frayle," he said. "I'm Frayle. What do you want with me?"

"Nothing," said Larkin, "except room to pass."

Frayle stood his ground. He said: "Then why were you asking about me?"

"I wasn't asking about you," Larkin said. "Your name happened to come up quite by chance in the midst of a conversation."

"YOU were asking about lots of people," Frayle insisted. "You were asking about a man named Bonner."

"Was I? You must have been eavesdropping, Mr. Frayle."

"As a matter of fact, I came to see the purser about paying the difference and moving up from second cabin. But I've changed my mind. There's no privacy up here. People meddle."

"You're quite right, Mr. Frayle." Larkin studied Frayle's features. His was a pleasant, disarmingly boyish face—all but the shrewd, calculating lines at the corners of the eyes. There was an elusive expression about those eyes that disturbed Larkin. They seemed too old and too wise for the frank, outdoor quality of the rest of him. They matched the suave, not-quite-sincere gentleness of his well-modulated voice.

"About this Mr. Bonner, for instance," Frayle said. "Why should you inquire about him from the purser?"

"I wanted to know if he was aboard."

"You know him, then?"

"No," said Larkin. "Do you?"

"If I were you," said Frayle, "I don't think I should ask that question."

"I did, though," Larkin insisted.

"Why?"

"Idle curiosity."

"Idle curiosity kills more men annually than chain lightning," said Frayle, yawning. "I've lost some very good friends that way."

"Really?" Larkin met the unwavering stare of Frayle's blue eyes. "Is that a veiled threat, Mr. Frayle?"

"Why, no," said Frayle. "Although I've heard that the Pacific Ocean is more than two miles deep out here."

"Yes, I've heard that," said Larkin. "I've also heard that the human body sinks when the lungs fill with water and doesn't come to the surface unless gases generate in the digestive tract. I've also heard that dead men tell no tales. Is that what you mean, Mr. Frayle?"

Charles Frayle laughed softly. His teeth were unevenly spaced and gave him an expression of hearty, sadistic mirth that contradicted his deep, good-natured dimples.

"You have a melodramatic mind," he said. "I was merely passing out sound advice on the dangers of idle curiosity. You must do something about yours."

"I'm afraid mine is pathological," Larkin said.

"Then I suppose nature must take its course." Frayle turned sideways to let Larkin pass. "Am I keeping you?"

"Not at all," said Larkin. As he walked down the wind-swept length of the ship, he felt a spot of cold in the small of his back, where he knew the focus of Frayle's blue eyes was boring into him.

(To be continued next week)

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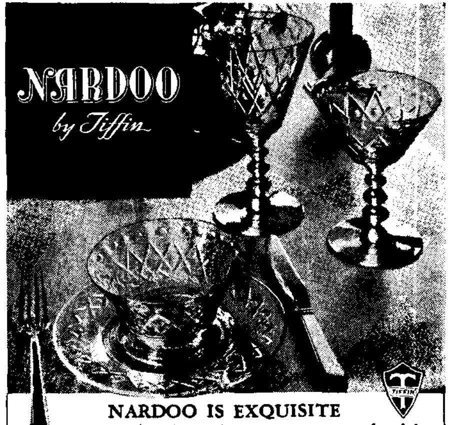

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Marse Jeff Davis

Continued from page 18

on his slaves, far from it; but Joe Davis had a keener brain, a more observant eye, and black folks dreaded the blowup when he got to the bottom of what they were doing. So Mengo's head was cluttered with trouble as he pulled the bell rope.

At first stroke of the bell Hurricane Plantation house turned in its sleep. Smoke rose from the kitchen chimney where fat Aunt Judy coaxed her coals into a blaze on the hearth. In the dining room small brown Jessie was setting their breakfast table with a clatter of knives and forks.

In his upper bedroom the master had roused himself, sat up and shook a tousled mass of black hair. With a glance out the window he nodded his satisfaction, for the fog would soon lift and the day would be clear.

"Good!" he said to himself, and shouted, "Jessie! Jessie!"

"Comin', suh," the girl answered almost at his door, then brought in a cup of steaming coffee that seemed to fill the room with fragrance.

"Thank you, Jessie." Her master smiled at the pretty little quadroon who placed the tray on a table near his bed, piping hot and served in Creole style.

"Is breakfast ready, Jessie?"

"Mighty nigh, suh."

"Call Randall to bring round my horse."

"He's out dere wid him. Anything else, suh?"

The trim young maid was backing away to the door, smiling with very white teeth as she asked again, "Anything else?"

"Nothing—but stop, Jessie." The master's eyes seemed to bore her through. "What is it that you people are hiding from me?"

It was a shot in the dark but Mr. Davis knew that something worried the girl. Under his searching glance Jessie grew confused, wouldn't look at him, then whirled and ran from the room. As she hurried through the door he watched her with the same queer sensation that he had felt for several days, that Hurricane darkies were doing something behind his back.

Breakfast at Hurricane

The planter was far from being a nervous man. He knew and trusted every one of his carefully selected Negroes, with no fear of such an uprising as had massacred the whites in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Nevertheless, with three sisters dependent upon him for protection, he must find out what it was that so disturbed his labor.

Breakfast was a simple meal when they had no guests. The master sat opposite Miss Amanda, with Lucinda—Lucy they called her—and Mary, the youngest, on either side.

"Brother Joe," Mary said, "I'll never get over it that none of us went to Jefferson's graduation exercises at West Point. It seems impossible that he'd been there since 1823."

"Too hard a journey, my girl. Weeks of rough travel up the Ohio and across the mountains."

"I would have gone, even if alone," Mary declared valiantly. "Oh, what a thrill to see Jefferson march out on the fields with his corps of spick-and-span cadets! I'd love it."

"I wouldn't love it." The older brother tried not to frown. Like their father, he resented his youngest brother's being so far away in military service. "Father wanted him to be a cotton planter, and so do I. Army life offers no future."

"Exactly where is he stationed now?" Amanda inquired.

"Jefferson is somewhere in the Northwest, supposed to be holding hostile Indians in check. He is a lieutenant of dragoons!"

"Yes," little Mary piped up, "and not a man of his regiment can equal him in riding a horse."

"Probably not. But he had much better be here with me, clearing a new plantation for himself. However, we can't help it." Joe Davis rose, took off the light coat that he always wore at table in presence of his sisters, and put on a white cork helmet, opened his shirt collar at the throat, and stepped out on the front porch, a fine upstanding figure of a man.

At the foot of the steps stood the dwarfish, implike hostler, holding his horse's stirrup for the master to mount.

"Good morning, Randall. Anything new?"

"No, suh." The Negro grinned. "Folks jest rock along. Nice day, suh, for choppin'."

Behind the Burial Ground

The fog had lifted, and Mr. Davis glanced over a group of outbuildings that formed the nucleus of his rapidly expanding plantation. The quarters were quiet. A few ancient patriarchs huddled at their doorsteps watching some naked children who tumbled in the dust with dogs and chickens. Inside the blacksmith shop, Henderson Newton, wearing a leather apron, had started his forge. Next door, Isaac Ringgold, the carriagemaker, was mending a wagon wheel. Opposite them the yellow and motherly Aunt Fannie, who cared for the orphans, stood smiling at her nursery door.

Seeing nothing unusual, nothing suspicious, he mounted and rode away, following the North-and-South road toward Burnt Cane field. The minute their master's white cork helmet disappeared from sight a queer activity showed itself among the slaves. Granny Harper came hobbling from her doorstep, a bent and withered crone who leaned on her cane and nodded to Aunt Fannie. "You better go quick. I'll stay here wid de chillun."

"Wait a minute," Aunt Fannie whispered. "He mought take a notion to come back and find me gone."

"Go on. Go on." Granny gave her head a significant jerk in the direction of the burial ground, while old Randall posted himself in the road like a sentinel to guard against the unexpected return of their master. Isaac Ringgold eyed Randall from the carriage shop and knew that Mr. Davis had gone on to the field. So Isaac dropped his drawknife and from its hiding place behind some loose boards took out a demijohn of fresh water. Then he dodged around the blacksmith shop, behind the dairy, and hustled swiftly along a double avenue of altheas that led to the graveyard.

At the rear of the burying ground dense thickets surrounded a certain hollow tree. Isaac forced his way through briers and reached into the hollow, from which he removed an empty demijohn, replacing it with the jug full of water. On his return to the shop Isaac met Aunt Fannie in the avenue, sauntering along with one hand under her apron where she concealed a stack of ashcakes and a bottle of molasses. She strolled for a while among the roses, pinching off dead blossoms, then dived through the thicket and hurried to a fallen log that lay deep in the forest. It was a lonely spot where Aunt Fannie sat

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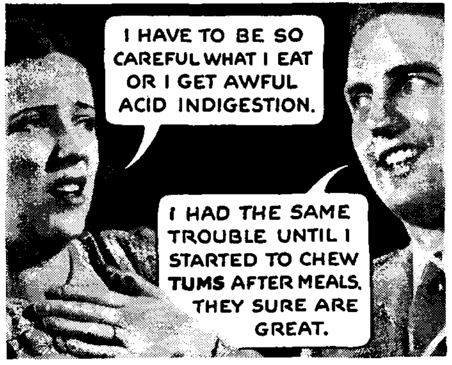
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down, but she hadn't long to wait before she heard a slight clink of metal, then the underbrush parted and a nearly naked black man came hobbling toward her. He advanced painfully, taking very short steps because his ankles were shackled together and connected by a chain no more than a foot long.

"Name o' Gawd, Ben," the sympathetic woman exclaimed. "How did you contrive to travel so far wid dem iron things on yo' legs?"

"I traveled by the stars," he answered.

"Stars ain't holp you none to walk."

"No, they only pointed my direction. I was laying my course for Mexico and crawled more than I walked, then reached the Mississippi River, and floated down it on a drift log by night, hiding by day."

"Ben," Aunt Fannie burst out again, "ain't dere no kind o' way to git dem things off yo' feet?"

"It doesn't seem so. Uncle Henderson has been filing at them every night, but makes little impression. If I dared go to his shop, a few hours' work might set me free."

"Den whyn't you go? I keeps on tellin' you dat our marster wouldn't let nary dog be treated like you's been treated."

Aunt Fannie spoke so positively that the fugitive slave stood gazing into the depths of the forest, yet with lips tightly set and a final shake of the head.

"Needn't shake yo' head at me." The yellow woman rose determinedly. "I'm goin' straight as I kin walk to Mr. Davis an' tell him you's down here."

"Don't! Stop!" Ben's powerful fingers gripped her wrist, tighter than the irons that circled his legs, and pleaded, "Aunt Fannie, you people have been very kind, but law and public sentiment in this country forbid Mr. Davis to harbor a fugitive Negro. He would feel bound to inform my master."

" 'Spose he do? Marse Joe would tell dat white man, 'You ain't ack right to'ds Ben, an' I aims to buy him.' "

"Buy *me?*" The Negro gave a bitter laugh. "My master wouldn't sell Ben Montgomery for a million dollars. He'd send an officer to drag me back, then sit taunting me while his strap man lashed my back every day."

Laws by and for Slaves

Next morning and the next and the next Aunt Fannie carried her ashcakes while Isaac supplied water. And all three nights, as soon as the swamps grew dark, Henderson sneaked away from his blacksmith shop to a well-hid log where Ben Montgomery would be sitting with shackled legs outstretched. The spot was so perfectly concealed that Henderson felt safe to light his grease pan, then knelt and recommenced filing on the irons.

"Ef I jest had you at my shop, mebbe wid a sledge hammer an' cold chisel I mought bust a link."

"I'm afraid to go there."

"Needn't be skeered o' Mister Davis. 'Tain't nobody on dis property skeered o' him long as dey behave right. Overseer can't punish 'em onless dey's tried by a jury of dere own color."

"What's that?" Ben asked incredulously. "A jury of Negroes?"

"Sholy."

"I never heard of slaves being tried on a plantation."

"Jest stay here an' you'll see 'em, ev'y Sunday mornin' at nine o'clock."

"And the slave is given a chance to answer?"

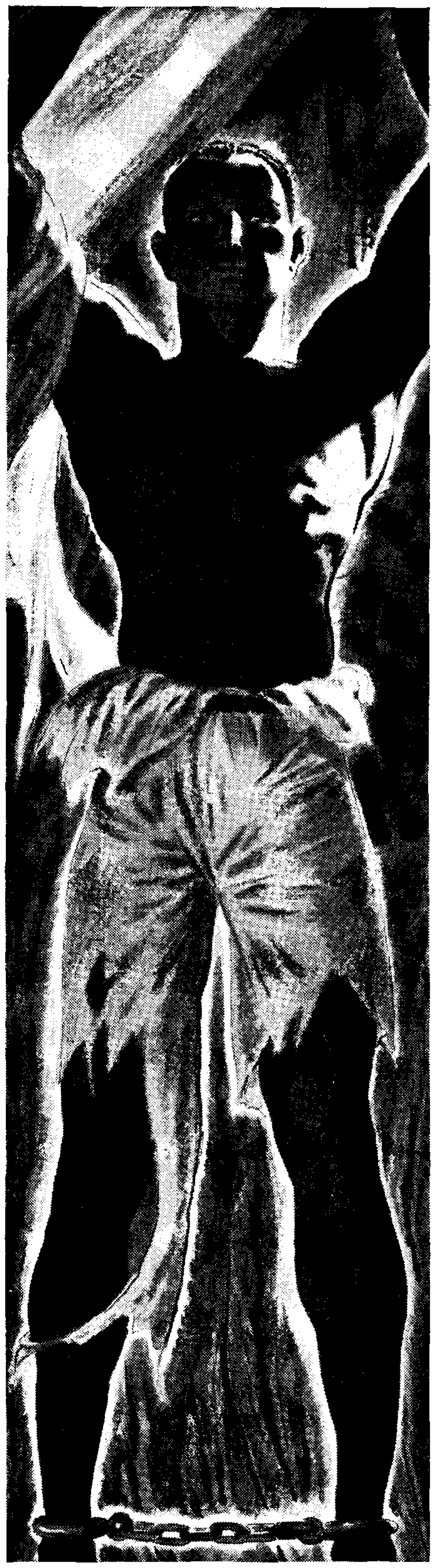
"Cose he is. Heaps of 'em talks up mightily."

"Then what happens?"

"Sometimes de jury finds 'em guilty, an' sometimes dey comes clear."

"Then how does your master maintain discipline and get his work done?"

"Huh!" the blacksmith squatted and looked up at Ben. "He makes more cotton dan anybody, 'cause ev'y cullud pusson is ashamed not to work."



He saw the tall figure of a black man standing motionless in the path

Henderson's last futile attempt at filing off the irons was abandoned about midnight on Thursday. At sunup Saturday Mr. Davis came down his front steps to mount the sorrel while Randall held his stirrup. All the Negroes were bursting with suppressed excitement, yet not one of them would tell him a word, so he kept his mouth shut and rode away while the quarters buzzed behind him.

As usual, Mr. Davis took the North-and-South road but shifted quickly in the saddle to glance backward and saw old Randall, the carpenter and blacksmith putting their heads together at the hitching post. Aunt Fannie was watching him from her doorway, and even the trusted Liza Armstrong came out on the porch. Instantly the servants vanished like a covey of flushed partridges.

What did it mean? He was almost resolved to go back and demand an answer, but every Negro would be ready with a plausible explanation, so the master rode on, more and more uneasy, until he came to the great gateposts of hewn oak.

There he checked his sorrel, astonished, for on the left post was written a single word, "Benjamin" while on the right post he saw "Montgomery."

"Benjamin Montgomery," the planter spoke aloud, and wondered, "Who is he?"

Puzzling over it, he sat his horse, staring at the unfamiliar name. Who wrote it? And why?

"Queer," he muttered, and after a time jogged on thoughtfully, trying to imagine a reason.

At this point he left the plantation road to follow a path through Burnt Cane field to where his hoe gang was stretched out, evenly spaced as a squad of skirmishers, each hand chopping weeds from a separate row, and keeping time while their leader sang.

Their glittering blades rose and fell in unison with the song, a sight to delight any planter's eye, yet Mr. Davis knew that these Negroes expected him and staged their tableau for his deception.

The Runaway Gives Up

From Burnt Cane field their master passed through a skirt of woods that bordered a dried-out swamp. The gang chopped diligently with covert glances at his white helmet as it entered a small thicket and bobbed above the underbrush, then vanished. After riding a little farther Mr. Davis dismounted and crept back on foot to crouch behind a clump of bushes. Exactly what he thought. Every hoe had stopped while the choppers went into a huddle around old Abe, whispering and looking in his direction.

"They expect something to happen, and I've got to find out what it is. Got to." The idea worried him as he went back to his sorrel and remounted.

The shaded path wound on crookedly through half-boggy marshlands on the edge of a stagnant bayou. His sorrel showed uneasiness and presently stopped dead-still with ears pricked forward.

"What is it, old fellow?" Mr. Davis patted his neck and urged him round a curve until the path opened into a little glade, clear of underbrush, where a brilliant sun shone down. There the planter drew rein, for in the middle of the glade he saw the tall, slim figure of a black man standing motionless with empty hands uplifted. Tattered sleeves fell away from the fellow's slender arms, leaving them bare. Below a belted waist his ragged breeches exposed a pair of black legs scratched with briers. Then Joe Davis gave a gasp of astonishment, for never before had he seen a runaway slave wearing shackles.

Ben stood utterly still and silent while the planter looked him over and in a flash the whole situation became clear—his servants had committed the unpardonable crime of harboring a fugitive and every black soul on the plantation knew it. But they could not get rid of his irons, so he was forced to give himself up.

As his horse stepped nearer the erect Negro, Mr. Davis asked:

"Why are you standing here?"

"Because I knew you would ride along this path and wanted to speak with you, sir."

The voice came as a startling surprise from so black a man; it was low and as well modulated as that of any cultured gentleman.

"What do you want of me?" asked Mr. Davis.

"That's just the trouble, sir," Ben replied; "I cannot possibly ask anything of you, and yet I must."

Two sentences made it plain that their respective predicaments were obvious to both men. A runaway slave dared not

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ask help of a white planter, and the white planter dared not give it.

"Your name is Benjamin Montgomery?"

"Yes, sir."

Again the surprising voice and Mr. Davis scanned him closely. The features were not those of a Negro; he had thin lips, straight nose and high forehead unlike any of the savage tribes that were brought over from equatorial Africa. Except for his utter blackness Benjamin Montgomery might have been of Aryan stock, with no resemblance to the Negro or Negroid. He was possibly of Moorish descent, which roused the curiosity of Mr. Davis.

"Benjamin, where did you come from?"

"I'd rather not tell you, sir. It would make your position more awkward."

Each was studying the other and each recognized an outstanding personality. Ben had seen many slave owners who realized their responsibilities, but Mr. Davis had never come in contact with a Negro like Ben. Beyond all question he had lived with refined people. Then why should such a master put him in shackles? And why should he run away from a home where he enjoyed such advantages? Yet when Mr. Davis asked the direct question Ben answered, "Mr. Davis, I know what you must think, but I have committed no crime except to leave a condition that human fortitude could not endure."

At the end of their long conversation Ben decided, "I want to be your man and will give you willing service."

"The arrangement will suit me if I can buy you from your present owner."

"He will refuse to sell, and insist upon reclaiming me for torture, perhaps death."

"Which must not happen. There are ways and ways."

During the years when he had practiced law with such success, Joe Davis was noted for the skill of his maneuvers. Perhaps through legal connections at New Orleans, Baltimore and New York, he might arrange to buy the runaway without letting the master know where he was. Anyhow, having made up his mind, the planter rose and said:

"Ben, our first move is to get rid of those irons. Come along with me."

Haven for a Fugitive Slave

Their first meeting was in a deep swamp just behind the burial ground, less than half a mile from Henderson's blacksmith shop. Ben followed the sorrel but made slow progress, for his chains tangled in the underbrush and forced him to tear through by main strength.

As Ben came clanking along this footway at the sorrel's side, a child's shrill voice screeched out:

"Look yonder, people! Look what's comin'."

The cry came from little Florida Ringgold, old Isaac's daughter, who stood in the street of the quarters and pointed with an excited finger. "Look, people! Look!" She kept yelling and dancing about as other youngsters gathered round her, all of them frightened because these children had never known a runaway slave. Small Florida stared at Ben Montgomery with a sort of fascinated terror as he came toward her, limping so comically that she burst out laughing and fled to hide behind her mother's skirts.

Side by side, almost inch by inch, the planter and Ben moved between the rows of cabins where Negroes stood watching them in silence. Hurricane hands had harbored and fed Ben Montgomery, yet not one gave the slightest sign of recognition. Neither did Ben. Aunt Fannie stood in her nursery door, vast-bosomed, matronly and innocent as a big yellow lamb who would never think of carrying an ashcake. Isaac Ringgold kept working on a wagon wheel and scarcely glanced up when Mr. Davis halted at the blacksmith shop and called:

"Henderson, come here. This man's name is Ben Montgomery and I want you to get these irons off his legs."

"Yassuh. Yassuh. I kin try."

Ben sat down on a bench in front of the shop while guileless old Henderson squatted and inspected the marks of his own file as if he'd never seen them before.

After a week of complete rest in comfortable quarters Ben had recovered from his stiffness and was already baking cakes for the children in his cabin. They flocked around him now, even the tiny and scary little Florida.

"Here, Florida, eat this," he beckoned smilingly and held out a cooky. "You were afraid of me at first, but you are not afraid of this cooky."

Three Remarkable Men

This story of how Ben Montgomery came to Hurricane is pieced together from fragments told by Gramma Florida. She cannot have invented the scene which she so vividly describes of a fettered slave stumbling along beside her master's horse on the path from the graveyard. Yet this writer feels sure that the runaway whom she saw in irons was not Ben Montgomery. Descendants of Montgomery, who are highly intelligent people, give a different version which seems to be the fact.

They say that Ben's father, a prince in his own country, was brought to Virginia by a slaver and sold to a gentleman of wealth. This Virginian, perhaps a professional man, treated the new importation with every kindness, realizing that he was utterly unlike the flat-nosed, thick-lipped tribes that were brought from the West Coast. The master married and the slave married about the same time; and it happened that a son was born to the master on the day when little Ben first saw the light. The white mother died and the black mother was brought into the mansion where she nursed both children.

So the small white boy and the small black boy grew up together as inseparable companions. Laws prohibited the education of a slave, but every afternoon when the young master came home from school he taught Ben what he had learned. Soon the Negro knew so much and used such accurate English as to arouse antagonism among their neighbors. Public condemnation became so strong that the reluctant Virginian finally sent Ben Montgomery to Natchez, Mississippi, where Joe Davis bought him on the block.

It makes no difference which account is correct: in either case, Ben first set foot on Hurricane as a slave and lived to see himself its master—a fact as grotesque as a fairy story.

On that plantation Aunt Florida Huelett came in contact with three remarkable men, Joseph Emory Davis, the princely planter who carved a cotton empire from the wilderness; Jefferson Davis, his "little brother," afterward so beloved and hated as President of the storm-cradled nation that fell. The third was Ben Montgomery, a black man, now a slave, who nevertheless, when trouble came, proved himself a helpful friend to both these once-powerful white men. For Ben Montgomery from the upsets of civil war emerged as the greatest Negro landlord in America, and the South's third largest producer of cotton.

The third article of this series will appear next week

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Cold Comfort

Continued from page 13

a live-virus vaccine. For some reason this material which raises havoc in nasal passages causes no damage when pumped into the blood stream. Quite the contrary. Francis has found his vaccine shoots antibody content of the blood up fortyfold.

How long the immunity thus afforded lasts, no one is prepared to say. It has been proved to be present after five months, which is significant. For that means the vaccine will be effective as long as any epidemic lasts.

Once indications of a sizable epidemic appear, great batches of the virus can be rushed all over the country. Individuals will get painless pricks in the arm that will assure safety.

On flu's relative, the common cold, workers haven't made such spectacular progress. Yet they seem definitely on the road to something tangible. They know what a cold is and are pretty sure what causes it.

The cold presented problems much like those of influenza. Most of these questions remained unanswered until Dr. Alphonse Raymond Dochez began to gather good, solid facts about medicine's artful dodger.

It was he who found the splendid technique for filtering garglings from cold sufferers and inoculating the noses of chimpanzees. With the same filtered washings he also found that he could make his lab assistants wheezy and bleary-eyed almost at will. So, said Dochez, it looked like a virus.

The neatest stunt Dochez has performed to date is growing the virus artificially—so he could keep it on his lab shelf, label it like canned tomatoes, and learn all about it.

Dochez found what they liked to eat. It was ten-day chick embryo. He discovered that if you minced these undeveloped chickens into a paste, the cold bugs took to it like fleas to a sheep dog's belly. He has kept them living for periods as long as twenty months.

Just because Dochez has tamed this stuff that looks like a virus, don't suppose for a minute that he has discarded bacteria as playing prominent roles in colds. By no means.

At the moment his picture of the cold adds up like this: first, the virus gets in the nose and throat passages. It inflames tissue, occupies the blood's disease-fighting forces and generally lowers body resistance. Then bacteria—always present in the throat as the flu workers found—get to work.

It Worked Like a Charm

Dochez and his colleagues, Dr. Yale Kneeland, Junior, brought this out nicely in a controlled experiment in which babies acted as subjects. Infants were used chiefly because they are more susceptible to colds than adults.

Choosing a group of forty babies, the workers divided them into two batches of twenty each. One group would receive no special attention. They would have just exactly the number of colds that any carefully cared-for baby in Portland, Kansas City or Boston would expect to have. Group Two got very special attention. Into the arms of each one in this group the researcher shot a vaccine he had prepared.

The vaccine contained dead members of the bacterial families usually associated with respiratory-passage havoc: pneumococci and the organisms once blamed for influenza and sore throats. The theory behind the vaccine was this: presence of even dead bacteria in the blood will stimulate the production of antibodies. Therefore, reasoned Dochez, if a virus did get in the throats of his twenty vaccinated babies, it would cause only mild colds. But it couldn't cause severe ones because the body would be prepared to kill off the secondary invaders which always bring the full-flowered variety of colds we are all only too familiar with.

The experiment worked like a charm. The unvaccinated babies had the usual colds that any mother or any baby doctor expects infants to have. In the other group — the vaccinated group — colds were short and mild.

The next step is to make a vaccine containing both cold-causing elements—the virus and the bacteria. This is exactly what Dochez is up to at the moment.

When injected into the blood the live cold virus seems to cause no more damage than does the live virus of influenza. Yet it seems to increase the ability of the body to fight off similar viruses sucked into the nostrils in crowded theaters, trains or schoolrooms. The injections of the dead bacteria—the secondary invaders—likewise cause no untoward physiological effects.

On the Run

This combination vaccine is not yet ready for general use. The vaccines available today contain only the bacteria—not the virus.

Doctors like to call them "shotgun" vaccines—because they scatter shots in all directions. It is their function to try to protect you from the damage that any of the bacteria commonly found in your throat might do once the virus had prepared the ground. All of them—provided they are put out by reputable drug houses—are very much alike.

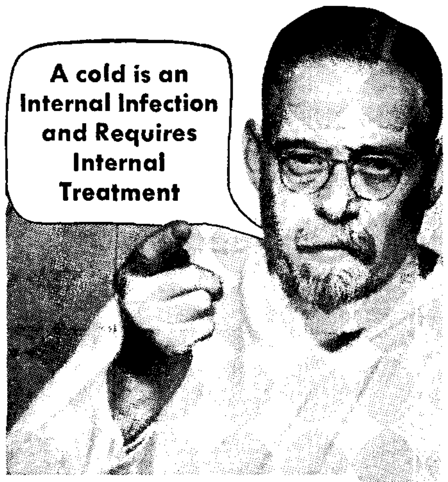
If you take two or three of these injections, spaced three to seven days apart, what can you expect for your trouble? Incredible confusion surrounds this point. In all likelihood your doctor will promise nothing and will tell you frankly that he doesn't know what benefit you can expect. The reason for this is obvious. A person will get his shots and his doctor may not see him again for a year or more—at which time the patient will have forgotten what, if any, good he received. The patient may vaguely say that he *thinks* he had fewer colds, but material of this sort doesn't make up acceptable medical statistics.

Since this confusion did exist, one can't overestimate the importance of figures reported several weeks ago at a medical meeting by Dr. Leverett D. Bristol. As health director for a telephone company, he ordered scores of company doctors to keep accurate records of men who had received injections of cold vaccines.

His report on 20,000 cases boiled down to this: 80 per cent of the injected men had exactly the same number of colds they had before vaccination. But the colds—just as in the case of Dochez's babies—were of shorter duration and of lessened severity.

What does all of this mean to you? Simply this: that research men at last have flu and colds on the run. Researches have all been on the positive side of the ledger; not, as in the case of cancer, on the negative side. This may be small consolation to you the next time you get a runny nose, bleary eyes and that "get the grave ready" feeling. But console yourself as you take another gulp of hot lemonade. It won't be long now.

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!


A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Effective Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

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Bromo Quinine tablets come in 35c and 60c sizes. The 60c size is the better "buy." It gives you almost 20 per cent more for your money.

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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Castle Sinister

Continued from page 23

John Thorne recognized her. Her face had been familiar before, and now he remembered. The memory came back to him as though the shots outside had shaken it loose from his subconscious mind.

"Doris Brooke," he said. "When I first saw you I thought I knew you. You're the one. I remember that head of hair. You were in the horse show this summer."

HE WAS sure that he was right even before she answered and his sureness evoked a new train of thought so intriguing that he nearly forgot everything else. Now that he had placed her he could not imagine for the life of him what she was doing there, because she belonged to an entirely different sort of existence, more artificial even than his own. Small details were coming back clearly—the field and the rail jump, the almost tranquil, set expression of her face. She was the girl who had taken the fall.

"Well," she asked, "what of it?"

"Nothing of it," John Thorne answered. "I should have remembered sooner. I handed you your hat. I was down there for a week end. Sue asked me down. I liked the way you looked. We're quite a distance away from there just this minute, aren't we?"

"You mind your business," Miss Brooke said, "and I'll mind mine."

"Don't worry," John Thorne answered. "I'll mind it."

"Then don't ask me any more questions," she said. "You don't need to, because you're sure enough of yourself anyway. I've never seen anyone so insufferably sure."

John Thorne continued talking only because there seemed nothing else to do.

"It's all a pose, Miss Brooke," he said. "I'm not so sure of myself. I'm not particularly pleased with myself either. I suppose you got tired of riding horses and having your picture taken. I'm pretty tired of what I'm doing, so I can understand you. I have my troubles, too."

"Then don't talk about them, for goodness' sake," Miss Brooke answered. "Don't you know that something terrible has happened?"

John Thorne leaned against the wall. "Everything's relative. If I weren't here, I'd be arranging china in glass cases and cataloguing Lowestoft or making sketches of rooms. If I weren't doing that I'd be buying up tavern tables or thinking up new ways to use shoemakers' benches, or making lamps out of wooden pestles and mortars. Any change is for the better."

Miss Brooke looked interested.

"Do you really do things like that?" she asked.

"Yes," John Thorne said.

Then Miss Brooke laughed, but not very pleasantly.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Are you the kind that makes cigarette boxes out of old decoy ducks?" she said. "Well, you've come to a funny place for it."

"If you stop to think of it," John Thorne pointed out, "I'm not any funnier than you. You're the kind that makes inkwells out of horses' hoofs and clocks out of stirrups and lamp shades out of hunting prints. We both lead very artificial lives, Miss Brooke. I thought of it the first time I saw you, an artificial horse over artificial fences."

Miss Brooke looked angry.

"Is that all you can do," she asked him, "talk? What's happening outside? I don't hear anything."

"You know better than I do." John Thorne shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to go outside. I'd rather stay in here. I'm sure that Mr. Gaffney is doing something useful."

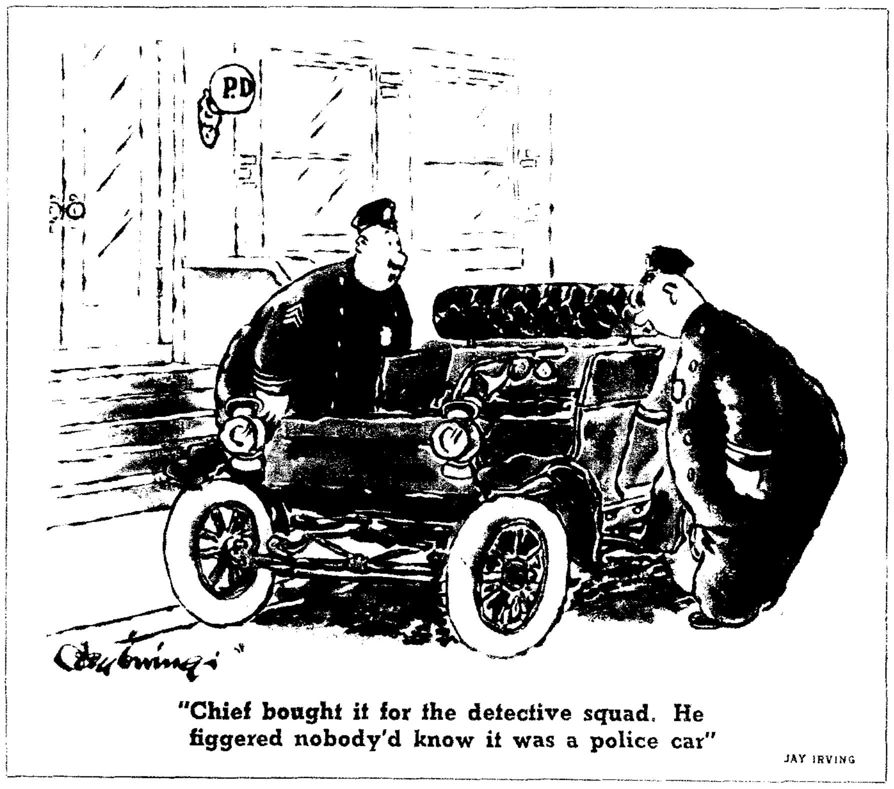
"Well, I'm going out," she said.

"I wouldn't if I were you," John Thorne told her. "I guess the boys are doing very well. Wait, there's Mr. Gaffney now."

"EASY with him, boys," he heard Mr. Gaffney saying, and he heard the deliberate tread of men, carrying a heavy weight. "He ain't bleeding much. I don't want him inside if he's bleeding."

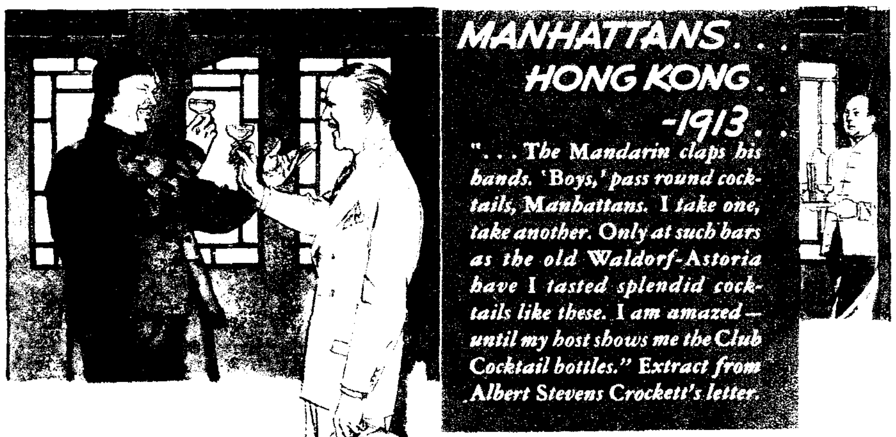
Then Mr. Gaffney appeared at the open door, rubbing the fingernails of one hand upon the palm of the other. There was not a wrinkle wrong in his beautifully tailored suit. His panama was at exactly the right angle.

"You better step upstairs, Wonderful," he said to Miss Brooke. "They got Dutchy Ziegler when he was sitting in



"Chief bought it for the detective squad. He figgered nobody'd know it was a police car"

JAY IRVING



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THE first thing you should do when you catch cold is — alkalize with Alka-Seltzer. Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance.

And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the stuffed-up-grippy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways—relief from the distress and discomfort of a cold and relief from the excess acid condition.

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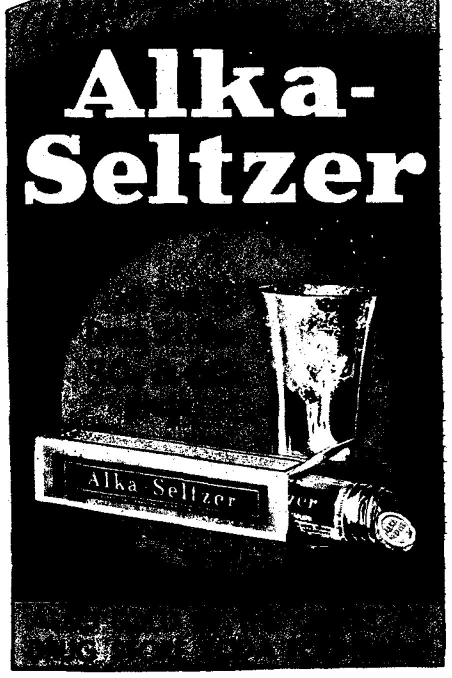
For That Cold—
Be Wise—



the car. Dutch is coming inside now. I'm sorry, Wonderful. I didn't make this play."

"I'd rather stay here if you don't mind," Miss Brooke said.

Mr. Gaffney patted her shoulder gently.

"Nice girl," he remarked. "I wouldn't have had you fronting here if I'd known this was coming up, but it's going to be all right. Bring him inside here, boys."

Then John Thorne saw that Mr. Gaffney was looking at him hard.

"You're in a new angle, bud," Mr. Gaffney said, "and you've got to watch your step. You play ball and I'll play ball. Bring him in here, boys." Two of the boys came into the room breathing heavily and walking slowly, carrying the inert form of a squat, square-shouldered man.

"Lay him down," said Mr. Gaffney gently.

STILL polishing his fingernails, Mr. Gaffney looked down at the figure on the floor. He was examining the unconscious face of a heavy, middle-aged man, a pale, flabby, unattractive face.

"Well," said Mr. Gaffney, "get some whisky into him."

"It ain't no use, boss," one of the boys said. "He's dead."

"Oh?" said Mr. Gaffney. "He don't look dead to me." And Mr. Gaffney knelt down on the floor and pulled back the pale man's eyelids. Then he rose and flicked the dust from his knees.

"Is he dead?" Miss Brooke asked. Her voice was hardly more than a whisper in the silent room. Mr. Gaffney had been standing lost in thought, but when she spoke he roused himself.

"Sure, he's dead," he said. "He had it coming to him. We picked him up when he was ready to squeal. All right, boys, haul him out. You know what to do. There ought to be a pick and shovel somewhere."

"What are you going to do?" Miss Brooke asked.

Mr. Gaffney sighed.

"Don't disturb me, Wonderful," he replied. "I never knew that this would happen, but you got to take it now. It's life, Wonderful, here today and gone tomorrow. We're going to bury my old pal Dutchy Ziegler and we're going to bury him quick. Get him out, I told you."

"Hey, boss?" one of the boys said.

"Shut up and do what I told you," Mr. Gaffney told him.

John Thorne heard the steps in the hall as the body was moved outside. Mr. Gaffney produced his gold case and helped himself to another cigarette.

"Don't it beat hell," he remarked, "the way breaks come? Now here this was, and now a break comes. Well, they ain't licked me yet." And Mr. Gaffney smiled pleasantly. "We're on a spot, Wonderful." He took a turn about the room with deliberate, noiseless steps. "It looks like they're going to try to muscle in. We're on a spot, Wonderful." And he walked over to John Thorne and stopped in front of him.

"And you're on a spot, too, bud," Mr. Gaffney said. "Don't it beat hell how angles turn up? Do you get my point of view?" Mr. Gaffney's voice was still gentle. "You don't want to go out like Dutchy, do you?"

"No," John Thorne said, "I don't."

Mr. Gaffney nodded gravely.

"I didn't think you would," he said. "You look like a nice, clean college boy. You seen a squealer get his. You can't play two angles at once, bud. Are you going to play my angle?"

John Thorne paused and tried to think, but everything seemed entirely disconnected; there was no beginning and no end.

"What's your angle?" he asked.

Mr. Gaffney pulled out his cigarette case again and then drew a cambric handkerchief from his breast pocket and polished the case very carefully.

"My angle is that you just stay here in the house," Mr. Gaffney said, "and keep the little lady here company. When it gets quiet you and I are going to that hotel downtown and get them sketches of this house. Then we're coming back here to use them. You can make yourself at home. We can cook up a nice little feed. Everything will be nice. You get me, bud?"

Mr. Gaffney's voice was softly insistent. The gentle curve of his lips seemed to indicate that he was painting an alluring word picture, which suggested an invitation that could not possibly be refused.

"What do you want those plans for?" John Thorne asked.

"Don't get too wise. You'll see when I get 'em," Mr. Gaffney said. "Are you going to behave, bud? Are you going to be a pal?"

John Thorne hesitated while Mr. Gaffney stood patiently in front of him. He became aware of a dynamic quality in Mr. Gaffney's personality.

"There isn't anything else to do, is there?" John Thorne asked.

Mr. Gaffney smiled.

"That's fine," he said. "Just sit here and be quiet and everything will be fine. And now, you've got a pocket in those overall pants, haven't you, Miss Brooke? And you're sticking by me, aren't you, Wonderful?"

"Yes," Miss Brooke said, "you don't have to ask me that."

"Fine!" Mr. Gaffney spoke almost affectionately. "Step out in the hall with me please, Miss Brooke. Bud, you stay here."

"What do you want?" Miss Brooke asked.

"A personal matter," said Mr. Gaffney. "We'll be right back—so don't start nothing, bud."

After what had happened, John Thorne was drugged by a sort of incredulity, which caused him to stand inertly looking at the closed door. It was not pleasant to feel that he fitted into this sequence without knowing exactly how. Mr. Gaffney was speaking in soft, insistent tones out in the hall. Though the words were muffled by the door, they sounded like directions.

It was only toward the end of the conversation when Mr. Gaffney's voice was momentarily loud enough for him to hear that he was sure they were talking about him. The door had begun to open and he heard Mr. Gaffney say:

"I ain't taking chances after this. You must do what I tell you."

THEN they were back in the room again. Miss Brooke came first, trying to look casual, but she gave an unconvincing imitation. There was a bulge in the right-hand pocket of her overalls that had not been there before. The butt of an automatic pistol jutted coyly from the pocket.

"Now give me your attention, mister," Mr. Gaffney said. "It ain't healthy for you to try to make a getaway, because I'll know it—see? There's some rough guys outside you wouldn't like. The little lady will keep you company. I'll be seeing you later. So long."

Mr. Gaffney waved his hand, walked back into the hall and slammed the door. John Thorne and Miss Brooke were alone and she had a pistol in her pocket. What was more, she was laboring under some emotion that she was not able to control.

"Tom," she called, but there was no reply, only the sound of Mr. Gaffney's retreating footsteps, and John Thorne spoke instead.

"He represents a type that's new to me," he said, but Miss Brooke did not answer.

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He was glad that Miss Brooke did not answer, because he needed leisure to think. It occurred to him that he should have been frightened, but everything had moved so easily and so smoothly that it all seemed natural until Mr. Gaffney had gone. It was only when he and Miss Brooke were alone in the gloom of that high room with its eagle on the mantel that he had a feeling of revulsion, but it was not fear. A man had been killed somewhere outside the high granite steps, and the fact of death was impressive enough to one who had never before seen a man die by violence, but the breezy, businesslike attitude of Mr. Gaffney was even more disturbing.

BEGINNING with Mr. Guffey in the inn, everything that had occurred in Southdown had been grotesque. It did not require any mental feat for him to decide what Mr. Gaffney was. His casual readings about the doings of the underworld placed Mr. Gaffney accurately enough. It was clear enough, also, that Mr. Gaffney wanted something very badly and was willing to go to considerable lengths to get it. Mr. Gaffney had spoken of someone "muscling in." The phrase, which had interested him when he read it in the public prints, was now immediate and unpleasant.

"Excuse me," John Thorne said, "do you object to my looking out the window?"

The idea that a girl of polite antecedents should be standing there watching him was preposterous. Was she in love with Mr. Gaffney? Was she Mr. Gaffney's mistress? When she did not answer he walked to one of the front windows where the shutter had been pulled back.

Damp, foggy air heavy with the smell of salt water and marsh mud came through a broken windowpane. He found himself looking out into a world made gray and uncertain by the fog. The overgrown terraces of the garden fell away from the house in shady waves toward the grass-covered, elm-grown driveway. Beyond the drive, very faint in the mist, he could see the outlines of the old stables and of the carriage house. Nearer, along the terrace were the sagging pedestals that had once supported Lord Robert's famous wooden figures. He could see the remains of a colossal wooden Indian lying on the grass and the head of a wooden lion, representing the remains of a vanished life and of vanished, erratic thought. There was no visible sign of life then as John Thorne looked out the window.

There were sounds, however; strange, muffled sounds that reached him in a distorted way through the misty air. He thought he could hear the sound of a shovel grating against earth but, pervading everything with an insistence greater than the rustling of the breeze in the trees, was a dull, roaring noise that puzzled him at first—although when he guessed what it was, it was natural enough. He remembered that the island was on a tidal river and that beyond it were more marshes, and then sand dunes and then the sea. The sound that he heard was the surf on the beach carried to him by the east wind. At the same time he was aware of another noise, faint at first but growing nearer. It was the rattling exhaust of a heavily engined motorboat coming toward the island up the river from the sea. As he listened, it increased in volume until it was like the staccato beating of a drum. Then it stopped. Someone in a motorboat was landing on the marsh.

John Thorne turned away from the window and spoke to Miss Brooke.

"You heard it?" he inquired. "Whoever else was here must be leaving by water. That makes it nicer for Mr. Gaffney, doesn't it? Perhaps we'll all live a little longer."

Miss Brooke had been listening, too.

"I wish you'd be serious for a minute," Miss Brooke said. "Do you think you can be serious for a minute?"

"I'm serious," John Thorne answered, "very, very serious."

"Then listen to me," Miss Brooke said. "I don't want to see you hurt. Are you listening?"

John Thorne nodded.

"Mr. Gaffney means everything he says. You must stay here in the house. Don't try to go until he tells you."

She pushed her hair back from her forehead. For a moment she looked incongruous, utterly impossible.

Her manner was composed, almost ludicrously formal, but something induced him to ask another question. He could not tell whether she was good or bad, or where she fitted in the picture, but he knew that she was worried and she could not hide it.

"Who do you suppose it was?" he asked. "Who did that shooting?"

Her answer surprised him; it was as though she spoke before she thought.

"I don't know any more than you," she said.

"I suppose you're going to tell me you don't know what Mr. Gaffney's after either. And you're worried, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm worried."

John Thorne studied her through half-closed eyes.

"You're not only worried," he said, "but you're scared to death, Miss Brooke."

"You think so?" she answered. She tried to sound aloof and cynical, but it was a very bad attempt. "You're sure of your own ideas, aren't you?"

"Perfectly sure," John Thorne said, and she did not meet his eyes when he spoke. "That man Gaffney has frightened you to death. I don't blame you either. I'm scared of Mr. Gaffney."

"You're talking nonsense, you know," she answered.

"Oh, no, I'm not." John Thorne shook his head slowly. "I've been watching you. Every time you see that store-model face of his you jump. When they brought in that dead man I thought you were going to scream. You look as though you might scream right this minute."

John Thorne paused.

"You're probably in something that the police will get you for. Never mind, it doesn't matter. You don't belong in this show and I don't. Suppose you and I get out."

She did not answer.

"I'M NOT asking you a single thing," John Thorne continued, "but it's time for us to go. Think it over. It won't do you a bit of good to stay. Don't you agree with me?"

She shook her head. He thought that she hesitated, but there was no hesitation when she answered.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said. "Perhaps I am frightened, but I'm here because I agreed to be, and I'll stay because I want to stay. And I'd rather you don't ask why, but I'll tell you one thing more."

"What?" asked John Thorne.

"Even if we tried to get out of this house we couldn't. You saw this pistol, didn't you? Tom didn't give it to me so I could keep you in the house."

"What did he give it to you for?" John Thorne asked her.

Miss Brooke smiled, a sickly imitation of a smile.

"Mr. Gaffney has the queerest ideas," she explained. "Ever since I bought this house he seems to have been worried that someone might be attracted by me."

"Don't worry," John Thorne said.

Her conversation was as forced and unnatural as though she were speaking a half-learned part in an amateur theatrical. The girl was making an effort

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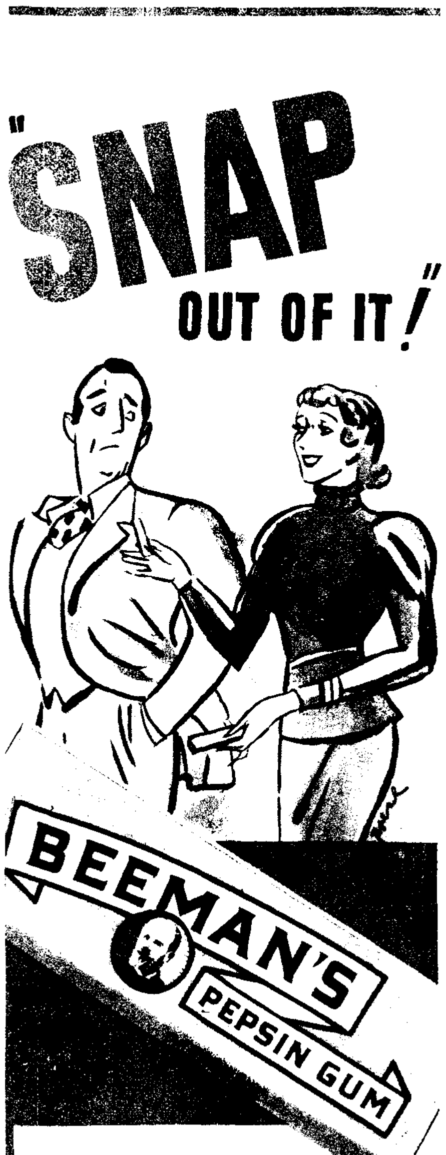

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AIDS DIGESTION...

to pull herself together, a valiantly futile effort, and hysteria was just around the corner.

"Can't we talk about something else?" she said suddenly in that same artificial tone. "There's no use trying to think. I don't want to think. Why don't we talk about the house, Mr. Thorne? Perhaps you'd like to see it? I can show you this part of it. I'd love to show it to you! Just the few things you said interested me so much."

Any fool could see that she was not interested. Every syllable of that speech was make-believe.

"Look here," said John Thorne. "Did Gaffney ask you to ask me about this house? What interests him about it anyway?"

"No," she answered quickly, too quickly. "Don't be so ridiculous, Mr. Thorne. It's only—won't you please help me to take my mind off everything? I really was so interested. Won't you *please* come with me and look around?"

Anyone could have told that she was lying, but he was curious to find out what she wanted.

"You mean you'd like to change the subject?" John Thorne said.

"Yes," she answered eagerly, too eagerly. "Please. I really am interested, Mr. Thorne."

"All right," said John Thorne. She was frightened. He did not want to see her frightened. "We might as well walk around if it takes your mind off your troubles."

"Thank you," she said, "you're awfully kind."

WHEN he followed her into the wide hall, he knew that he was doing something that she wanted very much indeed. Her friend Mr. Gaffney had asked her to take him through the house.

He was in no hurry. As soon as he saw a safe chance, he was going to get away but he was in no hurry. He was thinking that nothing in his life had been achieved by impatience or by haste, and that his life had been so peculiarly sheltered that anything that he had accomplished had been in spite of indolence. He had started as a bright boy in a small-town high school. His parents had made a heavy sacrifice to send him on to college. It was only through indolence that he stopped being a small-town boy and became an aesthete, for it was indolence that made him take a fine arts course in designing at college. For the rest of it, when he discovered that he possessed a flair for line and form and an instinct for what was original and what was bad, he had to earn his living. His father had wanted him to be a country lawyer, but he could not do that; he had become too polished and too versatile.

"John," his father had said to him, and it amused him to remember that his father still chewed tobacco, "you're turning into a sissy, and you don't know it, John."

"What do you think is so amusing?" Miss Brooke asked him suspiciously.

"Just life," John Thorne answered. "What puzzles me is that everything in this hall and in the rooms is in nearly original condition. The roof and walls are leaking, but nothing has been changed much."

"I suppose the house was hard to heat," Miss Brooke explained. "The main part has been closed off for a long time. The former owners lived in the ell, where the old kitchen is. That's in better repair. That's where I've been living."

"That explains it, probably," John Thorne agreed. "Now, if you want to hear the story, I can tell it. I could even give you books to read, because there have been a good many contemporary accounts. Your house was built by a man named Robert Budge in the neighborhood of 1790. He was immensely rich at the time and his mind was slightly affected, although accounts of this may have been greatly exaggerated. It may have been that he had only an overdeveloped sense of humor and had reached a stage in life where he only wanted to be amused. I don't know, and you can't tell now. You have to put yourself back into that period to think of him. Here was a Calvinistic, Puritanical society, and here was a man in revolt from it, a fat little man in a three-cornered hat with gold lace around the edges and gold buckles on his shoes. He's buried outside somewhere now under one of those mounds in his garden."

He could see that she was genuinely interested when he paused, and anxious for him to go on. Nothing pleased him so much as using his imagination.

"How do you know so much about him?" Miss Brooke inquired. "How do you know what he looked like?"

"It doesn't seem possible that you don't know yourself," John Thorne answered. "There is a contemporary engraving of him that's quite a collector's item, and there have been a number of prints. I'm afraid you don't know your New England history. Now this Mr. Budge made his money in the African trade. Money could be made very quickly in those days. He lived on the Grain Coast quite a while when he was in the trade."

"The Grain Coast?" said Miss Brooke.

"That's what a section of the West African coast was called," he explained. "I don't know why any more than you. He lived there in a grand manner. I suppose the heathen life and the slave trade gave him his ideas. He came back with twenty Negro servants, and then he had this house built as a palace."

"You're making this up, aren't you?" Miss Brooke said. "Aren't you just trying to be funny?"

"Hasn't this all struck you as funny?" John Thorne inquired patiently. "Haven't you noticed the trimmings and the figures, and haven't you noticed the gardens? He laid out the gardens as palace grounds and he had money to burn. I suppose he had some vague idea of Versailles and the gardens of the King of Prussia, but his idea of wooden figures in the garden was more or less original. He ordered them from a carver of ships' figureheads in Southdown, and he speaks of them in the book he wrote. His idea was to make the garden a place of thought and pleasure. He ordered the statues of the world's great philosophers and mystics, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius and Buddha, Marcus Aurelius and Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Napoleon Bonaparte wasn't a mystic," said Miss Brooke.

"Perhaps not," John Thorne agreed. "I'm only giving you the ideas of Mr. Budge. He also had the images of several senators and congressmen dressed in leopard skins holding spears. As a matter of fact they say that this was the livery worn by some of his Negroes. He also had some casual figures of animals, including a lion, a unicorn and an elephant." John Thorne waved his arm vaguely. "They were all out there on the terraces around the house."

"YOU'RE joking," Miss Brooke exclaimed. "You can't be telling the truth."

John Thorne smiled at her.

"Part of it may be legend, of course," he said, "but don't you know any queer people nowadays, Miss Brooke? Just think what people do with their money now. Think of the barrooms and the game rooms down cellar, and the things they do at Palm Beach. Besides, if you don't believe me, a lion's head is still out on the lawn."

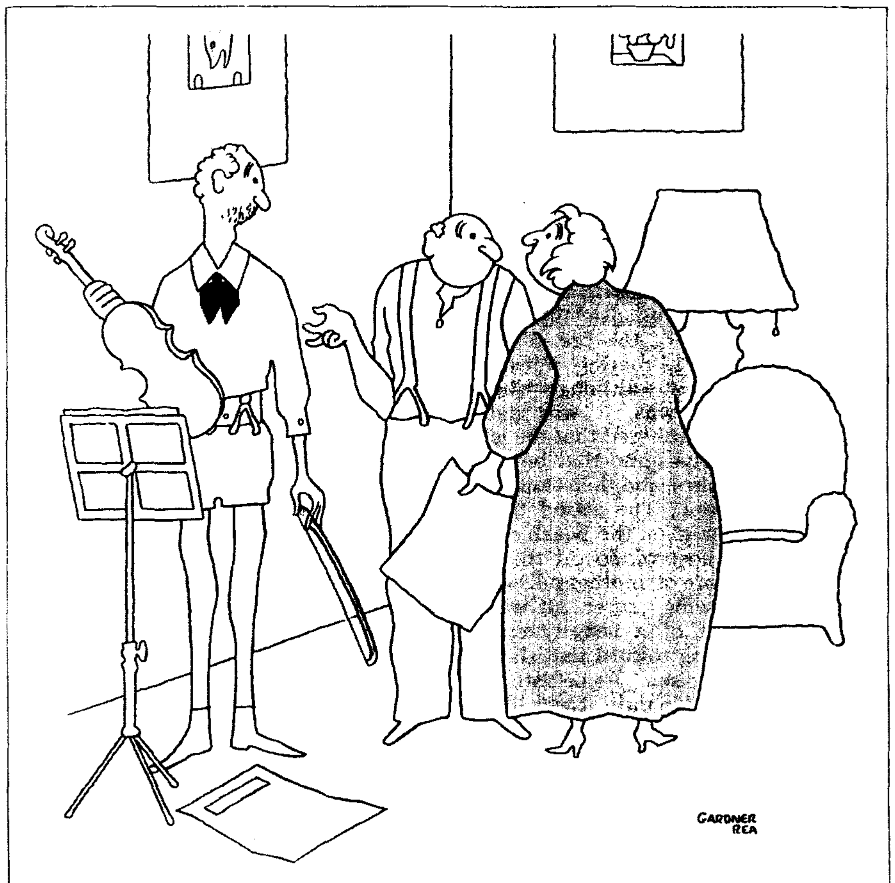
"I've seen it," she admitted.

"Try to think of it from Mr. Budge's view," John Thorne advised her. "It was only his way of enjoying himself. He was not received by the local gentry, because a considerable caste system existed in New England then. At any rate you can see why I'm here, now that I'm telling you this. We are in a palace, standing in the palace hall of Lord Robert Budge. A Negro in a leopard skin used to keep the door. The room that we were in was Lord Robert's throne room."

"Throne room?" repeated Miss Brooke.

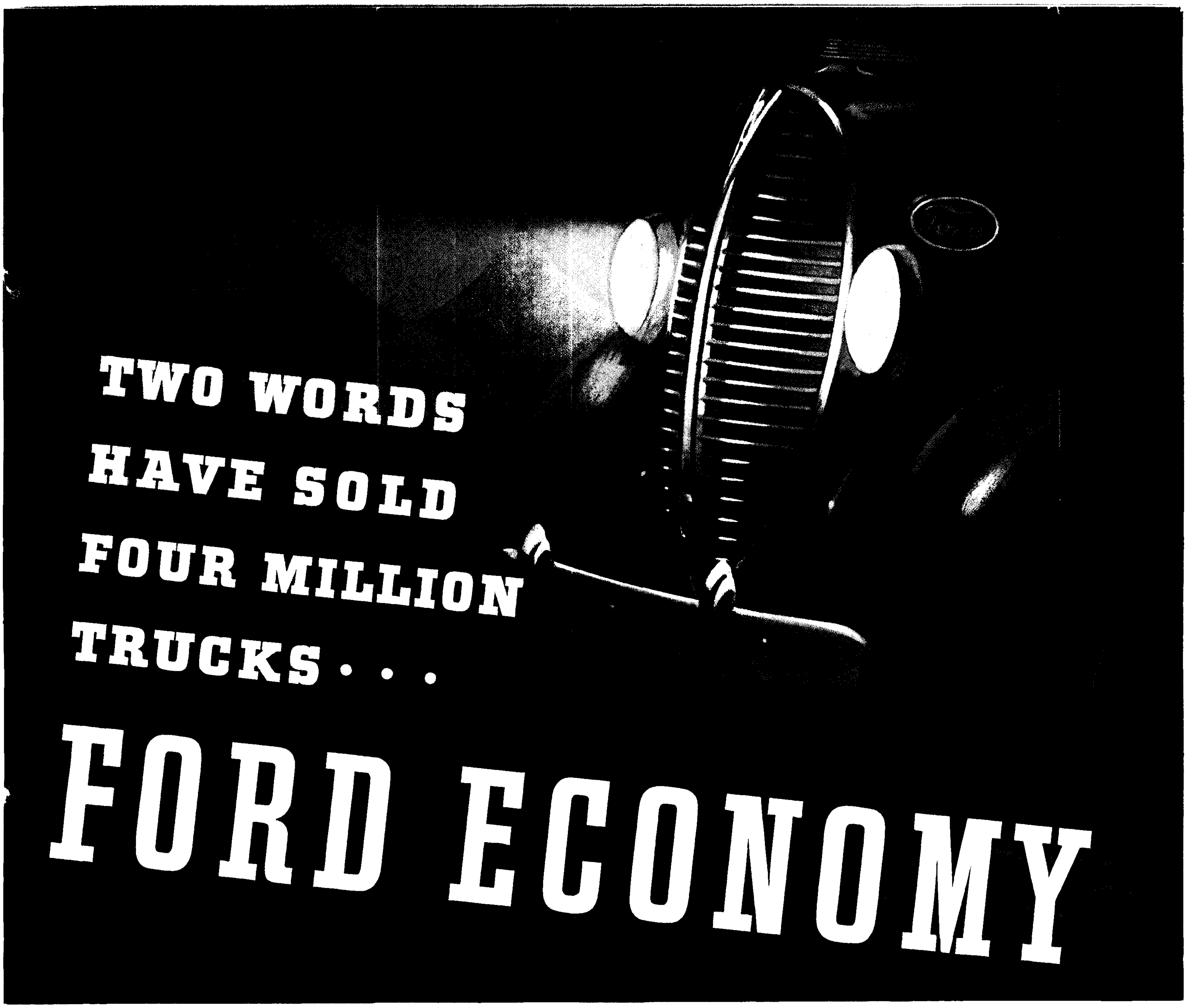
John Thorne nodded. "Yes — the throne room."

(To be continued next week)



"Isn't it about time he gave up the idea of being an infant prodigy?"

GARDNER REA



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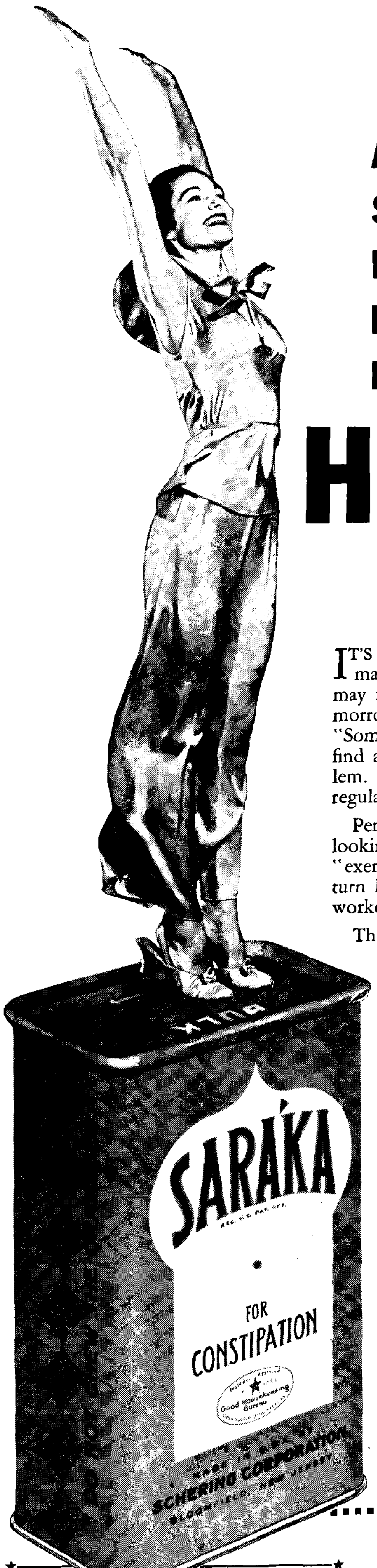
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Screwball Bill

Continued from page 26

prop boys will join. At the end of it, Wellman will cease his mental twitchings. "I've got it!" he will shout, and for the next few hours the picture will be filmed at a record-breaking pace.

Wellman was, as might be imagined, a somewhat erratic boy. This may have been the Irish in him. His mother was Celia Guinness McCarthy and Ireland was strong in her blood. William Augustus Wellman was born to her and to Arthur Gouverneur Wellman in Brookline, Massachusetts, on February 29, 1896. He drifted through the grades and through high school, being distinguished principally for some athletic prowess, for playing in school shows and for getting into scrapes. He considered himself adequately educated after graduating from high school and became a salesman for a chocolate concern.

"I sold very few chocolates," he remembers. After tiring of this line, he tried selling woolen goods.

"I sold no woolen goods at all," he remarks.

That was that. Fed up with life as a salesman, Wellman tried to enlist in the Naval Air School at Squantum, Massachusetts, in March, 1917, and was rejected. He got into an American ambulance unit, went to France and transferred to the Lafayette Escadrille in June. He knew nothing about flying, but he learned with great rapidity as he was completely without fear and utterly reckless. The winter of 1917-18 was spent in a southern sector where Wellman formed a flying partnership with Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player. They would go out each morning, as a team, after Boche planes. Wellman did well enough to be awarded a Croix de Guerre with four gold palms. On March 21, 1918, he was shot down but landed, with rare judgment, in a tree on his own side of the lines. He was invalided home.

The Fight of a Lifetime

Among the stories Wellman now denies is one that he and Hitchcock, having chased their adversaries back into Germany, would often swoop down over a town hall somewhere in the enemy country and train their machine guns on the large tower bell. Rebuked by his commanding officer for thus endangering his life, Wellman retorted that "it made such a pretty noise."

"Bill's way of settling an argument, even if it was only about the date of Lincoln's birth, was to have a fight about it," recalls one comrade.

His brawls when in Paris on leave were epic. One fight, started for some reason nobody remembers, is still, to a degree, in progress. It probably began over some girl. Wellman won the first round by sending his rival sprawling on a Paris boulevard. A few days later he received a hefty blow on the chin and went down, himself, for the count. The next round, years later, was in Chicago. Wellman saw his opponent walking quietly on the street, so he stole up, landed a haymaker and left the spot before the cops came. To date, the battle is a draw. For Wellman was in Beverly Hills a year or two ago when, suddenly, everything went black and he landed on the pavement. His adversary, somehow in California, had stolen up and had squared the match.

There is no malice in these encounters. It is virtually impossible for Wellman to carry a grudge against anybody. He can be incredibly rough one minute and have completely forgotten his anger or the cause of it the next. Some years ago an assistant director made a bad mistake on an important take in some film and Wellman smacked a fist into his face. The assistant was groggy for a second or two. Recovering, he hit back with all his strength.

"What are you socking me for?" asked Wellman, astonished.

He was not seriously injured by the fall which sent him home from France. He stayed in New York for some weeks and then, having been transferred in the meanwhile to the American Army, was detailed to the air station at San Diego.

"My office was a bar in the Coronado Beach Hotel," he explains.

Worked in Nearly Every Studio

The movies, of course, were Wellman's particular dish. He drifted to Hollywood as inevitably as a chorus girl finds her way to Broadway. He had somewhere met the elder Douglas Fairbanks and asked for a job in a picture called Knickerbocker Buckaroo. Wellman sums up this, his only appearance as an actor, with a succinct "It stank." This was in 1919, when he was twenty-three years old. During the next seven years he learned quite a lot about going hungry. He was a messenger boy at the original Goldwyn studio. He was sometimes a prop boy and sometimes an assistant director on this or other lots. He made quickies, Westerns and comedies or helped in the making of them. He got nowhere much until, along toward 1925, he attracted the attention of B. P. Schulberg, who was due to become head of production for Paramount. Getting the job, Schulberg made Wellman a director for the same company. His first film was called The Cat's Pajamas and it won no prizes. He did three or four more before he had a chance to capitalize on his experience as a war flier and turn out Wings.

In the ten years which followed, Bill Wellman has worked in nearly every studio in Hollywood. He survived the advent of talkies without difficulty. He became involved, of course, in furious battles with his bosses. One of these was two years ago, with Darryl Zanuck, over the manner in which the Call of the Wild was cut. Selznick International, the company for which A Star is Born was made, rented one of Zanuck's outdoor sets for a sequence so Wellman returned briefly to Twentieth Century-Fox to do the shooting. Arriving on the set, he hurled a rock through a window.

"That's to let Darryl know I'm back," he shouted.

Wellman was named "Screwball Bill" six or seven years ago and has, beyond any doubt, lived up to his title. There are some observers, however, who insist that he is quieting down and who mourn the passing of a great phenomenon of nature. To the stranger, watching Wellman on the set, it doesn't seem possible that he could have been wilder in the past. But his critics point to the fact that he has now been married to one girl for four years after four previous marriages; to Dorothy Coonan, who had been an actress and dancer and had worked with him in a film. They cite his devotion to his children, a daughter who is three and a son, William A. Wellman III, who is less than a year old. They point out, too, that the one-time Screwball Bill is excessively fond of his home.

Wellman agrees with the theory that he is now sane. He beams like any suburban commuter when asked about his wife and children and shows casual strangers their pictures.

"I'm housebroken now," he boasts.

River Pride

Continued from page 19

paying out the thin rope behind him.

"I'll tie it to the porch," he said jerkily. "Then, even if it floats, the boat can't get away."

"Did you come from Burton?" asked Grandma Ames. "The current's so strong—"

The man hesitated. Then he said nervously:

"I was up in Louisville. I got caught by the current. It carried me off just before dawn. I been comin' downriver all day."

Grandma Ames said nothing.

"Every time I tried to row ashore," said the man defensively, "the current slung me out again. I was doin' relief work in town. Rescuin' people. An' the current caught me. I couldn't row against it. I couldn't!"

Grandma Ames said, "Oh." She waited for him to come up on the porch. "My granddaughter's husband left us Saturday. Susie—that's my granddaughter—couldn't stand ridin' in the wagon. So he took the hogs an' chickens an' trailed the cows behind, an' said he'd try to get back with a ambulance to move her. But the water rose too fast. I s'pose he's been tryin' to get a boat ever since. I thought he'd sent you."

She took the lamp from the window sill and opened the door.

"You might wipe your feet when you come in. . . . There's Susie an' the baby an' me. The baby is two days old. Susie is kind of whiny—it runs in her pa's family—but she's all right. The two of us can get her in the boat, I'm sure. We've got blankets. But I think maybe it would be better to wait till daylight."

The man said nervously:

"The boat ain't very big. . . . But I gotta rest! I'm all in! We—we'll see in the mornin'."

Grandma Ames put down the lamp and looked him over. His face was white. It was haggard. His chin had a subtle weakness in it. His hands worked restlessly. And he did not seem to look directly at her. There was a querulous call from upstairs. The man jumped.

"What's that?"

"That's Susie," said Grandma Ames. "My granddaughter."

She went to the foot of the stairs and said firmly:

"Susie, you keep quiet! There's a man here with a boat to take us away, but it's dark an' we're goin' to wait till morning to start off. Now you go to sleep an' get strong for the trip."

She went back to the kitchen. The man, shaking, stood with his back to her and a bottle tilted to his lips. He lowered it.

"I—I been through a lot!" he said defiantly. "The things I seen—I need a drink! I'm all worn out!"

Grandma Ames looked queer. She had been raised to have a horror of a drinking man. But she sat down and picked up her knitting. The needles clicked softly. The man looked furtively at her.

"It's—terrible!" he said, and shuddered. "Terrible! I saw a cop shoot a man that was lootin'. . . . He coulda pinched him, like the law says, but he didn't. He shot 'im. An' he didn't even look in his pockets. That guy'd made good pickin's, too."

Grandma Ames said:

"I suppose you saved a lot of people?"

The man jerked his head around and stared at her. But Grandma Ames' eyes were upon her knitting.

"Yeah," said the man vaguely. "Oh, yeah. Lots."

THE flood outside made a faint, gurgling, murmurous noise. This house stood upon an island which had been three hundred feet long, and now was seventy. It was isolated from all the rest of human kind. There was no radio. There was no telephone. There was no communication of any sort. In it there was Grandma Ames, knitting resolutely but with her cheeks paler than normal. Susie, upstairs, a whimpering voice only. A small creature with a red, puckered face in the bed with Susie. This man, with his haggard, frightened face.

Grandma Ames finished a row of stitches. She raised her eyes.

"You'll want to look at your boat again when you're rested," she said. "When you do—if you were rescuin' people you had some—some first-aid supplies, didn't you?"

The man stared suspiciously at her.

"I was rescuin' people. Of course I had what I needed."

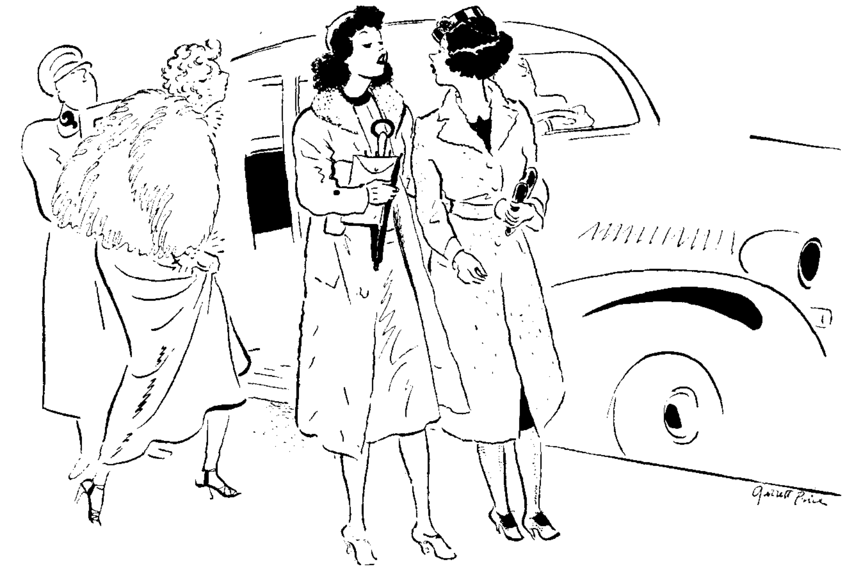
"We need some things," said Grandma Ames. "I baked sheets an' such things, and I've boiled all the water for the baby, but—"

"I ain't got nothin' for babies," said the man quickly. "Not a thing for babies! I was doin' relief work. Gettin' people to dry ground! I didn't have nothin' to do with babies!"

Grandma Ames said urgently:

"But if you have first-aid supplies—"

"I tell you," said the man in sudden



"What's she got that we haven't got?"

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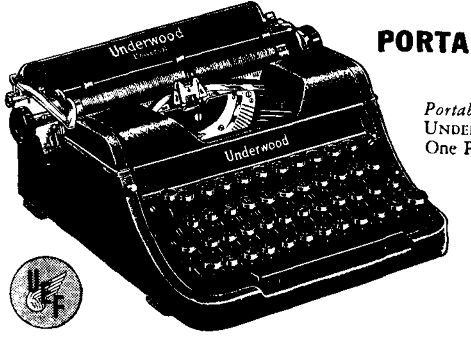

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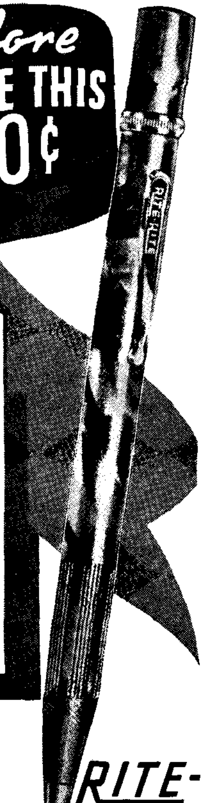

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anger, "I ain't got a thing for you in that boat! Look here, old lady! If you want me to take you off this place an' back to solid ground, you leave me handle things my own way. I do as I please or I don't do nothin'!"

Susie whimpered upstairs. It was a call, but it sounded like blubbering. Grandma Ames went to the foot of the stairs and said severely:

"Susie! Go to sleep!"

The man poured the last of his bottle into his glass and gulped it down. Suddenly he pounded on the table-top. With the startling abruptness with which some men feel their liquor, all that he had drunk took hold at once.

"You leave that boat alone!" he said thickly. "Leave't alone, y'hear me? An' if anybody else comes anywheres near, y'call me! Hear me?" He made an alarming grimace. "Unnerstan'?"

"I understand," said Grandma Ames.

She knitted determinedly, though her fingers trembled. The man's head wobbled. It nodded. Suddenly he cradled his face in his arms and went to sleep. Grandma Ames took a deep breath. The knitting dropped in her lap. Outside, the river made its faint, abstracted, gurgling sound. The man snored.

Grandma Ames glanced at him, and glanced again, searchingly. There came another self-pitying, whimpering call upstairs. Without answering, Grandma Ames arose and ascended the steps. Her voice came faintly down. In a few moments she herself descended. She went almost stealthily to the closet under the stairs and opened it. The light of the kitchen lamp penetrated faintly to it. A litter of boots and toolbox and shotgun and wire. Grandma Ames took the coil of wire intended for the repair of fences. She felt around in the toolbox for pliers.

The man snored on. Grandma Ames went resolutely out into the night.

At sunset the island had been seventy feet long. Now it was less than sixty. She noted it. She fumbled for the thin rope tied to the boat. She followed it until she found the boat in the darkness, floating.

"Thought so," ran Grandma Ames' thoughts. "An' that rope could chafe through. Men . . ."

SHE waded, gingerly but with resolution, until she reached the boat. It was heavily loaded. She fumbled curiously among the objects within.

Then, quite suddenly, she stood stock-still. She was as motionless as if she had been frozen. It was seconds—and then her hands shook—before she could re-explore and make certain.

She took nothing, but her fingers quivered as she took the end of the wire she had brought with her and threaded it through a hole in the boat's stempost. There was already a mooring-rope through that hole, but Grandma Ames put the wire through in addition. Then she held the long end firmly and wound the short piece tightly around it. It was exactly the way she had seen her husband and sons fasten fence wires in place. Then she took the pliers and, with an accustomed deftness though with unaccustomed hands, she cut the twisted wire off close. It made a neat job.

Also, it made a job that anybody could unfasten with pliers, but nobody could without.

She trailed the wire back toward the house, a frail, small, determined figure. Exactly as before, she fastened the end of the coil to a brickwork pier on which the weight of the house rested. There was much slack, with which she did not bother. The rope to the boat might part, but this would hold firmly.

She went back into the house, pausing to wring out her skirts on the porch. She was very pale at first. She changed her shoes and stockings. She returned to the kitchen. The man still slept heavily. The river continued its gurgling noise. The lamp emitted its feeble yellow glare. Grandma Ames sat down.

The clock ticked. For a long time Grandma Ames sat stiffly upright, thinking desperately. She came to a wrenching decision. Her face grew calmer, though the look of resolution upon it did not lessen. She deliberately relaxed, to rest as much as possible before dawn. Presently she nodded. Then from sheer weariness she went into the restful slumber of a very tired little old woman in her rocking-chair.

SHE woke suddenly a long time later. All her faculties were alert on the instant. The lamp was out, but a vague, pervading, grayish light filtered in through the windows. There was a change in the sound of the river. It was no longer an abstracted noise. It was a stealthy, conspiratorial sound. Small waves seemed to whisper in hushed but hateful glee, but the river tried to be silent as it performed evil.

Grandma Ames looked out of the window. There was no longer an island. There was water under the house and undermining the piers on which it stood. She took a quick, deep breath. Then she went about her affairs.

She made a fire in the stove. She made tea for Susie and coffee for the man. A frying-pan gave off a loud, sizzling noise and an appetizing odor. When she came down from taking tea and bread to Susie, the man had just wakened and was staring vaguely about. He jumped as she entered the kitchen.

"It's prob'ly a good thing we waited for morning," said Grandma Ames, "but we can't wait much longer. The water's rose a lot."

The man mumbled. The light had grown stronger. His eyes were bloodshot. In this light, too, his skin looked sallower and more unhealthy than in the yellow light of the lamp.

Grandma Ames filled a plate for him. She watched while he ate. When he had finished she said conversationally:

"Your boat's a right small one. You'll have to throw away most of the stuff in it, to take Susie an' the baby an' me."

The man demanded angrily:

"You been after my boat? I told y' to leave it alone!"

"Of course I've been after it," said Grandma Ames. "That rope wasn't any too strong, an' the knot might've slipped, too. So I went out to make sure about it. An' I found out what's in it."

The man's jaw went slack. Then he cried furiously:

"I told you to mind y'own business if y'wanted me to take you away from here!"

Grandma Ames regarded him resolutely:

"But I've had men around me all my life. You've been stealing. You were stealing in Louisville, and you got frightened an' ran away down the river. You've stolen from houses an' people an'—an' maybe from dead bodies, too. But you came here. Now you can make up for it. You can take Susie an' the baby an' me to where we'll be safe. But you'll have to throw that stuff overboard to make room."

The man said thickly:

"You mind y'own business! That's my stuff an' I'm goin' to keep it! An' if you go shootin' off y'mouth—"

"You can't keep it," said Grandma Ames. "Not an' take Susie an' the baby an' me. The boat's too small."

The man stood up, snarling. Then he suddenly hurried to the window. He looked out and saw nothing but water. Nothing! He looked down—and saw water. He went white. The water was moving.

"You'd better do it right away," said Grandma Ames. "This house won't last

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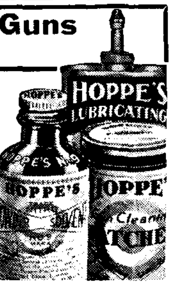

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much longer. I give it an hour. You bring the boat up to the back porch steps, after you've dumped that stuff."

Susie called whiningly upstairs as the man gulped and trembled. There was a tiny, mewing wail. The man stumbled toward the door. He averted his face from Grandma Ames. He even cowered.

He sidled out of the door. On the porch, he reached out a shaking hand to the line pulled taut by the tugging boat. He went gingerly down into the flood. He splashed toward the boat. The water seemed limitless. He moved slowly at first, as if in abject terror. Then he splashed in an insane sort of haste, at once moving toward the boat and hauling it to him.

He reached the knotted place where he had tied Grandma Ames' line on to lengthen his mooring-rope. He stopped. He shivered visibly in the strengthening light.

Back in the house, Grandma Ames watched him.

"Like Cousin Peter's oldest boy," she said resolutely, aloud. "Just worthless. An' heaven knows, when he got killed in that train wreck, it was a relief to ever'body but his ma!"

Off in the waste of water, the man turned and looked furtively back at the house. Then he worked hastily at the knot. He drew the boat closer and closer to him. He was thigh-deep in water and the boat came easily to his side.

He looked in at the boat's contents. He shivered again. Then, quite suddenly, he swarmed into the boat as if possessed by hysterical resolve. He shipped his oars in a frenzied haste—and began to row away from the house at the top of his speed.

Grandma Ames nodded slowly. She went heavily to the closet under the steps. She came back and raised the kitchen window. The boat suddenly halted and careened, shipping water. The man was flung from his seat. The boat swung crazily about and pointed its bow again toward the house. It had reached the end of the wire tether Grandma Ames had put upon it. It had jerked about just at the instant it seemed safely in flight. The man picked himself up. He looked as if he were about to scream, but he crawled over his bundles to the bow. He found the wire tether.

He tore at the wire with his fingers, uselessly. To Grandma Ames' ears there came high-pitched, disjointed sounds. The man cursing.

Grandma Ames rested her granddaughter's husband's shotgun on the window sill. She aimed carefully.

"Like Cousin Peter's oldest boy," she said resolutely. "It was a relief to the whole family. . . ."

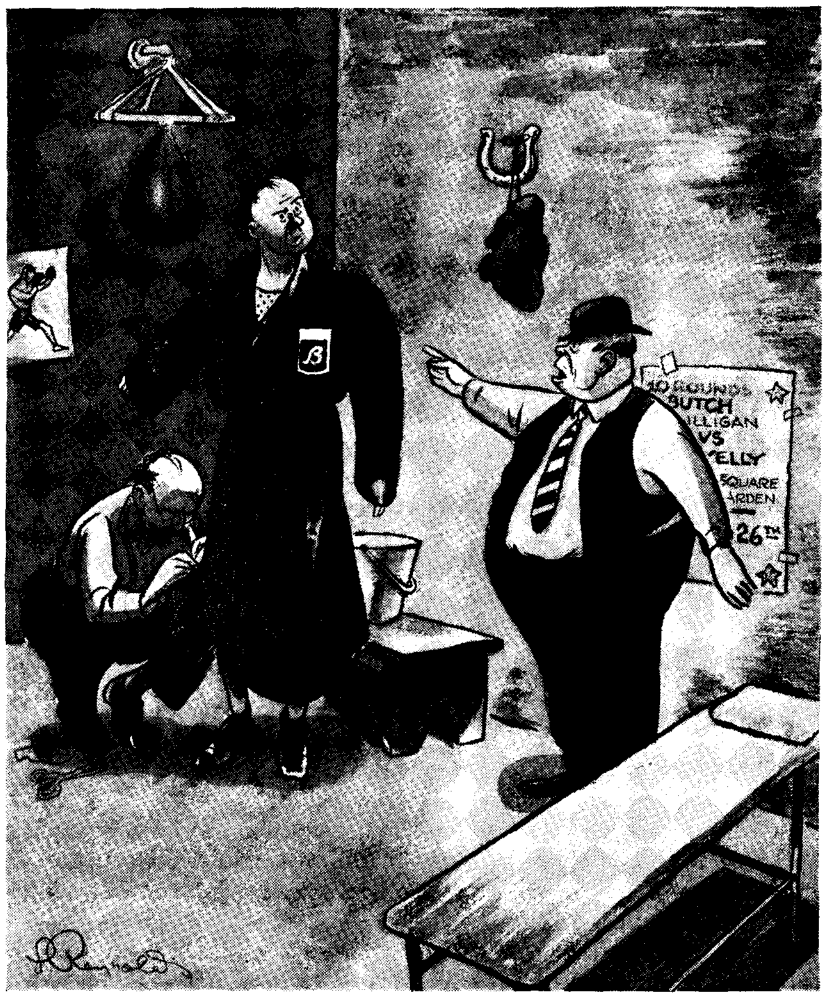
She pulled the trigger. Man and boat together were blotted out from her sight by a sudden swirling cloud of white smoke. There was a cry, and then a huge splash. . . .

THERE was a powerboat cutting through the water toward them, and dots on the infinitely thin line which was the top of the levee, still intact. Chimneys showed behind the levee. Here was a town, still unflooded. The boat drifted on toward it.

"They see us," said Grandma Ames. "They're comin'."

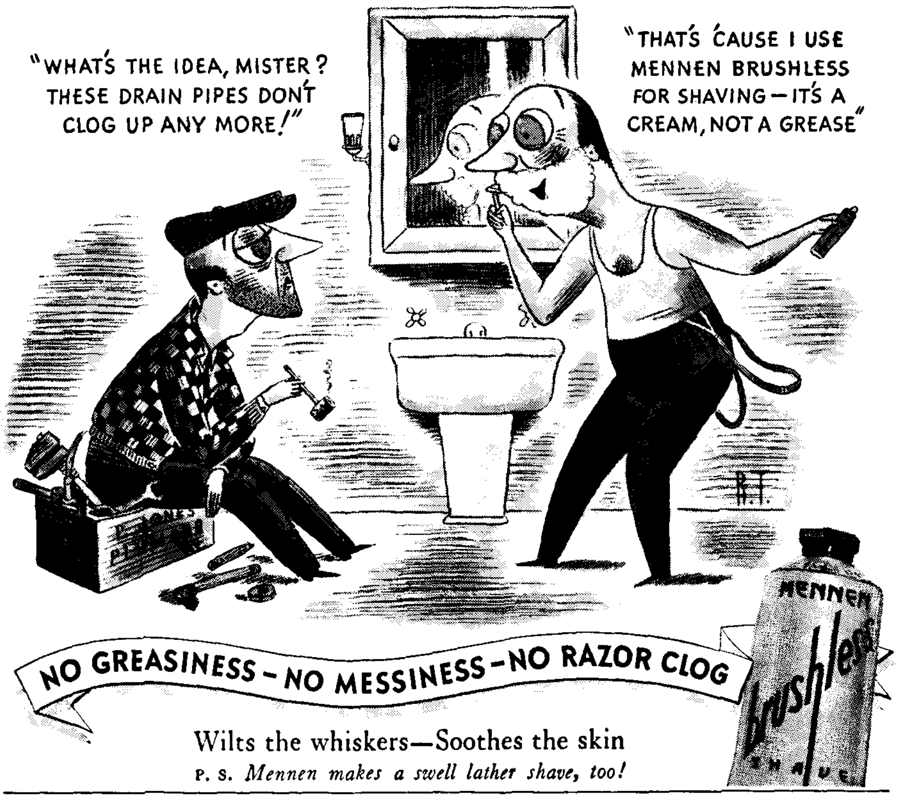
Susie whimpered in self-pity. She was not comfortable, though she lay upon pillows in the bottom of the boat the man had left behind. Susie felt very sorry for herself.

"I'm not goin' to tell them anything about that man," said Grandma Ames resolutely. "It'd just make his poor ma feel bad if she ever heard about it. An' you, Susie, for goodness' sake, don't make a fuss when they pick you up to put you an' the baby on a stretcher! Keep quiet! Your whimperin' is a disgrace to the family!"



"Think quick! Besides wearing your new robe, what else will happen at the Garden on the 26th?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS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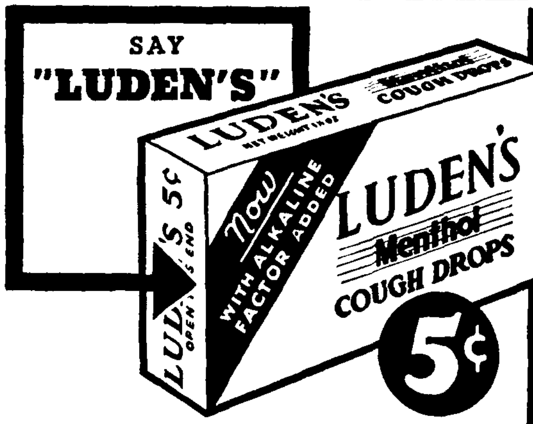
SAY "LUDEN'S"


LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
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LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
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From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

BECAUSE . . . THEY ACT *3 ways*

1. Soothe inflamed membranes.
2. Menthol helps clear the head.
3. Build up alkaline reserve. *(Important to cold resistance)*

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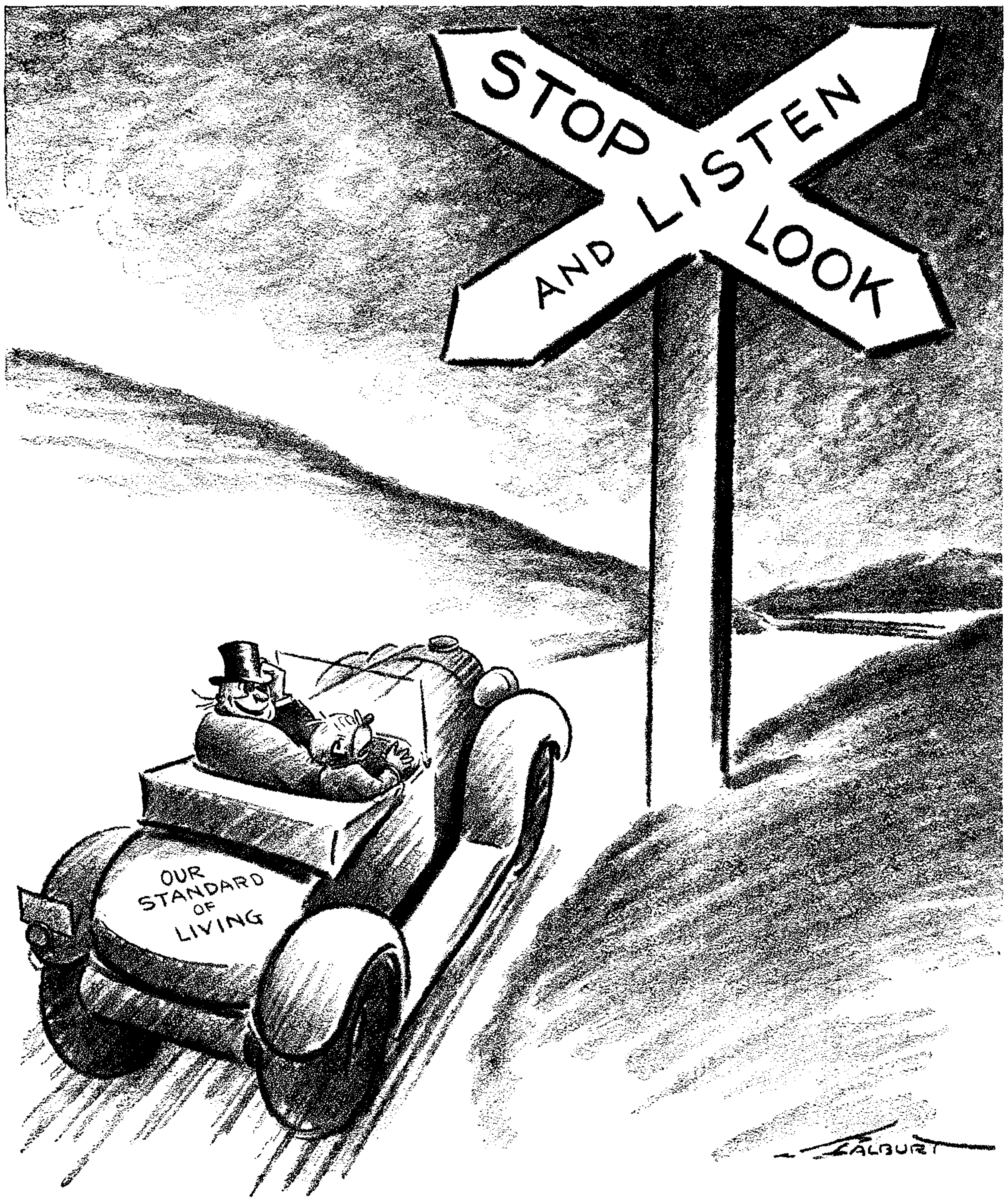

Facts Wanted

IN THE midst of controversy over changes in the relationship of government to business, this is a vital fact to remember: A tax law, a utility law, a statute affecting railroads or factories or agriculture, a holding company act, is good if it tends to raise the general standard of living. It is bad if its net effect is to decrease production so that, as a people, we have less to consume.

Bad laws are usually the result of anger or prejudice or plain stupidity. Most of our antitrust laws have been ineffectual because the consideration which preceded their adoption was clouded by anger and prejudice.

The holding company and monopoly talk this year is of the same confused order. Nobody in Congress, or in the Administration, has made the type of investigation requisite to forming an intelligent opinion.

Some men associated with some holding companies are politically unpopular. But the holding company is simply a way of doing business which happens to have been invented by legislators. It is merely a corporation which owns or manages other corporations. Its equivalent in labor unions or women's clubs is the federation. The holding company is a device which the federal government itself has found useful in its housing program.

Maybe when the long tale is told the holding company may seem to have been a poor idea. On the other hand, perhaps it is an invention which we and our successors will want to keep. The essential point now is that Congress lacks the information essential to reasonable action.

The important question is: How do holding companies affect the welfare of the American people? Get the answer to that question and we are ready for legislation. We are not now.

The situation is not simple. Everybody everywhere, for example, wants automobiles and good roads. Americans possess more than the lion's share of them. The United States has now about 3,065,000 miles of highways. Americans own and use 28,520,500 motorcars. This is two thirds of all the motorcars in the world.

We can consider any of the prized material possessions of mankind and the story is the same. Radios, bathtubs, refrigerators, telephones, are owned and enjoyed by Americans to an extent undreamed of by other people.

Whatever our faults and mistakes and maladjustments, the obvious fact is that we have already succeeded in producing a higher standard of living than that attained anywhere else. A larger number and a larger proportion of Americans possess and enjoy the fruit of modern civilization than do any other people. This is true and continues to be true in spite of anything which has happened since the late summer of 1929.

Nobody anywhere, except possibly such people as Mr. Gandhi in India, wants to live worse. Everybody wants more possessions. Those who now own automobiles desire newer and better cars. We desire better homes. The demand for clothes is insatiable. The boundaries of human desire are infinitely extended. Ambition is not limited by class or creed or race. President Roosevelt had reference to universal feeling when he proclaimed his desire to see our national income increased to ninety or a hundred billion dollars a year.

Whatever else is true, the record is that we have learned how to produce more and to distribute what we produce more justly to more people than has any other populous nation. Obviously, neither Germany, Italy, Russia nor even Great Britain or her self-governing dominions have remotely approached our achievements in this respect.

The antimonopoly revival campaign is barren of contemporary supporting facts. The first lesson an American politician learns is to denounce trusts and monopolies. Lusty denunciation of monopolies is supposed to be sure-fire with the masses of voters. It has undeniably been a good trick in its time.

In spite of numerous laws furiously enacted the American people seem inclined to continue to use trusts and monopolies. Nobody who counts wants to repeal the patent laws which grant monopolies. Duplication of many utility services is regarded by the public as an intolerable nuisance. Practically, the public does not seem to intend to abolish trusts or monopolies.

Of course everybody agrees that abuses ought to be stopped. We have not bothered, up to now, however, to separate the grain from the chaff—to distinguish between the services rendered by large corporate organizations and the abuses justly attributed to their managers.

These are very practical matters. Our standard of living is at stake. More of us can buy motorcars than any other people. Our motorcars are within our buying power because prices here are lower than elsewhere and wages are higher. These low prices and high wages are very intimately related to the corporate forms we have developed.

It is all right for politicians to use the old hokum, but let them explain a few details. Are we going to have more or less as a result of a particular change in an antitrust act? Shall we live better or worse?

And how do the politicians know the answer? Have they made any inquiries worthy of the scientific method which produced our civilization?

Maybe a thorough and wise investigation would add force to the demand for more laws hostile to corporations. Maybe not. In any event, we might as well hear the evidence before we return a verdict.

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writes J. Staunton, from the Avenida de las Aguilas. "And this place has even more to offer. Climbing back to the 'refugio' yesterday, I glanced up at the balcony, and saw a Chilean friend enjoying a drink. When I found out he was enjoying 'Canadian Club,' it didn't take me long to join him!"

Have you ever tasted "Canadian Club"? For nearly 80 years it has been the cheering friend of all who have tried it. "Canadian Club" (90.4 proof) is a luxury everyone deserves—yet actually it costs but little more than "other whiskies."

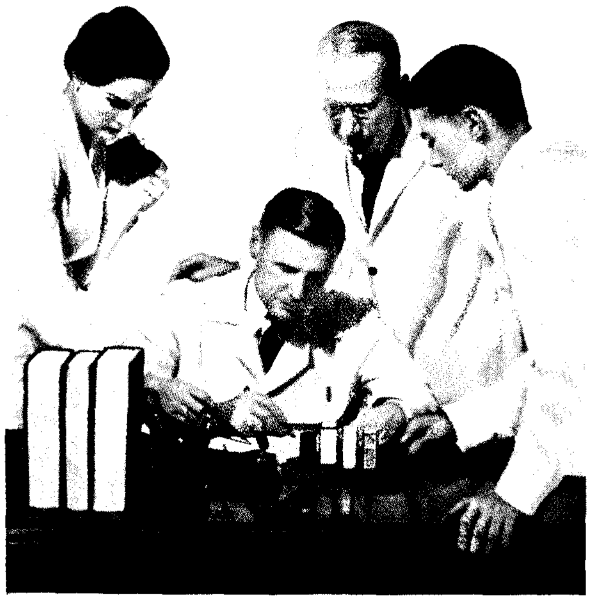
Hiram Walker also makes rye, bourbon, Scotch, gin, and a complete line of liqueurs, cordials and prepared cocktails—whatever type you like, at whatever price you like to pay. At dealers, clubs, bars, hotels. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois, Distilleries at Peoria, Walkerville, Ontario, Glasgow, Scotland.

Hiram Walker's

It was the BEST AID to SOUND SLEEP

IN 3-YEAR UNIVERSITY EXPERIMENTS!

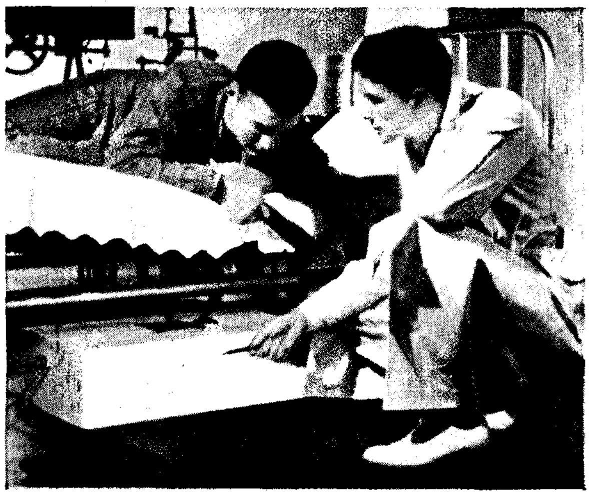
Of all the things tested—Ovaltine alone promoted sounder, more restful sleep . . . as shown when the final results of this investigation were tabulated and statistically analyzed.



Did you ever hear it said that "Almost any hot drink will aid sleep"? This is apparently not true, according to this scientific investigation. Men well-known for their sleep research conducted these experiments . . . *keeping a careful record of each sleeper's sleep each night! . . .*

A scientific apparatus measured sleepers' movements at night. *Frequent* movements signified restless sleep—*fewer movements* better sleep.

(RIGHT) Two sleep "drugs" were tested and their action verified,—thus confirming the accuracy of the test . . . Neither, however, improved sleep's quality.



Note the box attached to springs of bed. This box housed a mechanism which helped in recording the tossings and turnings of the sleepers at night. *Ovaltine was the only thing tested which cut down their restless movements.*

Of all the things that were tested, Ovaltine alone improved the Quality of Sleep . . . 36 Men and Women were used in Test; Slept 6,800 Test-Nights

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EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED BY MEN NOTED FOR RESEARCH IN SLEEP

IN one of our leading Universities an important investigation has been conducted . . . to determine the influence of certain factors on sleep.

One phase of the investigation involved the question of whether taking certain things at bedtime aids sleep—improves its *quality*—or increases its duration . . .

We believe the results of this phase of the investigation will be interesting to you!

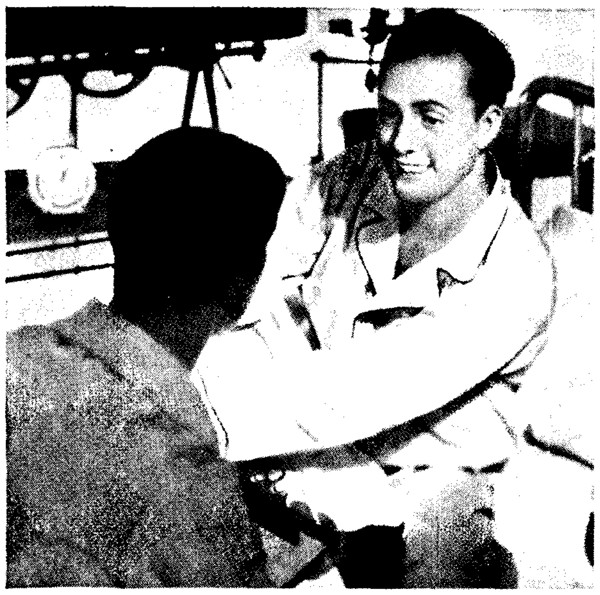
On certain nights the 36 "sleepers" who took part in this investigation were given various things to take at bedtime: *for example:*—On some nights they were given a sandwich, on other nights a cup of hot milk. On other nights they received one or another of two well-known "sleep-drugs."

And on *still* other nights they were given a cupful of hot or cold Ovaltine . . . *Ovaltine was included at the wish of the investigators because it is so widely used as a sleep aid.*

Summary of the Results:—

1. Food taken at bedtime did not aid sleep.
2. Hot milk taken at bedtime likewise did not aid sleep in any way.
3. Of the two sleep drugs, one put the "sleepers" to sleep more quickly, while the other prolonged the length of their sleep. (*These results were to be expected from medical experience with these drugs.*) Neither drug, however, made sleep more restful or improved its quality.
4. Ovaltine, and Ovaltine alone of the things that were tested—made sleep more restful. It was the only thing that cut down the restless movements of the sleepers at night, as recorded on a special apparatus . . . It was also the only thing that increased the number of mornings on which the sleepers awoke well-rested.

Thus Ovaltine, and Ovaltine alone, gave definite improvement in sleep. It gave improvement whether it was taken hot or cold—in milk or in water. Thereby proving that it was Ovaltine and it alone which improved the *quality* of sleep in these tests and created the feeling of being better-rested in the morning.



Ovaltine was the only thing tested which increased the number of mornings on which the sleepers woke up feeling "well-rested"! . . Food-at-bedtime did not have this result. Neither did hot milk nor the two sleep drugs.

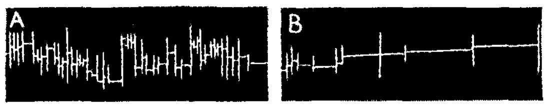
• • •

Ovaltine is not a drug. It is a food—as pure and wholesome as any food in Nature.

A study of this investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefit from Ovaltine it should be taken regularly!

So—if *you* do not sleep well—try Ovaltine. Take a cupful tonight and every night for several weeks just before going to bed. See if you don't sleep better. See if you don't awake more refreshed, with more "pep" and energy for the day.

Millions of people are using Ovaltine. It is used in 57 countries. Approved by doctors. And used in over 1700 hospitals, in this country alone.



A moving chart recorded sleepers' movements! Chart "A" shows restless movements typical of *poor* sleep . . . "B" shows the *fewer* movements typical of *better* sleep!

Since Ovaltine is not a drug, it is not habit-forming. But it is a mighty good habit to form! Make it your regular "Nightcap" . . . *You can get it at all grocery and drug stores.*

Ovaltine was originated over 40 years ago. Widely used as a restorative food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers, the aged, and as a "building" food for children. Helps nourish you while you sleep. *Rich in vitamins and minerals. A "protective" food.*

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OVALTINE

The World's "Nightcap"